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# Collier's

THE NATIO EKLY

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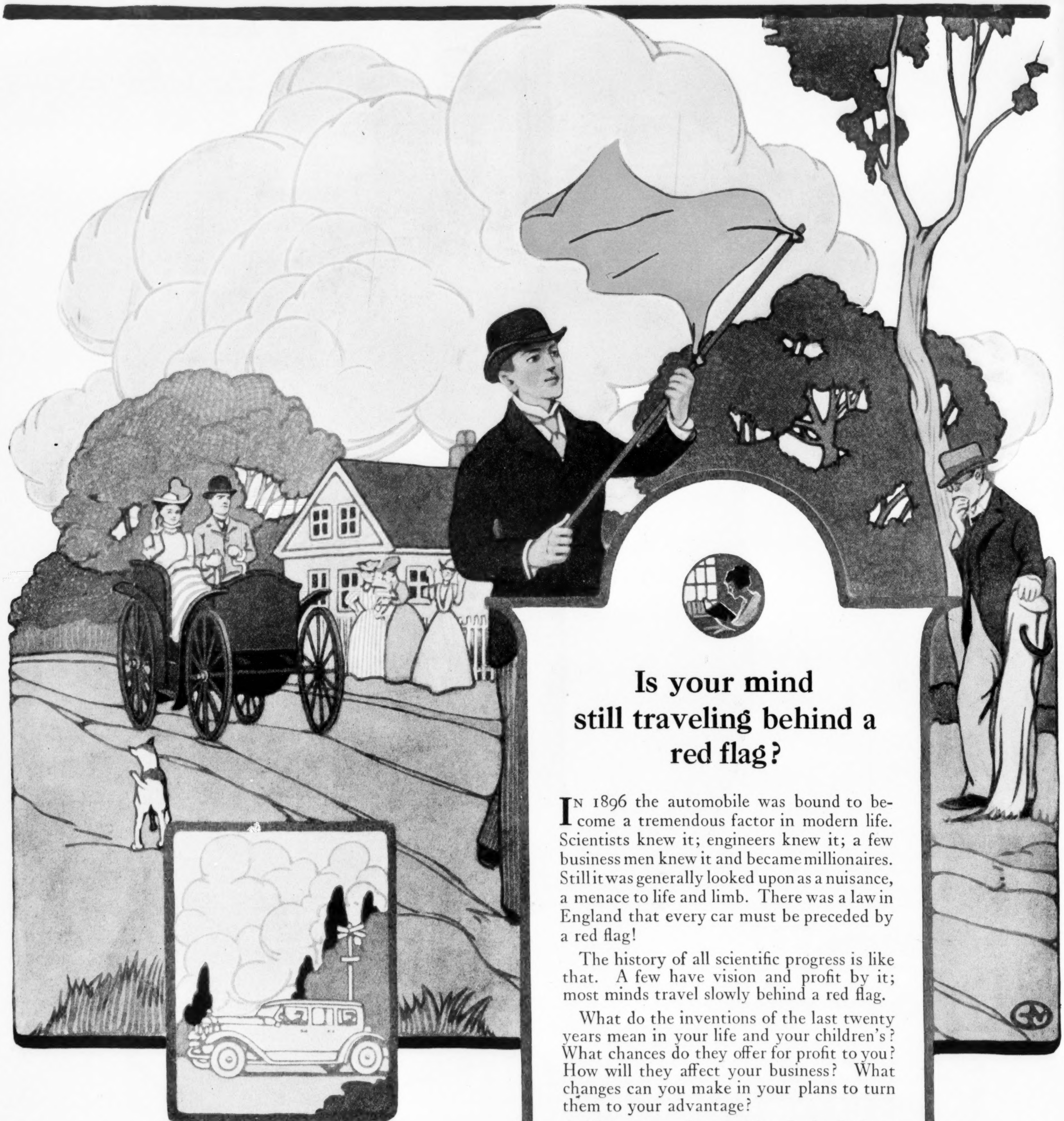
Cover by
W. T. Benda

## “Tinsel”
a love story
by
Konrad Bercovici

## “A Comedy of Terrors”
by H. C. Witw



# Is your mind still traveling behind a red flag?

In 1896 the automobile was bound to become a tremendous factor in modern life. Scientists knew it; engineers knew it; a few business men knew it and became millionaires. Still it was generally looked upon as a nuisance, a menace to life and limb. There was a law in England that every car must be preceded by a red flag!

The history of all scientific progress is like that. A few have vision and profit by it; most minds travel slowly behind a red flag.

What do the inventions of the last twenty years mean in your life and your children's? What chances do they offer for profit to you? How will they affect your business? What changes can you make in your plans to turn them to your advantage?

All these questions, and hundreds of others, are answered in The Popular Science Library—16 volumes, profusely illustrated, each book by an authority in his subject. Here, in everyday language, is a wonderful picture of this new world of ours.

The interesting booklet, sent free to readers of Collier's who write for it, tells how this library can be yours at a surprisingly low cost.

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"As late as 1896, when the automobile had become a practical machine in France and was being rapidly developed in this country, England still had a law prohibiting any power-propelled vehicle from traveling over the public highways at a higher speed than four miles per hour, and requiring further that such a vehicle should be preceded by a man bearing a red flag."

From Volume Five of The Popular Science Library, a new achievement in home education, published and sold exclusively by

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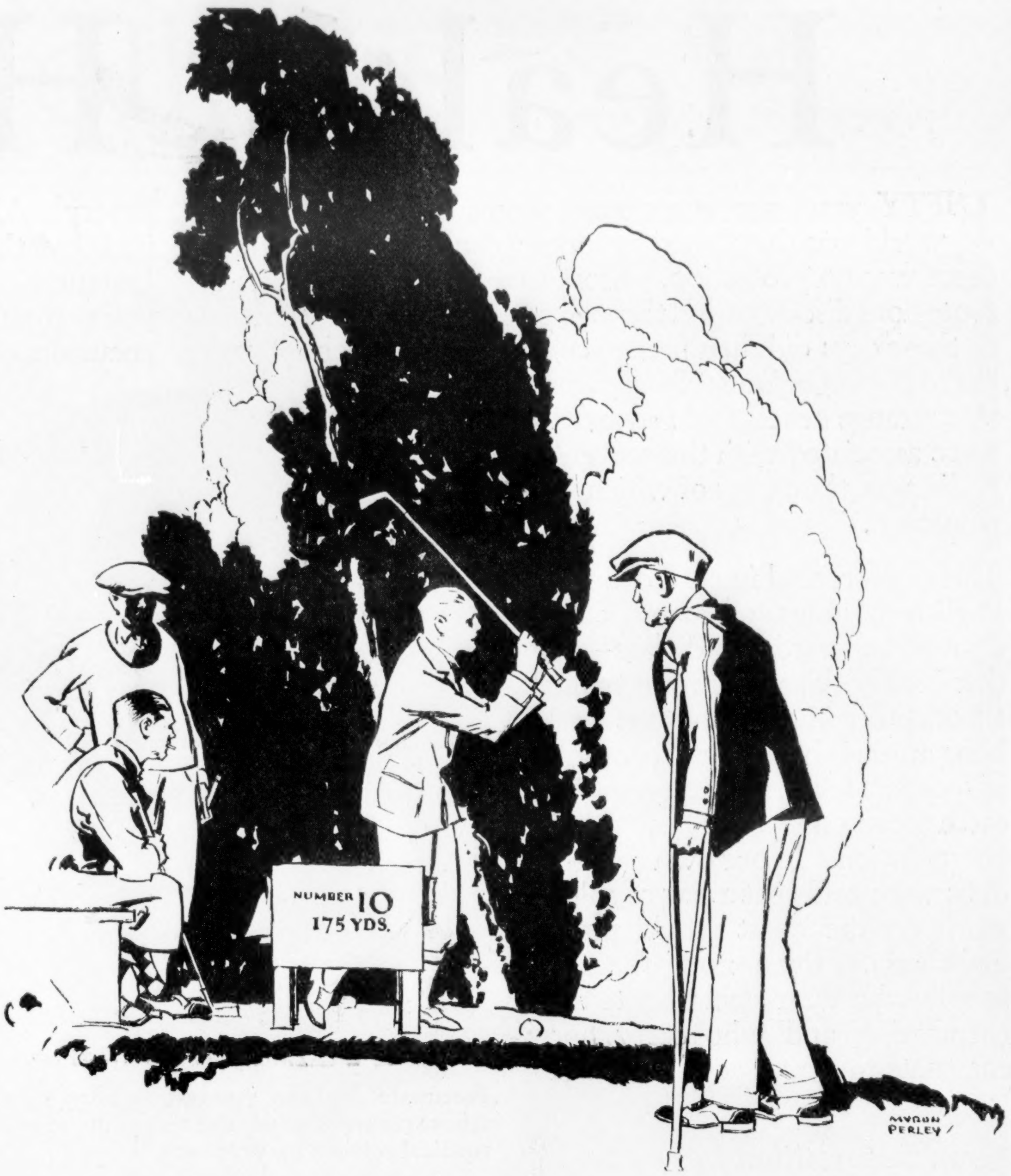
> **As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.**
>
> *—Lambert Pharmacal Company.*



***"—what a pathetic figure he is today!"***

# Hidden wells of poison

*Once a champion—now only a wistful onlooker! It was only a few years ago that he was one of the best golfers in the country. Today he limps over the course watching the players he once outmatched!*

*Shattered health due to tooth neglect!*

*It all began innocently enough with several tooth cavities. Then like so many other people, he put off going to his dentist! As a result, several abscesses developed and seeped their deadly poison into his system.*

*Then came rheumatism and a heart disorder that made him practically a cripple. Neglected much longer, these hidden wells of poison might have caused his early death.*

### *Do you realize this?*

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

### *Protect yourself*

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

### *Quick results—and safe!*

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

***If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.***

## Listerine Tooth Paste—*25 cents for the large tube*

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# Health Heroes

FIFTY years ago every man, woman and child in the world was threatened by lurking dangers against which there was no protection. From time to time epidemics of contagious diseases raged through communities. The doctors of those days did their best to *cure* but were largely powerless to *prevent* sickness. Small wonder that strange beliefs and superstitions were associated with the prevention of diseases, the causes of which were unknown.

There is a record in an old book of English customs of many curious charms to ward off disease—powdered snake-skins to prevent typhoid; a live spider in a peach-stone basket hung around the neck as a preventive of scarlet fever; garden snails and earth-worms steeped in beer to check consumption. In our own day, some of us were told that a bag of sulphur worn on the chest would prevent diphtheria. Even now there are people who wear steel rings to avert rheumatism and who carry horse-chestnuts to assure good health.

*Lucky Little Girl!*

**Fortunate are the youngsters born in this day—whose parents can use the marvelous gifts of modern medical science to prevent sickness.**

**The splendid work of the Health Heroes is bringing longer, healthier, happier life to millions.**

### *From Superstition to Knowledge—*

Until 1876 not one doctor among thousands knew what caused contagious disease. It was in that year—less than fifty years ago—that Louis Pasteur, great French scientist, startled the world by announcing his wonderful discovery of germs as a cause of disease. It was the key to the mystery of the cause and prevention of contagious diseases. It made possible the tremendous advances which have taken place in a scant half century. Pasteur's discovery brought longer life, health, and happiness to millions of persons.

Golden years of progress followed. The history of medicine from that time reads like a romance—a wonderful story of achievement, of work and struggle, disappointment and hope—and constant fight against the ignorance which cloaked diseases. Amazing discovery crowded upon discovery. All former conceptions of disease were revolutionized by the wonderful work of these Health Heroes, Pasteur, Koch, Lister, and their followers. In just four short years, from 1880 to 1884, were discovered the germs of pneumonia, typhoid, tuberculosis, cholera, erysipelas, diphtheria and tetanus, usually called lockjaw. In 1900 came Walter Reed's triumphant work in Cuba which resulted in locating a particular mosquito as the carrier of the germ of yellow fever.

### *From Knowledge to Action—*

Now that we know the cause and know how to fight disease, how can we best apply this knowledge to keep our children well?

The schools of the country, supplementing the work of health officers, provide a natural place for the beginnings of health education. The work of the teacher plays an important part in molding the future of our country—a future which will be built upon the health of our citizens—the boys and girls now in our schools.

Cooperate with the school. Aid the teacher who is striving to interest your child in the practice of health habits. Do your part by having your child examined by your physician. Have him inoculated against the dread diseases which formerly took thousands of lives.

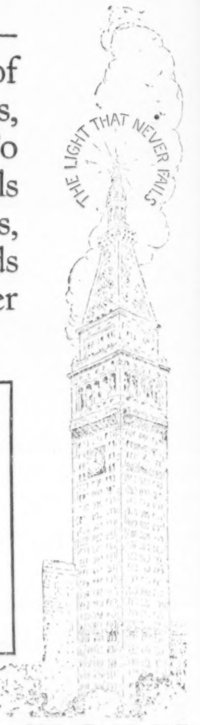
Every year the fight against disease goes on—a tremendous war! Every year the rules of health laid down by the great Health Heroes, are being better understood and followed. To secure the desired result—healthy boys and girls—parents, teachers, specialists, doctors, nurses, as well as the school janitor must join hands with health officers in campaigns for healthier and happier childhood.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, recognizing the importance of the great work that 1,000,000 teachers are doing in promulgating health practices, has organized a school health bureau under the guidance of eighteen well-known educators of the United States and Canada. These men and women, as the Metropolitan's educational advisory group, are pointing the way in which the Company can best assist educators in school health campaigns.

The advisory group has approved a program which includes the printing of special booklets, leaflets, and charts for use by the teacher in class instruction. A book of instructions for the school janitor has also been prepared. Through cooperation with parents-teachers associations and women's clubs, the message of child health is being spread in many communities. The Company's agents are carrying a similar message to millions of homes.

A series of pamphlets, "Health Heroes", for the use of Junior and Senior High School students has been prepared. Although intended primarily to assist school teachers, they will, upon request, be sent to others interested in child health.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

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*Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year*

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, 202-298 West High St., Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

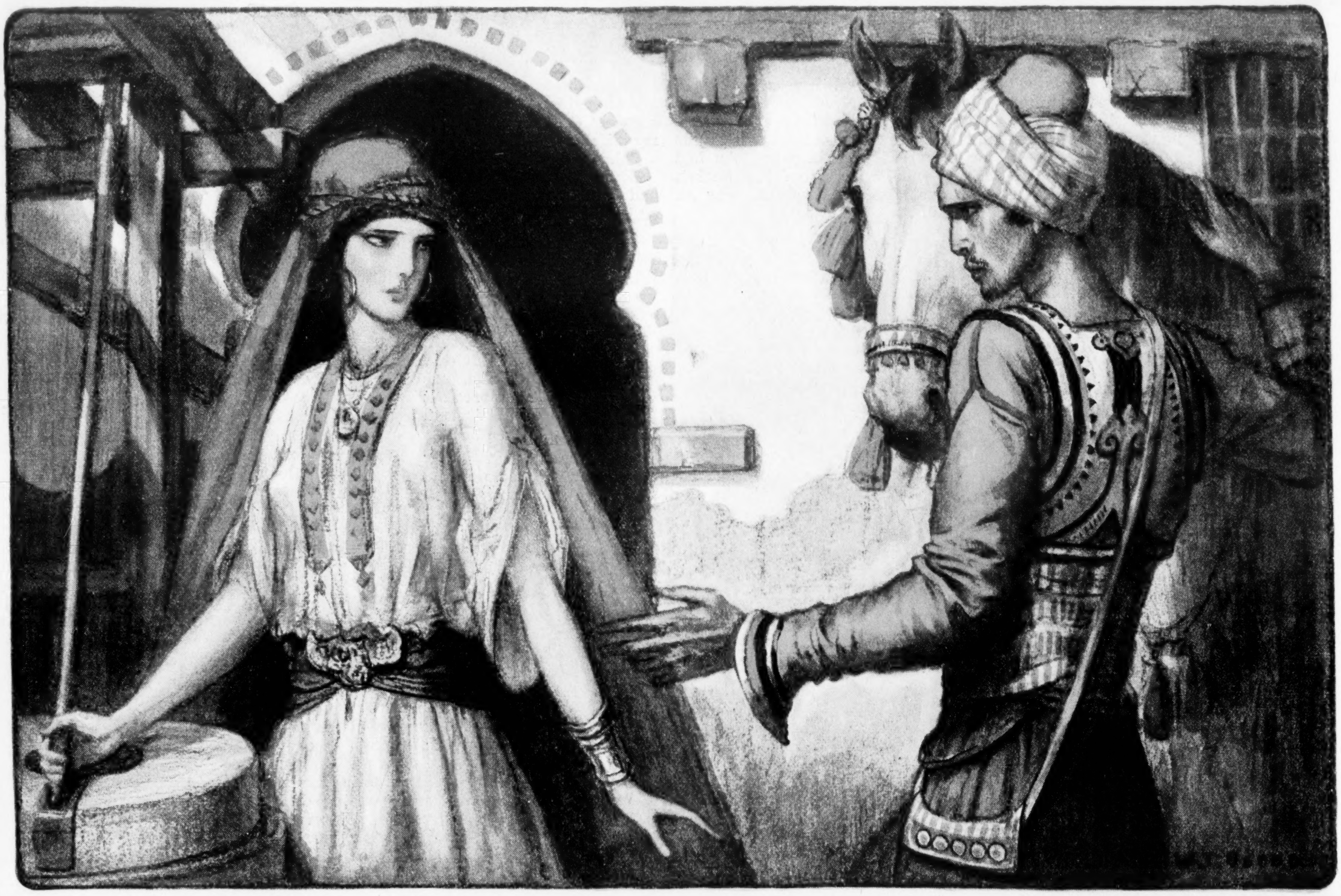
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Copyright, 1925, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States and Great Britain.

Volume Seventy-six
Number Nine

*August 29, 1925*

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year
10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries



# TINSEL

*By* KONRAD BERCOVICI

*ILLUSTRATED BY* W. T. BENDA

*Two young lovers and a wise man of the East in a story of fascinating suspense told by an artist in fiction*

*"I have come hoping the sight of you might appease the storm in my heart. It does not"*

CLOSE by the outer gates of Damas, from where the road leads into the Syrian Desert, between Baalbek and Safa, was the home of Hagii Mustapha. His black beard was tinged gray on the sides. Tall, broad, straight, he carried his fifty years with dignity. His pale-dark face reflected kindness and understanding. He wore a white turban, for he had made three times the pilgrimage on foot to Mecca.

On his third return from Mecca, Mustapha had brought with him a wife he had bought from the Arabs of Akaaba.

The girl's father came with them to Damas to take home the rugs and skins and the four mules which Mustapha had agreed to pay to the father of his wife.

The festivities over, the father departed with more than what had been promised. For it is written in the Koran: "Give more than the weight bargained; the hand that weighs involuntarily presses on the wrong side of the scales."

It was springtime. The palm leaves were curling their pointed ends upward to kiss the sun and to give warning to man that he should begin to plow his garden.

Sahande, Mustapha's wife, was a very young woman. Her eyes were almond-shaped and black. Her lips were red and full. Her hair was long, luscious, and dark brown. And her gait, light and rhythmical, was like that of a dancing bayadere.

In Akaaba, her village, she had been the pride of her tribe. Her father, a merchant, had never failed to bring for her on the return journey the richest brocades and silks from the looms and the quaintest jewels he bought from the silversmiths in the villages and towns of Syria.

While she was yet living in her father's hut, in her village, there arrived one day a young man, tall and graceful as a gazelle. It was the day when the youth of the villages raced their horses. And that stranger's horse was the swiftest.

After the race Sahande offered him a cool drink from the wooden bucket. He thanked her, looking into her eyes. She lowered her eyes and listened to pleasant words. The other girls, envious—for he was young and handsome—surrounded them, and each tried to attract his attention.

Sahande's father cleaved his way through the women and, facing the young man, he asked before greeting him, "Thy name?"

"Sender."

"And thou comest from?"

"Baalbek."

"And thy father's name?"

"Jusuph."

"Then thou ridest home faster than thou hast come," her father said, speaking with his right hand on the hilt of his silver-studded pistol.

Sender looked at Sahande, sighed deeply, lifted himself on the saddle, and rode slowly away, bending deep over the horse's neck.

"That youth is my enemy's son," Sahande's father explained as he watched the rider disappear in the distance.

Sahande watched the road from Baalbek every hour of the day. She knew he would return. And he did return one day. But her father was also watching the road. The stranger passed the road twice, and yet Sahande would not even let him know that she had seen him.

THEN Mustapha, the Hagii, arrived from Mecca on the way to Damas. Before she knew it, he had bought her from her father, and they were taking her to his home. She did not hate him. He knew nought of her heart's yearnings. She followed dutifully the man her father had sold her to.

Because of the price Mustapha had paid, Sahande was certain he was a man of great wealth and that he would give her garments more beautiful, jewels more costly than those her father had brought her. Yet after Mustapha had paid what he had promised to her father, he owned little more than the house they lived in, the garden he worked, two old mules, and the garden tools. The wives of the men who came to listen to the wisdom of her husband were dressed in rich green and yellow silks, sapphires and topazes, had large gold bands on their fingers, pearls and rubies on their necks, and platinum on their wrists. Except for the few trinkets she had brought with her from Akaaba, Sahande had no other jewels. But he was kind to her and he loved her. She was growing to like him better from day to day.

One afternoon, while Sahande was grinding wheat for the bread of the following day, a young Arab, whose tired horse showed the haste with which he had crossed the last lap of his journey, stopped a few paces from her. Sahande became so confused she forgot to pull the veil over her face. The young man looked long and silently at her, before bowing low in salaams.

"That the Hagii Mustapha is wise," Sender, the son of Jusuph of Baalbek, her father's enemy, said to Sahande, "is known from here to Mecca, to all men and to Allah. But that a young woman like you should have accepted him of all men as a husband is more than I can understand. I have come to see you, hoping the sight of you might appease the storm in my heart. It does not. I suffer now even more than before."

WHEN Sahande raised her eyes to look at the man who had spoken to her, she heard the muffled throb of horse hoofs. He was gone. And the ache in her own heart reawakened. She remembered the young Arab's swiftness and slenderness. The race he had won. The words he had spoken to her when she had offered him water from her bucket. . . . Mustapha, her husband, was an old man. . . .

That night, after the evening meal, as Mustapha was reading the Koran, Sahande asked, with a trace of reproach in her voice, "Is there no word written about what awaits the man who pays more than he can afford for that which he desires?"

Mustapha closed his eyes for a second. Then he answered: "The Koran says: 'Not all questions should be answered. If the question be asked to confuse, not to illuminate the one who questions, no answer is to be given.' Yet I will tell thee. It is written, 'A man must feed his beasts and his wife and his children until they are no longer hungry.' Art thou hungry in my house, my wife?"

Sahande left the room in silence.

Several days later, as Mustapha and three other men were plowing a small strip of land which they shared and which had not been worked for a long time, the tip of one of the plows became imbedded in the ground. The man called to his friends for help. Digging around, they unearthed a heavy iron chest, the lid of which was tightly closed.

"Let us break it open and share what it contains," said one of the men.

"Yes, let us break it open," said the other men.

Mustapha interfered. "If it contains gold and precious stones, someone has buried the chest for himself and not for us. As part owner, I demand that we keep the chest unopened for one whole year. It is so written in our laws. If the rightful owner does not come during that time, it belongs to us and we share what it contains. Until then we shall tell no one of our find, so that no stranger appear with unrightful claims."

After much talk, the chest was left with Mustapha that he keep it until a year should have elapsed.

That night Sahande saw them bring the heavy chest into the house. After the men had left, Mustapha told her how the chest had been found.

"Have you opened it to see what is inside?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "and I shall ask silence of you. No one is to know about our find until the full year ordained by the Koran has elapsed."

"As you wish," Sahande answered angrily.

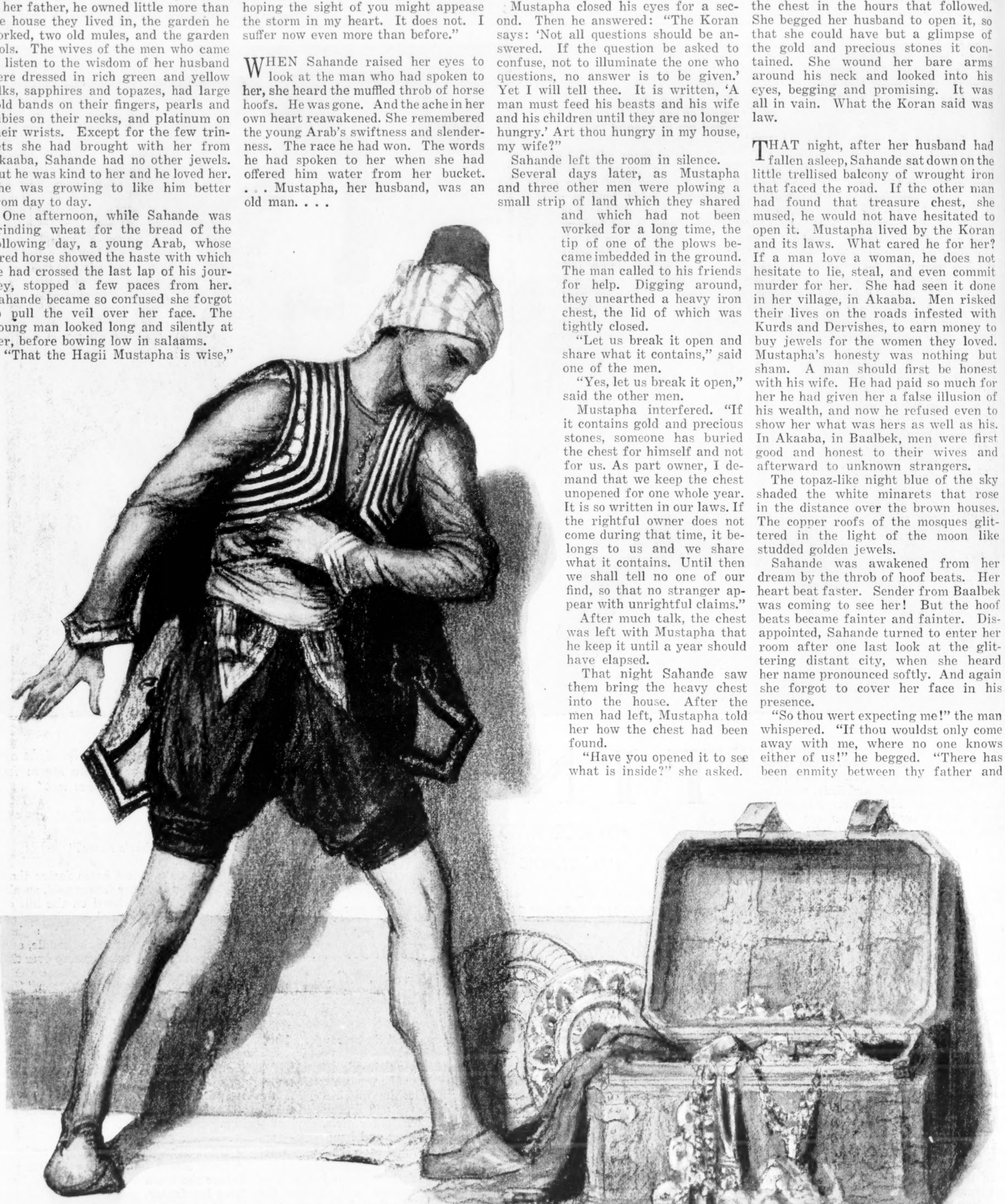
Yet she could not take her eyes from the chest in the hours that followed. She begged her husband to open it, so that she could have but a glimpse of the gold and precious stones it contained. She wound her bare arms around his neck and looked into his eyes, begging and promising. It was all in vain. What the Koran said was law.

THAT night, after her husband had fallen asleep, Sahande sat down on the little trellised balcony of wrought iron that faced the road. If the other man had found that treasure chest, she mused, he would not have hesitated to open it. Mustapha lived by the Koran and its laws. What cared he for her? If a man love a woman, he does not hesitate to lie, steal, and even commit murder for her. She had seen it done in her village, in Akaaba. Men risked their lives on the roads infested with Kurds and Dervishes, to earn money to buy jewels for the women they loved. Mustapha's honesty was nothing but sham. A man should first be honest with his wife. He had paid so much for her he had given her a false illusion of his wealth, and now he refused even to show her what was hers as well as his. In Akaaba, in Baalbek, men were first good and honest to their wives and afterward to unknown strangers.

The topaz-like night blue of the sky shaded the white minarets that rose in the distance over the brown houses. The copper roofs of the mosques glittered in the light of the moon like studded golden jewels.

Sahande was awakened from her dream by the throb of hoof beats. Her heart beat faster. Sender from Baalbek was coming to see her! But the hoof beats became fainter and fainter. Disappointed, Sahande turned to enter her room after one last look at the glittering distant city, when she heard her name pronounced softly. And again she forgot to cover her face in his presence.

"So thou wert expecting me!" the man whispered. "If thou wouldst only come away with me, where no one knows either of us!" he begged. "There has been enmity between thy father and



*It seemed ages before he answered, "She is worth more to me than that"* mine. Curse not thy father. For my father also would have killed me had he seen me speak but a word to thee. Yet I love thee, Sahande. I love thee," he whispered hoarsely.

The iron trellis of the balcony was between them. Sahande cried softly, but did not answer to his entreaties to follow him.

"The morning star is rising. I am leaving thee," spoke Sender after a brief silence. "If thou art here again to-morrow night, I will take it as a sign that I may hope. But if I find thee not. . . . Oh, Sahande, if I find thee not! . . ."

When Sahande had recovered from her ecstasy, Sender had disappeared. Her bosom rose and fell rhythmically with the sound of the distant hoof beats.

IN THE morning she again begged Mustapha to open the treasure chest. He refused as steadfastly as before.

"That thou shalt not think I am afraid to be tempted, I shall not forbid thee to ask me the same thing as many times as thou desirest. The Koran says, 'Blessed is he who resists temptation; he is worthier than he who fears temptation.'"

Mustapha had hardly said the last word when one of the partners in the discovery of the treasure appeared with a large key. He had found it in the ground that very morning. He too asked that the chest be opened immediately. Mustapha refused.

"Keep the key, brother. When we open the chest one year hence, you will be entitled to keep the iron chest also as part of your share in the treasure."

The other three men argued with Mustapha. Their voices were raised to a shrill and harsh pitch; their gestures were wild. There was no need to wait all those months to look at the treasure.

In the shrillness of their voices, Mustapha heard the echo of what their wives had told them during the night. He could recognize the echo of the voice of each man's wife as he talked.

But he was not to be moved from the path of righteousness.

"Think you that three men talking to me can make right what is wrong? The chest stays here unopened until twelve moons have come and gone."

That day Mustapha was the only one working in the field. His friends prodded the soil where the chest had been found, and leaned against their mules, but made no attempt to drive them on.

At sundown the people of the neighborhood came to the door of Mustapha's hut. His three partners, however, were not there. A little later he saw Sahande speaking in whispers to their women, who had gathered about her. Sahande looked pale and worn.

After the people were gone Sahande seated herself close to Mustapha and stroked his beard as she held the mouthpiece of the nargile to his mouth. She was about to open her lips to repeat the words one of the women had advised her to begin the conversation with, when sounds of hoof beats at a distance brought back to her the picture of the young man from Baalbek, and her lying love words died on her tongue. Mustapha looked into her eyes and patted her head. She averted her face.

"I can see thou art growing wiser, Sahande," said Mustapha.

She did not answer. She reclined full length on the divan upon which they were both sitting, and closed her eyes.

Mustapha looked at her lovely form. Her firm and well-shaped red lips quivered. Her flushed cheeks were shadowed by the long velvet-black eyelashes. He had never seen her so beautiful. How good of Allah to give him such a beautiful wife! How good it was to feel that she lay there quivering for the love of him! Yet when he tried to kiss those lips, bending over her softly, she jumped up and was on the other side of the room before he had time to clasp his arms about her.

"Speak, my love," he said. "What ails thee?"

The sound of the hoof beats had disappeared in the distance. She came back to sit near Mustapha.

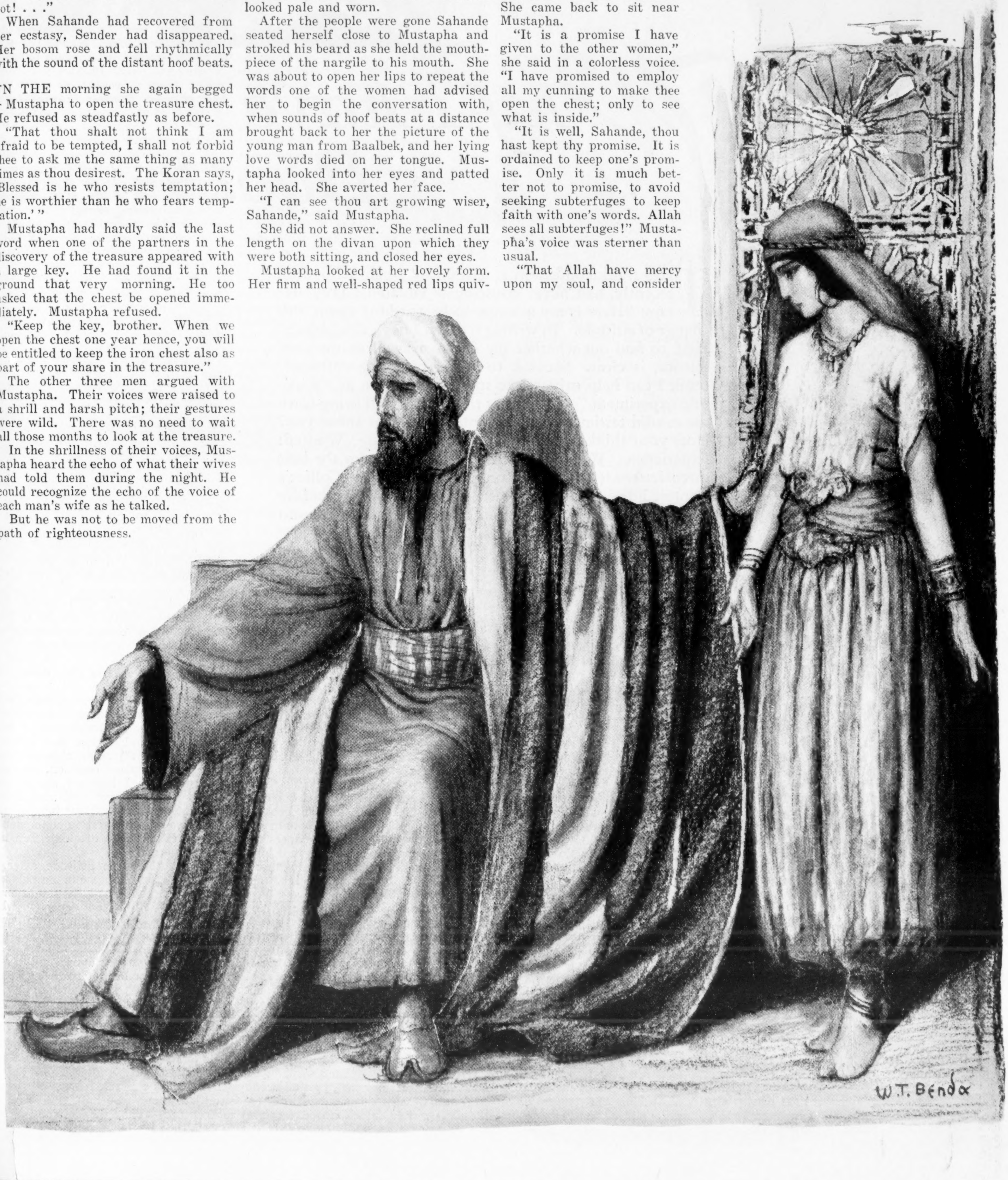
"It is a promise I have given to the other women," she said in a colorless voice. "I have promised to employ all my cunning to make thee open the chest; only to see what is inside."

"It is well, Sahande, thou hast kept thy promise. It is ordained to keep one's promise. Only it is much better not to promise, to avoid seeking subterfuges to keep faith with one's words. Allah sees all subterfuges!" Mustapha's voice was sterner than usual.

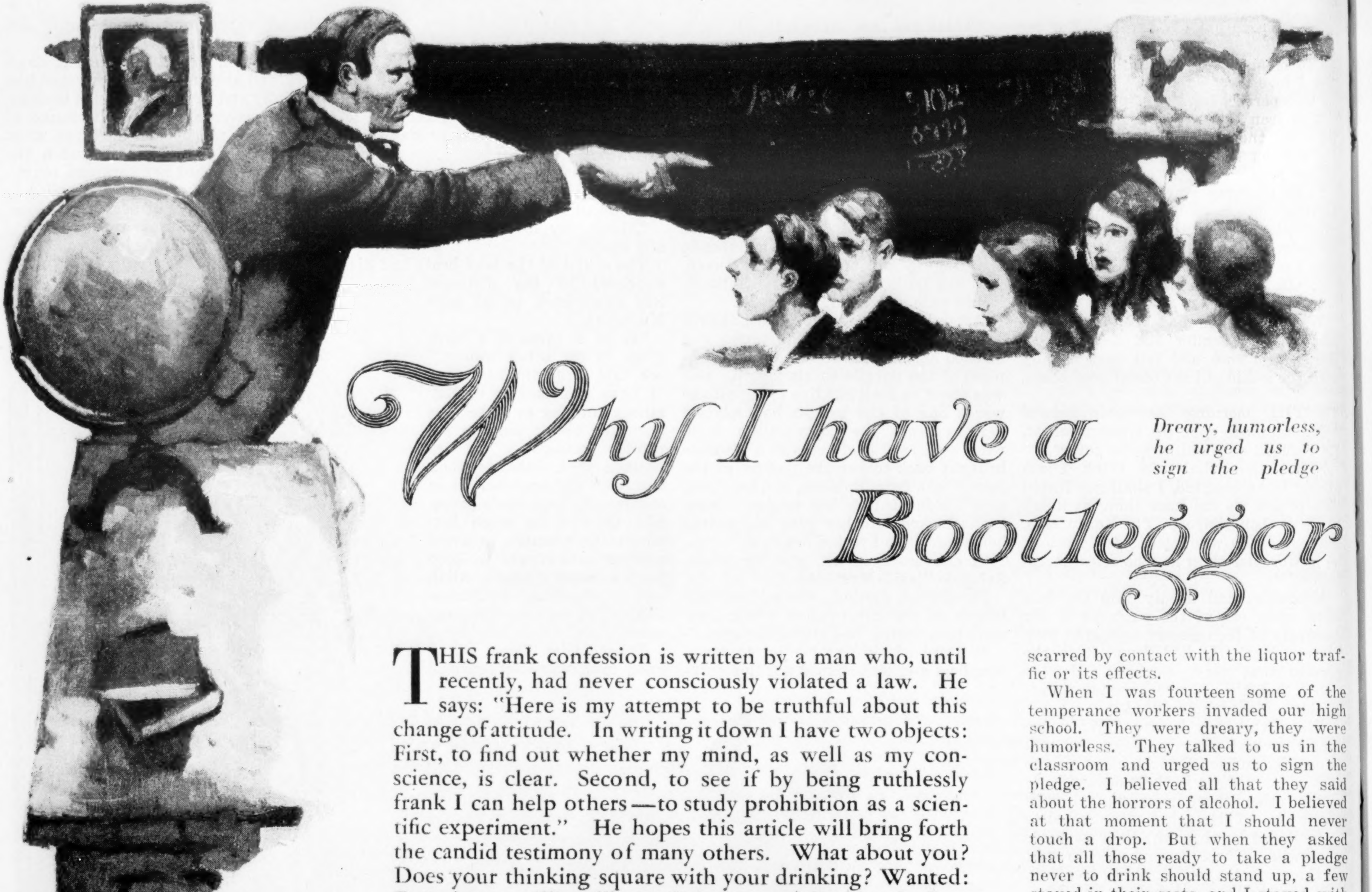
"That Allah have mercy upon my soul, and consider my ignorance and temptation!" Sahande prayed fervently.

The Hagii, tired from his long day's work, fell asleep. Sahande covered him carefully and went to the couch to sleep. Yet whenever she heard the sound of hoof beats, she opened her eyes wide. She covered her head to deaden the sound. It reached her ears and sought out the beat of her heart and called to her in the language of her young blood. And the hoof beats translated "Sender, Sender El Afir loves you."

As the (*Continued on page 38*)



# Why I have a Bootlegger



*Dreary, humorless, he urged us to sign the pledge*

**THIS frank confession is written by a man who, until recently, had never consciously violated a law. He says: "Here is my attempt to be truthful about this change of attitude. In writing it down I have two objects: First, to find out whether my mind, as well as my conscience, is clear. Second, to see if by being ruthlessly frank I can help others—to study prohibition as a scientific experiment." He hopes this article will bring forth the candid testimony of many others. What about you? Does your thinking square with your drinking? Wanted: Experience. We will pay $50, $35 and $25 for the best three letters (300 words or less) that reach Collier's Contest Editor, 250 Park Avenue, New York City, before September 30th. Names should be signed, although no names will be printed.**

THE other day a reliable bootlegger delivered a case of Scotch at my house. I had the bottles taken out of the box and stowed away. A few minutes later there was a loud hammering outside and then the furious whirring of wheels along the sidewalk. Going to the window, I saw my eleven-year-old son speeding up the street on his scooter. It seemed that the bootlegger's wooden box had met a long-felt want. The boy had nailed it on the scooter, upended like the high hood of a racing car. And as he flashed by I caught a glimpse of the bold lettering: *King George IV Scotch Whisky.*

I called him in and said, "If I were you, I'd take my plane and plane off those words."

"For cat's sake," he replied elegantly, "Why?"

"Well, three reasons: Because we're not anxious to have all the neighbors see it. Because we don't want to give away Mr. —— [the bootlegger, a well-known and respected citizen]. And because I don't think it looks just right on a boy's scooter."

"It's a gyp," he replied. "But I gotcha." And cheerfully went me one better. Instead of his plane he used a heavy coat of black paint, so that the scooter is now as sedate and respectable as a hearse.

When I told this to a friend, I was genuinely surprised by this question: "But didn't you feel a little sheepish, having to explain all that to the kid?"

Well, when I think it over, I *am* a little puzzled to find that I am no longer in the least ashamed of buying from a bootlegger. I am quite willing to have my family, my friends and my acquaintances know that I do it. They know that I am a sober and otherwise law-abiding citizen. I am still unwilling to have my purchases advertised to the neighbors, because many of them don't know me and they might jump to scandalous conclusions about the general character of my household.

A scientific case should start with a statement of a few basic facts. Let's get them on the record.

### I'm No Joiner

I HAVE never been "drunk." In the phrase of the life-insurance blanks, I have no "daily habit." Neither have I ever been on the water wagon. I was an enthusiast for prohibition for long before and for long after it was enacted. I never saw it as a moral issue, never believed it was wicked to drink. Nor do I care much about the pet moral issue on the wet side—"personal liberty." That is too theoretical for me. Prohibition seems to me to work pretty well, taking the nation as a whole, and I neither want nor expect to see it repealed. Yet I suppose I shall go on disregarding it. Now why this muddle of mental processes? Seeking an answer, I turn to the past.

I was born under prohibition, in Kansas, which went dry in the early eighties. Many relatives on my mother's side, mostly farmers, are scattered through that state. The drinking of alcohol never enters their thoughts, except as a far-off and somewhat curious custom like the chewing of betel nuts among savages. If I still lived in rural Kansas, I suppose I should be bone-dry, publicly and privately.

On the other side of my family there is a record of drunkenness; I know of downright drunkards in two generations. My father was temperate in the extreme, partly because of the ancestral example, partly on moral grounds, and partly through my mother's influence. He seldom took even one drink, and when I was a boy never had anything stronger than wine in the house. To this day, when he drinks or serves anything, from gin to sherry, I believe he has a twinge, a feeling that he is committing sin. That is his early training asserting itself. But he did not impose that sort of training upon his own children.

We moved away from Kansas, but not away from Puritanism. We went right into a Calvinist stronghold, north of Boston. That was local-option territory. Our little town always voted no. There were saloons in an adjacent city, and we sometimes saw drunks on the street. But our childhood was not scarred by contact with the liquor traffic or its effects.

When I was fourteen some of the temperance workers invaded our high school. They were dreary, they were humorless. They talked to us in the classroom and urged us to sign the pledge. I believed all that they said about the horrors of alcohol. I believed at that moment that I should never touch a drop. But when they asked that all those ready to take a pledge never to drink should stand up, a few stayed in their seats, and I stayed with them—worried, but determined. It seemed quite clear to my young mind that, with a long life ahead of me, it was unfair to ask me to make a promise which some day I might break. I felt that I ought to depend upon my own will rather than upon a pledge made in public and under duress. I know now that that was the first outer sign of a certain passion for independence which later led me to resist, one after another, efforts to get me to join the church, a college fraternity, a secret order and a political party.

### The Winnings of the Wets

THROUGH four years of college I saw a good deal of drinking, and did some myself. In my freshman year I discovered beer, and learned that a "beer night" was a friendly, pleasant and altogether harmless occasion. I was glad then that I had not signed the pledge. Later we got well acquainted with punch and its various ingredients all the way from claret to champagne. Most of this college drinking was innocent enough.

I found the same attitude after I left college and became a newspaper reporter. I had heard the traditional yarns about the star reporter who wrote his best story with a skinful, and of the tramp printer, who is here to-day, drunk, and gone to-morrow—drunker. It was soon apparent that as a newspaper man I got more by being sober than others got by drinking.

A few years later, when I went into business, I learned that this held true in the commercial field also. The old-time salesman who got orders by riotous entertaining was through long before Volstead.

Never yet, in fact, have I found a situation where "you have got to drink to keep up." That wasn't true in college, or in newspaper work, or in business. Some people will try to tell you that it is true to-day in certain social circles. Well, I live in a New York suburb where there is a good deal of entertaining and an expensive country club. Cocktails are shaken up before dinner parties and highballs roll in the locker-room after golf. If there is social pressure anywhere, it is here.

It is quite true that you can't in decency be always taking the other fellow's liquor and never supply any yourself. But in our club there are plenty of popular members who never take a drink and never set one up—and I don't see that their standing or their game of golf suffers by it. If you go out to dinner, it is more gracious to accept the cocktail than to refuse it, but you can refuse without losing caste. When you return the dinner at your own house, you don't have to serve drinks.

For several years—until recently—although we entertained often, we never served drinks even to people at whose houses we had accepted them. My wife and I seldom, and my guests never, commented on the aridness of our table. Nowadays we often serve cocktails, but it is because we like to do so, not because we think we must.

Much breath is wasted over the fact that So-and-so, who before prohibition never had gin or whisky in the house, now has a constant supply. This is taken to be an effect of the prohibition madness, an indication of moral breakdown. I wonder whether it isn't rather a normal indication of a rise in So-and-so's standard of living. People who never used to keep a box of cigars in the house do so now. People who never used to have an automobile drive one now. People who never used to put candles on the dinner table, to serve caviar, or wear fur coats, do so now. They simply take on new luxuries as their social contacts or their incomes or their tastes develop. Ten years ago people who lived in So-and-so's present scale kept a cellar and served liquors. So-and so and his friends didn't then, because they couldn't afford it or hadn't got round to that particular phase of social practice.

In my own case, the progress (or regress) may be charted as follows:

*Before Prohibition: Didn't drink or serve much, because I couldn't afford it.*

*First four years of Prohibition: Drank very little, and never bought or served drinks, because I believed the law should be obeyed.*

*Fifth year of Prohibition: Began to buy and serve drinks, because I felt no further obligation to observe the law.*

Can I explain this change of attitude? I am not sure.

## I Praise the Law—in Public

WHEN war-time prohibition loomed up, and was later made permanent by the amendment, I was strong for it. Probably many people who, like myself, enjoyed drinking a little but were not dependent upon it felt that same enthusiasm. We were willing to give it up "for the sake of the country as a whole."

We did not even lay in a stock during those last days when it was still legal to do so. I refused to do so because I thought prohibition would last forever, thought it was a good thing, and intended to obey the law in spirit as well as in letter.

So our household went into the desert with nothing harder than a bottle of elderberry wine.

For four years I did not patronize a bootlegger.

Wait a minute! Since I am trying to be quite truthful, I must state certain exceptions:

I did buy two or three cases of rather weak beer. This was done under a peculiar and specious dispensation from my own conscience, which told me that Congress, in the Volstead Act, had gone much further than the people intended, and that beer was really non-intoxicating. I could buy that, but not whisky or gin. (This position didn't last long. Kind friends kidded me into admitting that it was untenable.)

I did acquire a few quarts of hard liquor, some by gift, some as a prize in an athletic event—none of them paid for.

I did accept, usually, the drinks served at parties or at the club, and now and then, as a matter of give and take, paid for drinks sold illegally over a bar or in a restaurant.

Of course this wasn't at all consistent. I was merely trying, most of the time and so far as I could without being priggish, to support a law which disagreed with my tastes but fitted with my conception of the greatest good of the greatest number.

Then I happened to get into a job of a quasi-public character. As part of that job it seemed to be necessary to advocate publicly the strict observance of the law. This I did. I often spoke and wrote bitterly about the bootlegger and scornfully about those who bought from him. Some of those appeals for obedience to the law were pretty good and were rather widely quoted. I do not retract them now; I think they were right—at that time. But if I were in the same position to-day I think I should take a different line—not alone because I have changed, for that would not be sufficient—but because in the past two or three years the whole aspect of prohibition seems to me to have changed, as I shall try to show.

## Then I Jump the Job

THE position which I held, while not of large importance, was prominent enough to make me careful to practice what I preached. During the last year of that semi-public job I found the task of being an example getting more and more irksome. I found that the usual comment when I declined a proffered glass was, "Oh, very well; all the more for the rest of us." I saw that a clear majority of those I knew was against the law. I saw new recruits going over to wetness every day. I saw no evidence that enforcement was making headway. I saw police corrupted, men even in high public places themselves drinking, and in some cases conspiring with bootleggers. I saw, in short, that in my part of the country prohibition was not gaining, but losing. If it had been gaining, I should have stayed with it. As it was, I stayed far longer than I would have if my position had not forced me to observe the forms. Toward the end I ceased to advocate obedience and frankly was merely keeping up appearances.

Then I left that job, and became, for the first time since prohibition, an absolutely free agent, with no obligation to any organization or to anyone else outside my family.

The following week I made my first purchase from a bootlegger—and I have continued to buy whatever liquor I wanted and felt I could afford, as well as to make some at home.

That is all the story—so far. Now, on what grounds can I defend my actions? If there is any defense, it is this:

For more than four years I supported the law, publicly and privately. (My few lapses were slight and discreet. Certainly such small influence as I had was thrown on the side of prohibition.)

If the majority of my community had felt and acted as I did, prohibition would be a success now.

I believe that it is a success in Kansas and in many other sections. I am convinced that it is a failure in my locality, not because of the failure of the enforcement authorities, but because the dominant portion of the people here does not believe in it.

## Wanted: Experience

IF CONVINCED that prohibition could be honest and effective, I would still be working for it. I believe that it cannot be that—in New York, at least. I am through being a martyr in a losing cause.

I do not expect prohibition to be repealed. I suppose it will go on forever in certain states, die out forever in others, and flicker up and down in the rest.

Laws which are so regarded are not usually repealed, as Clarence S. Darrow has been ably showing in his talks and writings. When a law becomes repugnant and therefore impossible to enforce, it simply falls into disuse. Sometimes, long after, it may be repealed.

Throughout New England there are various old blue laws still on the statute books, which decree that golf shall not be played or newspapers sold or street cars operated on Sunday. Every once in a while there is a flare-up somewhere, when the excessively religious get together with the police and stop Sunday activities. But it soon blows over. The blue laws generally slumber, and nobody cares.

In many states there are tax laws which are scoffed at by the citizen and conveniently forgotten by the assessors.

You can run back through history and compile a ludicrous list of unrepealed and unhonored laws.

I suppose that the fate of the Eighteenth Amendment may be somewhat like that of the Fifteenth Amendment in southern states. There may be sectional variations due to (1) a gradual decay of federal enforcement, (2) a gradual strengthening of state and city enforcement in the places where public opinion really supports prohibition and (3) very lax local enforcement in such cities as New York.

But, after all, it is useless to predict. My mind has changed. The minds of thousands of others have changed. They will change again.

We should all be glad of prohibition because it is a great scientific experiment. It is enabling us to learn more about the minds of people. It is turning new light, not so much upon habits alcoholic as upon the habits of thought which control all political, social and moral movements. It is subjecting the present generation to a great laboratory and field study, the benefits of which—whether prohibition lives or dies—will go on to future generations. It may be hard on us; it will be good for our grandchildren, because they will know more than we know, and will be able to avoid some of our mistakes.

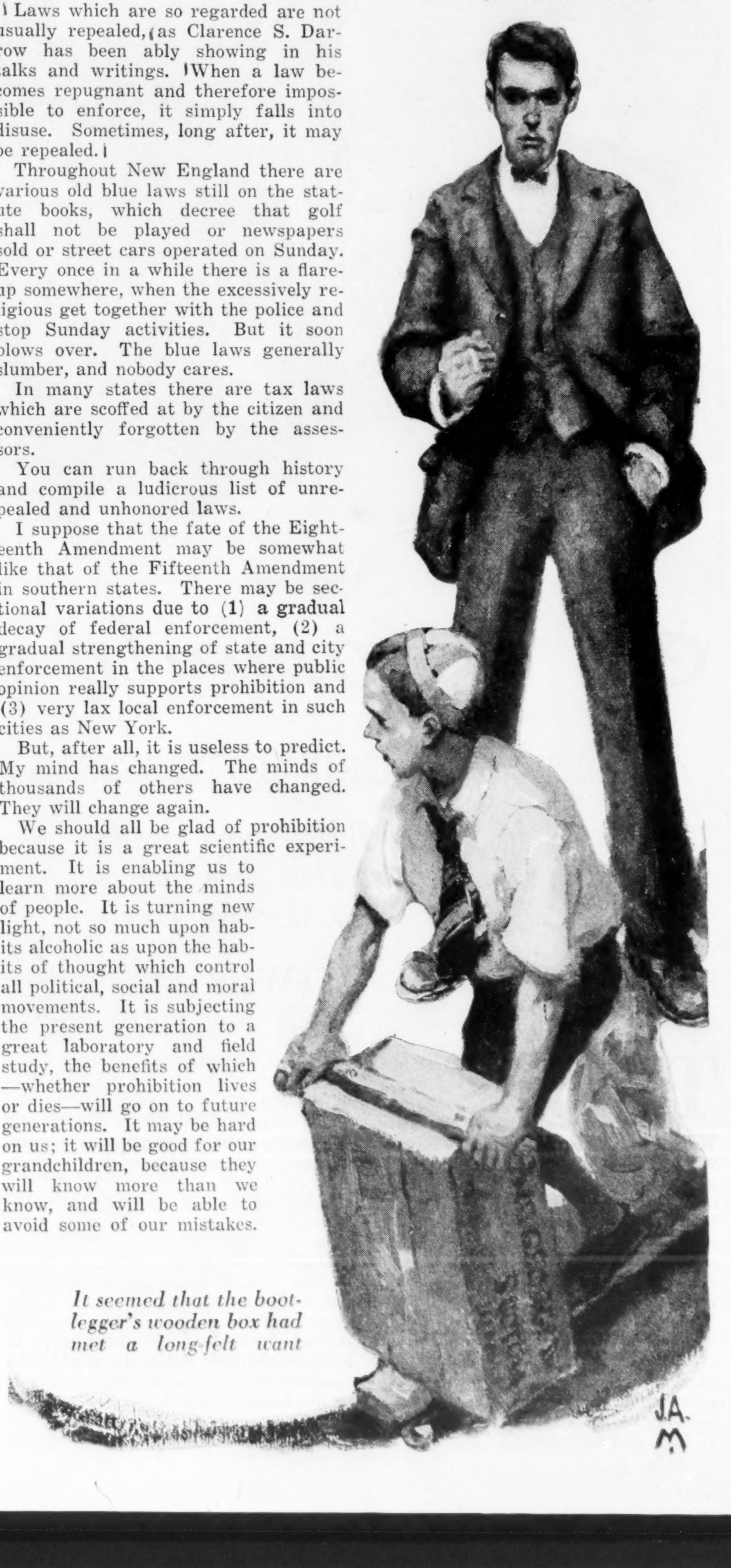
I submit myself as one little exhibit in the record of the experiment. I have tried to pin myself on a card, truthfully marked with a full description of the case, to be hung in an alcove with thousands of others—like a collection of butterflies or fossil fragments.

For one case is of little value unless checked against all the others. My hope is that this article may bring forth the truthful experience of many others.

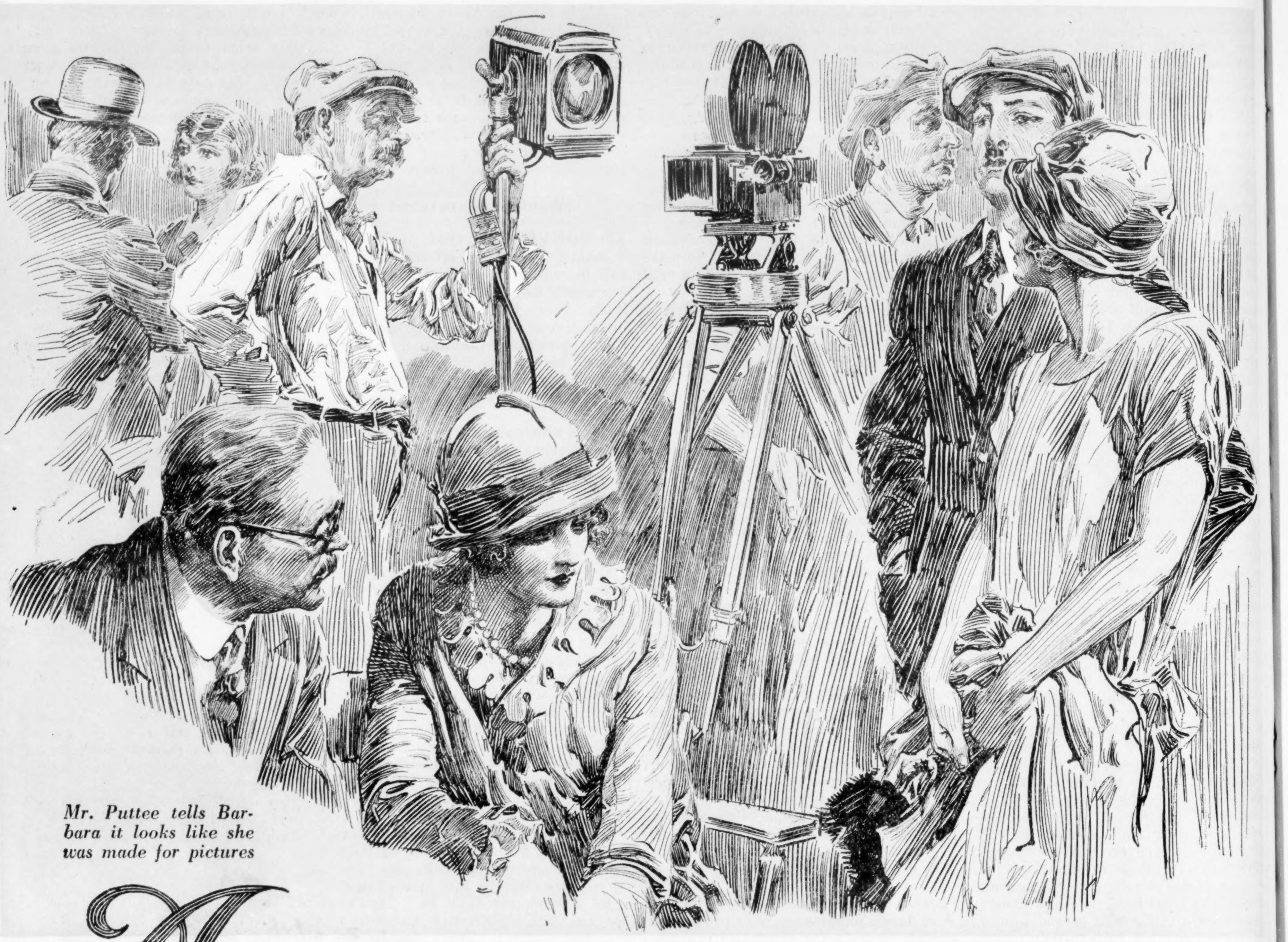
I suggest that all dogmatists, extremists and propagandists be ruled out of the discussion; that no one who is sure that he knows the right of it from the wrong of it be allowed to take part.

Let only those who have changed their minds, only those who do not feel sure that they won't change again, be asked to contribute.

Wanted: experience. What's yours?



*It seemed that the bootlegger's wooden box had met a long-felt want*



Mr. Puttee tells Barbara it looks like she was made for pictures

# A comedy of terrors

## A STORY *of* BILL GRIMM'S PROGRESS

*If you don't know Bill Grimm and his mock taxi, hop into this story and let him take you to meet Barbara Baxter*

### *By* H. C. WITWER

TO MAKE a clean breast of matters, my name is Bill Grimm, or William Reginald Grimm, as my parents laughingly pronounced it. While I'm by no means the Grimm which concocted the fairy tales, that ain't going to stop me from telling *this* one, which come to pass once upon a time when I was aged twenty and driving a taxi in New York.

I clicked off a reward of five thousand bucks for nabbing a clown which stuck up the Stevedores & Scientists' National Bank and then used my taxi for his get-away.

My highly spectacular collar of the bank bandit at a box fight, where I happened to peg him some time after the hold-up, not only win me a short hour of fame and a comfortable nest egg, but it cleared me of all suspicion of being mixed up in the robbery. That rap had been put in for me by Jack Fairfax, the ebony mutton of a rich family and something more than my worst enemy. Jacques was then out on bail and awaiting trial for—ssh—bootlegging!—in Fairfax Falls, N. Y., the cute little slab where I'd been created twenty years before.

Barbara Baxter, a young operative of the U. S. Revenue Department, got the evidence that put Fairfax under glass. This damsel was beautiful enough to make a goldfish forget to keep opening and closing its mouth, and not knowing she was a copper I unwittingly helped her get the goods on my foe.

Well, unable to decide what to do with myself and my five thousand bucks, I squandered a couple or three weeks in idleness, mostly hanging around Butch's gym watching Left Hook O'Brien and a flock of other leather pushers train.

During these days I took Barbara Baxter to dinner and a show a couple of times and when she asked me what I was doing now I just stalled. I got a keen form-fitting tux and a horde of stiff shirts, and when I strut my stuff you just know I wear 'em! One night we went to a swell cabaret to dance after the theatre and during a waltz she pinned me down.

"How are you and your five thousand dollars coming along, Bill?" she leads off, looking up at me seriously.

"Not so good!" I says truthfully, "I ain't used to wealth, and that jack annoys and befuddles me!"

"The money *annoys* you?" she wants to know, raising her eyebrows.

"Absolutely!" I says. "That five thousand ain't enough to make me independent, and it's just *too* much to make a bum job fascinate me. The gil who invented money was a clever young man, but he should of stayed in the laboratory another day and invented a cure for its worries! No fooling, Barbara, I wish I never won that reward. If I was broke again, I'd *have* to go back driving a taxi and my *mind* would be at ease, anyway!"

At that she laughs outright.

"I love that!" she says. "Bill, your naïveté is delightfully refreshing in this atmosphere of supersophistication!"

"My which is refreshing in what?" I asked her, baffled.

"Your artlessness in a place where that is at a premium," she says. "I don't approve of you wasting your time in the company of that prize fighter O'Brien. You must try to overcome your irresponsibility and get down in earnest to the business of being a success. You know, Bill, you won't always be the healthy, good-looking young giant you are at present!"

I KNEW she was giving me the best of advice and I *did* feel like a Dumb David . . . fooling away my time when I might be getting somewheres. Is it possible, I thought, mechanically pivoting Barbara around—is it possible that I'm doomed to be a Loser?

"I'll take the matter up with the Boston office," I grins, trying to laugh it off. "What do you wish me to be a success at?"

She seems to be peeved because I'm smiling. "Oh, how can you be content to be just a taxi driver?"

"It's healthy," I says, still kidding, though I'm thoughtful at that. "It keeps me out in the open air!"

She stops right in the middle of the waltz.

"I don't think that's a bit funny!" she says. "A cabman! Well, I'll wager if *I* was unfortunate enough to find myself in that—er—profession, I wouldn't be just one of a thousand chauffeurs, I'd be champion taxi driver of the world. Ambition knows no level—even some of the clover grew *four* leaves to stand out from the mob!" she wound up, laughing.

"That's a good thought," I says as the music ceased firing and we walked to our table. "Barbara, that's just what I'll be—world's champion taxi driver. I'll look up the jazzbo which holds the title now and challenge him to a race up Fifth Avenue in reverse gear during the shopping hour!"

She shook her pretty head sorrowfully, but smiled and laid off me—for the time being.

WELL, determined to have some adventures with my five thousand iron men, I took Barbara Baxter and, unknown to her, my entire bank roll to the races at Belmont Park the following afternoon. Butch had furnished me with two tips so hot he says they burnt the big Butter and Egg man's tongue which whispered 'em to him. The first one was a beagle entitled Evening Star, and as it was afternoon and not evening this one failed to twinkle. It came in seventh. The other feed box special was labeled Hot Dog and it ran like a cold one. It finished fifth, which was better than the first one could do. I almost forgot to mention that there was only five horses in that second race.

I'd lost a thousand bucks—important money—with break-your-neck speed, so I laid off them collies till the last scamper. Thinking I'd dropped about twenty dollars, Barbara kept consoling me, and when the final event come up she breaks out with the gambling fever herself. There was a horse in this race called Miss Barbara, and, following a hunch, Barbara gives me a ten-dollar note to lay on its nose. I left the grand stand and bounded around with the sharpshooters on the lawn, and I found the oral books was holding Miss Barbara at 50 to 1. You could of got 60 to 1 if you pleaded. I run into "Six-to-Five" Casey, a handbook which used to operate around the garage where I parked my taxi, and I buttonholed him.

"How d'ye like Miss Barbara in this scurry?" I asks him.

"The same way I like pneumonia!" sneers Casey. "That spaniel ain't win a race since Colombus says 'So this is America?' Git aboard the favorite, young-feller-me-lad, he's a shoo-in!"

Well, I got aboard the favorite. Without cracking to Barbara, I bet her ten and five hundred smackers of my personal finances on Casey's tip. There was a dozen hangtails in this six-furlong dash, and they clowned around at the post till the starter was fit to be tied, and every fingernail in the grandstand was bit to the quick. Finally, the webbing shot up and the soul-thrilling, hoarse, thunderous boom, "They're off!" split the summer air.

The prancing favorite was left at the post with my dough and Barbara's, while at fifty to one Miss Barbara romped home in front!

So that was all settled—and so was I!

There was no use of me informing Barbara I hadn't bet her ten like she told me. The least it would look would be funny. So already fifteen hundred on the nut for the day, I gamely said nothing, but paid my delighted lady friend the five hundred fish she would of won had I laid her money as directed.

Personally, gentle reader, I think horse racing is all damp, and the next time I crave to see the equines in motion I'll watch a merry-go-round!

Undaunted by the fact that two thousand of my original five had gone by the board, I hauled off and bought Barbara a diamond ring for her birthday. Zip goes another eight hundred! This was considerable gewgaw, and I thought it would knock her dead. I nearly fainted when she turned it down cold!

"Bill," she says, eying the ring carefully and then handing it back the same way, "you were a foolish boy to buy so expensive a gift for me—or just now for anyone. A box of candy or flowers or a book would have been a pleasant surprise."

"You ain't mad, are you?" I says indignantly. "I got this ring in Tiffany's! What's the matter with it?"

"Not a thing—it's beautiful," she smiles. "But I never accept jewelry from—from gentlemen acquaintances, Bill."

"You wouldn't take jewelry from a guy which wasn't a gentleman, would you?" I ask her, a trifle sarcastical. I thought she was high-hatting me, and I was hurt. But she snubbed my question and come back with one of her own—a habit of hers.

"Have you found a position yet, Bill?" she inquires.

I nodded in the anti-affirmative, looking gloomily out the window at the beginning of one of them all-day rains.

"How much of your five thousand have you left?" is the next query.

"About twenty-two yards," I says.

"Yards?" she repeated, puzzled.

"Twenty-two hundred dollars," I explains patiently. "A yard's a hundred berries."

"In what language?" laughs Barbara.

"In slanguage," I grins back. "Ask me some hard ones!"

"Bill, I wish you wouldn't be so—so slangy," she says. "Honestly, that beastly taxicab environment has so roughened your speech that half the time I feel the need of an interpreter when conversing with you!"

I stood up in front of her, a bit steamed.

"I guess I don't fit in with your plans, Barbara," I says quietly. "I won't come around any more. Good luck!" And I started for the door.

"Oh, sit down, you—you infant!" she says impatiently. "I like you, and you know I do, but I must confess I *am* vexed with you. I thought that five thousand dollars would give you a splendid start, but you're throwing it away as if you were a millionaire. . . . And you're not even working! Just when are you going to stop idling away your life and begin making good?"

That started another of our usual pungent arguments that sent me away a half hour later, sore at myself, at Barbara and at the world in general. The steady downpour of rain didn't help matters any, and when I got back to the hotel where I was splitting a suite with Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien, I was as blue as the color itself. Believe me, there's many a lurch twixt the girl and the church!

PROPPED up against the mirror on my bureau, probably by Butch or Left Hook which generally got the mail, was a pink envelope addressed to me. The writing was puzzlingly familiar, but the perfume, which the letter seemed to of been drenched with, was not. I ripped it open, feeling very romantical, and, of course, I turned to the signature first. It's a hobby of mine to always read telegrams that way too—adds something to the kick! But this one thrilled me about as much as watching a walking match would thrill a letter carrier. It was signed "*Always yours, Pansy.*"

Pansy Pilkington, pretty ex-waitress at the Commercial House, Fairfax Falls, was in New York trying to land a job in the chorus of some musical show. I've seen better lookers than Pansy—but not many! Barbara Baxter was one, and till she darkened my threshold I thought Pansy was about as nifty as they came. After viewing Barbara, I knew different!

At the time of the Stevedores & Scientists' Bank robbery, when the papers were full of me driving the "bandit car," Pansy burnt me up by phoning me her congratulations. I'd hung up on Pansy in rage and disgust then, and I hadn't saw her since, though she called up dozens of times to beg my pardon. This letter from her was a humble apology and a most affectionate plea for a interview.

Well, it was as hard for me to hold a grudge as it was for me to hold a job. Likewise, I was plenty low as to the results of my argument with Barbara, so I up and called on Pansy.

Dressed to thrill and succeeding at it, Pansy opened the door of a nobby drum on upper Broadway which she shared with a girl who would be in no danger anywheres. Why is it that the female chums of these panics is generally nightmares? This maiden, answering readily to the name of "Miss Jukes," took the air with a wise "two-is-company-three-is-a-crowd" grin which greatly annoyed me.

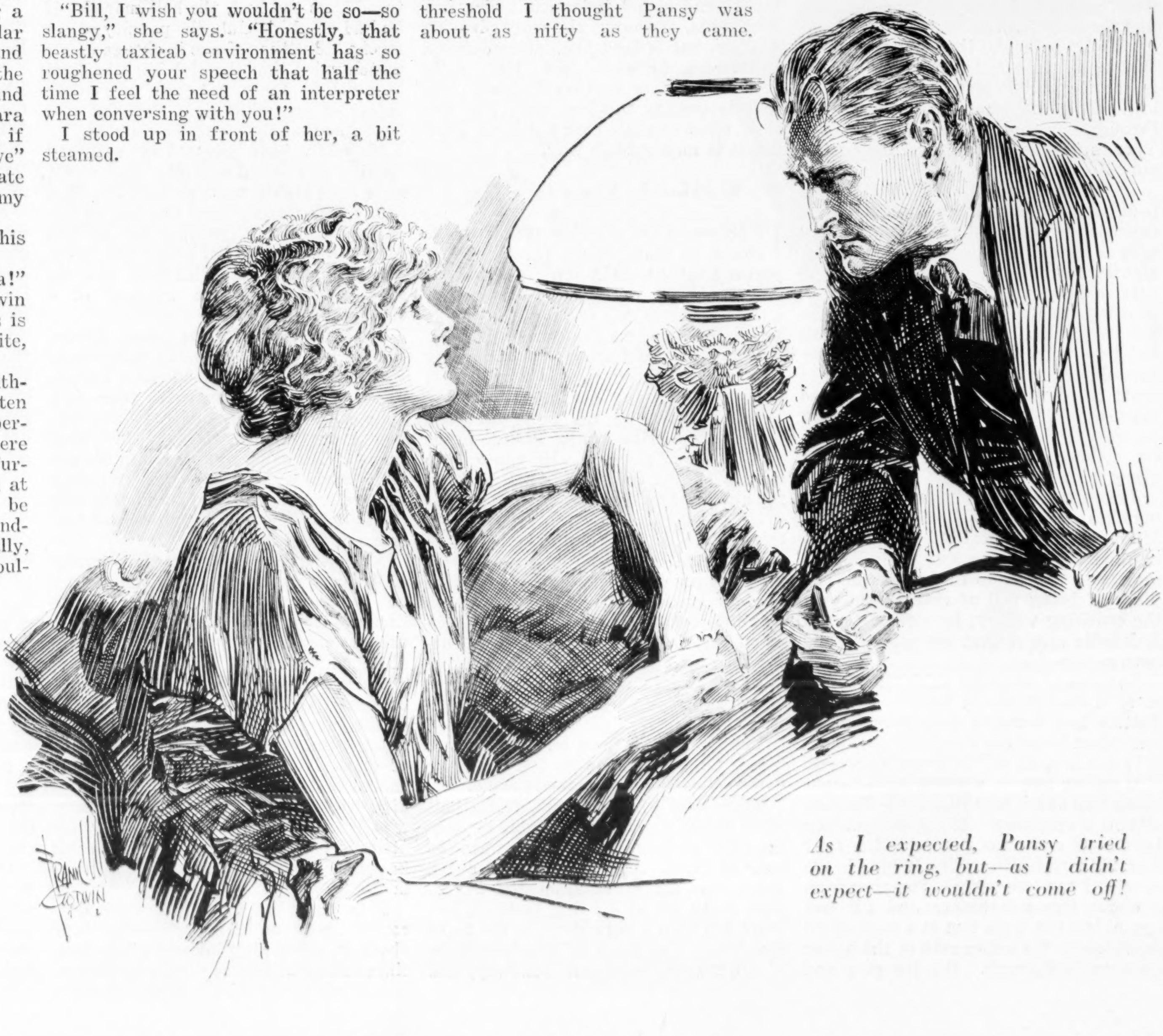
"Have a drink, Big Boy?" smiles Pansy, taking my hat.

"Yeah—*water!*" I says, sitting down and glancing around the rooms. "You look like Prosperity's sister. How d'ye like the chorus?"

"Fried!" she giggles, flopping down beside me, and I'm instantly drunk with cologne. "I'm not in the chorus, Bill; I'm in the movies—look!"

With that she jumps up and takes a photograph from the mantel. It was a picture of herself in a costume which didn't contain enough cloth to put a cuff on a ant's trousers! I handed it back.

"Why, Bill—you're actually *blushing!*" she laughs, regarding me curiously. "It's (*Continued on page 34*)



*As I expected, Pansy tried on the ring, but—as I didn't expect—it wouldn't come off!*

# The sporting thing

By GRANTLAND RICE

*Grantland Rice is our most widely read sports writer to-day. His sane and cheerful observations on the world of play appear here every week*

THE ball game that afternoon was one of those nip-and-tuck affairs where Walter Johnson, Washington's famous Old Barney, was having more than his share of trouble. At a critical moment he had "three and two" on the batter as the next pitch seemed to skim over the corner of the plate with two or three inches to spare.

Johnson undoubtedly thought he had a strike-out as he started from the box, but the umpire called "ball." Without a change of expression or the sign of a complaint the veteran stepped back into the box and went on pitching.

A few days later I ran across a citizen of Coffeyville, Kan., where Johnson lives, and asked him just how Johnson and the neighbors hit it off.

"Well," he said, "they not only think Walter Johnson is the greatest pitcher in the world, but also the greatest fellow. He's the most popular man out through our country that I ever knew. There's no one like him, in the box or out."

In an age when no small part of the popular chatter includes sport, there is far more written and spoken about winning or losing than there is about sportsmanship.

It so happens that sportsmanship is growing, in spite of cynical rebuttals, but it still has a number of important steps to take. There is still a widespread opinion that the main function of sport is to win and that nothing else matters. If this idea is correct, what becomes of the other half who can't win, since there must be a loser to match every winner?

Just after the last international polo matches at Meadowbrook, Devereux Milburn, the American captain, remarked that he was sorry the British team was not up to its best form. In place of being full of enthusiasm over the crushing victory, he seemed to feel a definite regret that the matches had been so one-sided.

"Anyway," someone said, "it's better as it is than it would have been if the British had brought over four Laceys and taken home the cup."

"I don't think so," Milburn answered. "I'd rather lose in a close, hard-fought battle full of excitement and thrills than win in a runaway. If the competition isn't keen and close, where is the fun? And if there isn't any fun, where is the sport? I can lose without jumping from a cliff. I've lost before and I'll lose again, but the main fun is a good, hard game where the better man or the better team pulls through. It's the give and take of competition, giving all you have to give, win or lose, that makes any game worth while. If there is nothing more to a game than the final score, it isn't worth playing."

The main idea back of sport should be recreation in the pursuit of health and pleasure: competitions that help to build up clean living, cool heads, stout hearts and sound judgment under fire. Victory is, of course, the more pleasing destiny, but it isn't the entire destiny. If it were, we would have more mobs booing Criqui, or another invader; more crowds beating umpires with pop bottles; more football teams getting their talent in any possible way.

### World-wide Fame in a Day

IT IS one of the simplest things in the world to make sport far more important in the orderly scheme of things. This goes for a college football game or a tired business man leaving his office to seek recreation in a game of golf.

What usually happens in the latter case? He is keen to get away from business cares and can hardly wait to join his match at the first tee. His nerves are a trifle jumpy, and he needs fresh air and exercise. He can use up a little outdoor fun to be in better shape for another day's work. But he tops his drive or slices one out of bounds. He takes two wild niblick swings in a harrowing bunker, and he finally misses a two-foot putt. By that time his entire nervous system is jumping in four or five different directions, a tangled skein of misery. He is in a hand-to-hand battle with his own soul where no quarter is asked or given. It is mostly torture, except on those rare occasions when he plays well.

You can watch them on the first tee, tense, taut, keyed up to the cracking point before the first swing is made.

There was a time in college football when teams were taught to hold against the rules as long as no officials were too near at hand. Also when almost every coach ran his team from the bench. Both rules are still being violated, but there has been a big change in the right direction. The spirit of sportsmanship is still making consistent headway, and it is gaining more and more valuable ground.

In the last open championship, Bobby Jones was struggling badly through his first round. He had lost control of his irons and was fighting desperately to save every stroke. At the eleventh hole he had to play from the side of a slope. Just as he took his stance and started to address the ball, the ball moved. If he had soled his club, the penalty was a stroke. But the referee in charge of the match ruled that the club head had not been soled. Jones, not quite sure in the stress of an uphill fight, insisted just the same that the stroke be counted.

He might have accepted the referee's opinion and saved a stroke that would have been highly valuable later on. But the winning in his case was not as important as being certain that he had played up to the final letter and spirit of the rules. That, with him, was the first thought—not the winning of a championship.

Francis Ouimet, the star Boston golfer, has proved how far sportsmanship goes. When Ouimet downed Vardon and Ray at Brookline twelve years ago, Ouimet, being then under twenty-one, had every chance to have his head turned. He came that day into instant and world-wide fame, an unknown youngster who in a final match was able to stop the two great professional veterans of England.

A year later Ouimet won the amateur title, but since 1914 no national victory has come his way in spite of much brilliant golf. Yet within that length of time no one ever has heard him offer an alibi or an excuse.

Ouimet is one of the few who can be hard-playing, determined fighters and at the same time pleasant and friendly antagonists without the slightest show of elation in victory or the slightest rancor in defeat. It is still a game with him, win or lose, and the big galleries which follow his play can sense this attitude to such an extent that no one has yet been able to surpass his popularity.

If he has a bad lie on the course or a rough break in luck, you never hear about it, since his philosophy has long since recognized these details as part of the program which each one in turn must face. It was a remarkable thing a few years ago to see an Eastern golfer having the support of most of a large Western gallery, and yet that is the pleasant fate that Ouimet knew, and still knows.

Willie MacFarlane, the new United States open golf champion, came fairly close to expressing the ideal viewpoint on the final afternoon of the championship proper before the famous play-off came.

MacFarlane's lead at one time had looked safe until a few slips here and there left him in a tie with Bobby Jones, who had made up a four-stroke deficit.

"Pretty tough, Willie," someone said, "that you didn't win outright after that lead."

"Tough?" said MacFarlane. "I think it's great the way it is. I've done much better than I ever thought I would do; I have made a much better showing than I expected to make, and I've had a lot of fun. And Bobby and I'll have another fine game to-morrow."

MacFarlane might have easily expended any number of vain regrets about a short putt that hopped out or a fine drive that found a divot or an iron shot that kicked into trouble. He could have looked back on a dozen strokes he might have saved, any one of a dozen that would have made him open champion. But he happened to take the broader viewpoint. And the day after he returned to Oakridge, his club, he was out by the first tee to start his teaching schedule as if nothing had happened.

### Fair Play and Fellowship

SOMEONE has said that a good loser is no good. If that is true, then sport is no good. No one cares to face a flabby-souled opponent who doesn't make a fight of it. But there is a wide gap between a hard fighter and a poor loser. The ideal athlete may play himself out to win, but if beaten he accepts the result without taking poison or scattering alibis all over the landscape as he gets ready for another start.

It is becoming recognized that breaking the rules of any game to win is merely cheating in its lowest form without any more credit to the winner than one would give a pickpocket.

One of the main purposes of sport is to develop fair play, friendliness and fellowship in a world that can stand a good deal more of the same—quite a lot more, in fact, in every sector of public and private life.

# Will the German Republic last?

By
FREDERICK PALMER

**CAN the ex-Kaiser come back? Can the crown prince take the throne? Is Hindenburg the first step in the return of monarchy? Each of us in America has a financial, as well as a political, interest in the answers to these questions.**

**Colonel Palmer, famous war correspondent, has revisited Germany since the recent elections. He has talked with high and low, rich and poor, and gives you here a story that only a skilled reporter could write.**

IT IS two in the morning and no moon. The plot is about to be hatched; the biggest sensation that could happen in Europe is about to be sprung. Has the secret been kept? Will the Dutch authorities at the last minute balk the plan?

No, the plane is waiting. Ex-Kaiser William steps aboard. In a few minutes he is across the frontier of Holland which has held him in exile. At dawn he is in Potsdam. He issues a proclamation in his old divine-right style that the Almighty has called him to the salvation of his people. . . .

In dull times correspondents in Berlin almost wish that this bit of imagination could come true. It would give them the biggest piece of news that they could put on the wire.

No news from Europe could affect America so closely. We would all agree that the devil would soon be to pay in Europe again. Workers for peace and reconstruction would lose heart amid the sound of war alarms. Every American's share in the debts which Europe owes us would be endangered.

After I had been in Germany for some time I was asking, "Will the republic last?" At first, in Berlin, I had asked what were the chances of the return of the Kaiser. This, I found, was the question all newcomers asked. Often it was met with the question:

"Don't you miss the Kaiser?"

When it came from Germans who are strong republicans I thought that I had proof that all Germans are monarchists at heart.

Why should I, an American, miss the Kaiser? But all Americans who knew pre-war Germany do miss him. They miss him as the tourist misses something that he has not at home and came abroad to see. They miss him as they would miss the lights on Broadway or the movies in their home community.

"Yes," I had to admit, "I'm conscious that a part of the show is gone. I miss William dashing down Unter den Linden in his golden helmet with all the traffic cleared for his passing and the people awesome, hats off, standing on the curb. It is strange to think that anybody with the price of a seat can buy one in the old royal box at the opera and that the Royal Palace in Berlin is being let as apartments."

"Of course," said one republican, "those were fulsome days."

He paused. But he did not wipe away a tear for glorious remembrance' sake, as the Kaiser expects all Germans to do in mourning his absence. He smiled.

"And if the Kaiser did reappear at Potsdam to-morrow morning, and in the afternoon flashed down Unter den Linden in all his old splendor, what would be the attitude of the people in the streets?" I asked.

"I thought you'd come to that," was the reply. "Why, he would get a divided reception. He would be given the laugh or frowns by nine people out of ten while the tenth would act as all Germans used to at the sight of him. However, he would never reach Berlin. He would be arrested at Potsdam.

"I had forgotten about the Royal Palace being rented as apartments. Have you just heard of that in America? We're getting used to it, getting used to being a republic. It's the tourist bureaus and the hotel keepers who want the Kaiser back. But he is too costly a luxury for us to afford just to enable them to turn a penny."

This is not saying that the monarchists are getting used to the republic. They suffer just as much as ever under "the vulgar commonness of republican rule." It is not even saying that the monarchists want the Kaiser himself back. They are for monarchy in principle. For many of them any king will do so they have one. Others are divided into groups favoring different candidates. Any one of these to win must have the favor of the people.

Of all the candidates the ex-Kaiser has the smallest following. From all I could learn, he has no more chance of again becoming king of Prussia and German emperor than a Sioux chief has of becoming king of the United States. Germany stood by the Hohenzollerns for hundreds of years because they were winners. The last of the Hohenzollerns lost for them; he was one of the biggest losers in all history. Germany must go on for generations paying for his losses.

## One Hohenzollern Might Win

THE Germans are human enough not to back a proved loser again. Any king they choose must look like a winner. After the lessons they have had the Germans want him to do something for them instead of their doing all for him. They saw William as a coward who ran away from his army; they see him now as a petulant old monomaniac who sends forth messages that his subjects betrayed him, but that he will forgive them and come to their succor as he knows how they need him. German women who respected the Kaiserin as a good German *Hausfrau* had a final spasm of disgust at the Kaiser when he took a young wife before the sod over the Kaiserin's grave was green.

"His second marriage finished him," you hear on every hand.

The crown prince has a little larger following than his father. He also proved himself to be yellow; he also ran away from his army. That foxy "spoiled child" put one over on his father when he escaped from exile in Holland, and this jealous pair does not love each other.

"I am the real Kaiser while I live," says father.

"But I am the Hohenzollerns' only chance," says the crown prince. "So consider yourself as abdicated, Dad."

Son lives on his estate at Breslau. There his old cronies come to visit him and to plot. He runs up to Berlin for a high time occasionally.

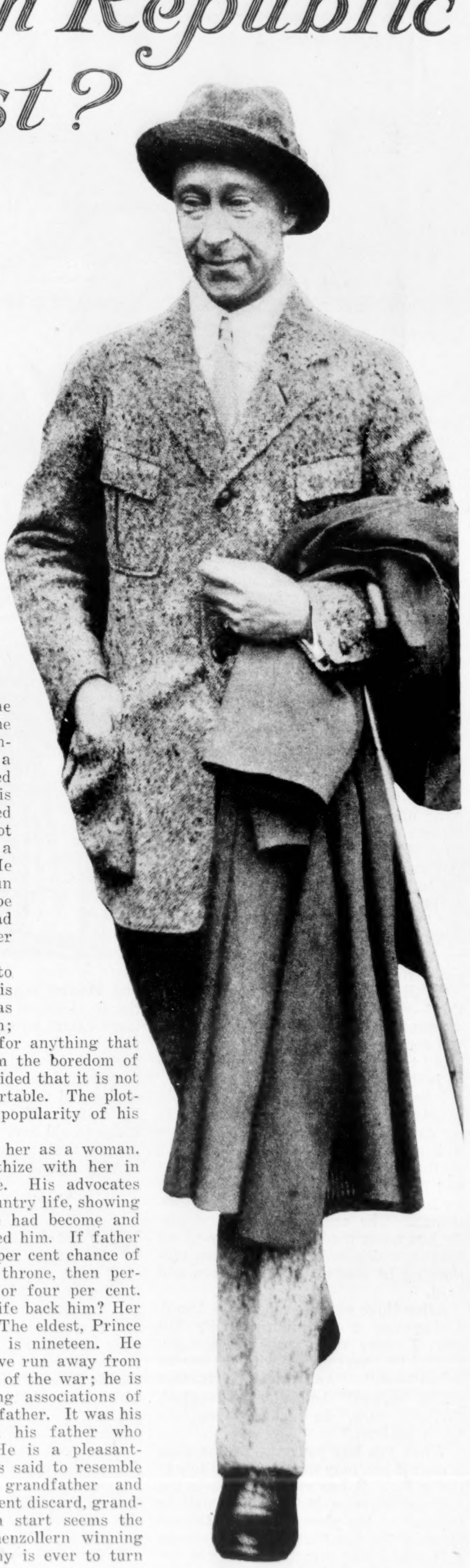
"Does a man with a face like that look like a winner or one who could rouse the German masses to enthusiasm?" asked a German as we looked at a snapshot of this dissipated middle-aged play boy. Certainly not on a prohibition or a blue-law platform. He looks more fitted to run a dance hall than to be a king who would lead a people back to power and fortune.

But he is willing to try for it when his friends say the time has come for the Putsch; he is willing to try for anything that will relieve him from the boredom of his country life, provided that it is not in any way uncomfortable. The plotters think that the popularity of his wife will help him.

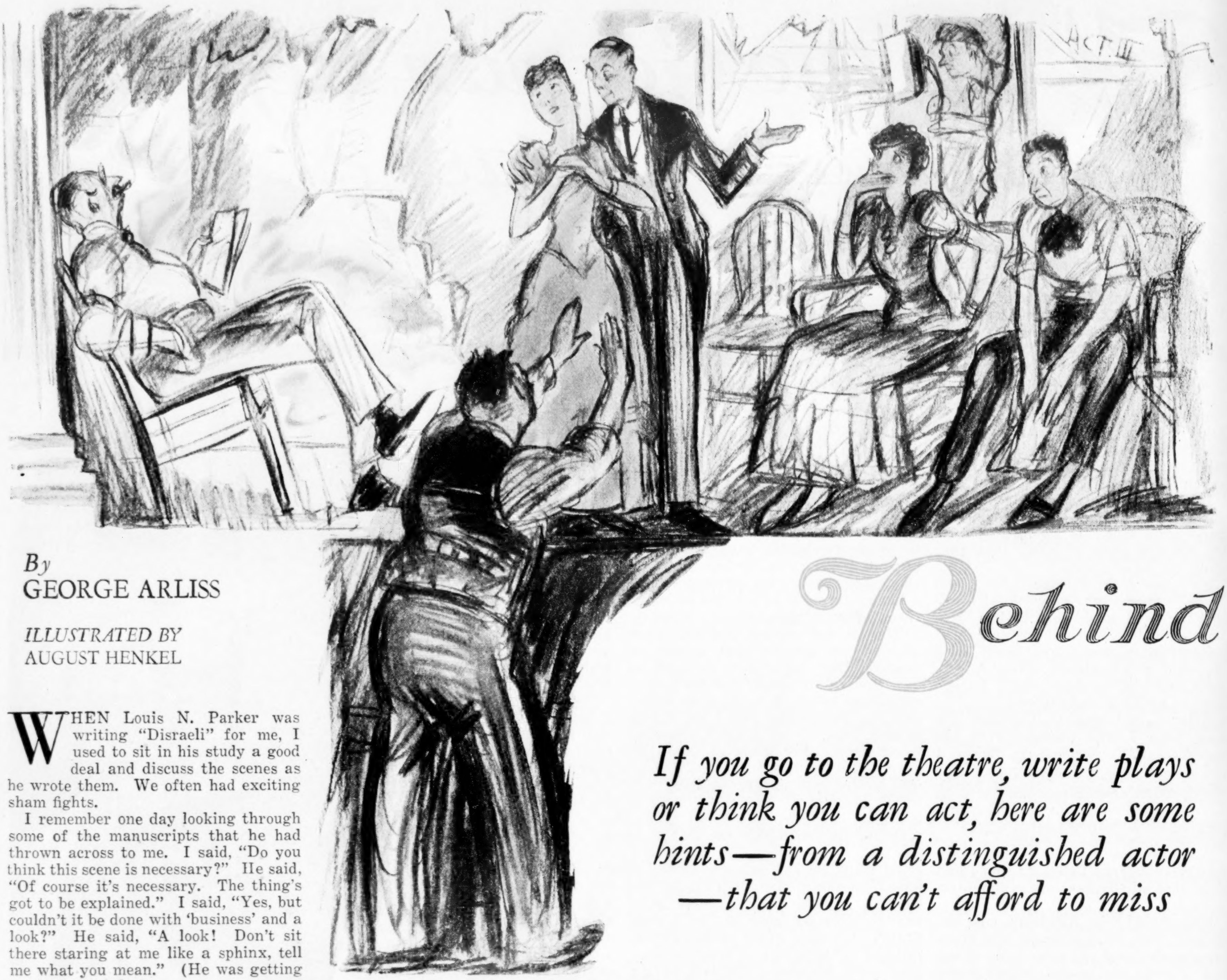
All Germany likes her as a woman. Good women sympathize with her in being "Willy's" wife. His advocates would play up his country life, showing how domesticated he had become and how she had reformed him. If father has one fifth of one per cent chance of ever recovering the throne, then perhaps son has three or four per cent.

But will Willy's wife back him? Her idols are her sons. The eldest, Prince William of Prussia, is nineteen. He was too young to have run away from the army at the end of the war; he is free of all the losing associations of his father and grandfather. It was his mother rather than his father who brought him up. He is a pleasant-looking youth who is said to resemble his mother. With grandfather and father in the permanent discard, grandson making a fresh start seems the best bet for a Hohenzollern winning candidate if Germany is ever to turn to monarchy again.

It is in Bavaria that monarchist sentiment is strongest. They say that Rupprecht can have the Bavarian throne whenever he (*Continued on page 40*)



*The crown prince as he looks to-day. Can a man with a face like that rouse the German masses to enthusiasm?*



*By*
GEORGE ARLISS

*ILLUSTRATED BY*
AUGUST HENKEL

# Behind

## *If you go to the theatre, write plays or think you can act, here are some hints—from a distinguished actor—that you can't afford to miss*

WHEN Louis N. Parker was writing "Disraeli" for me, I used to sit in his study a good deal and discuss the scenes as he wrote them. We often had exciting sham fights.

I remember one day looking through some of the manuscripts that he had thrown across to me. I said, "Do you think this scene is necessary?" He said, "Of course it's necessary. The thing's got to be explained." I said, "Yes, but couldn't it be done with 'business' and a look?" He said, "A look! Don't sit there staring at me like a sphinx, tell me what you mean." (He was getting ready for a fight.)

"Well," I said, "suppose he just did this"—and I showed him what I meant—"wouldn't that explain it?" He said, "Of course it would, but how in thunder was I to know you could do that?" And he jabbed his pencil across the scene.

I have not always been so fortunate as this with my authors. I remember in my early days rehearsing an Irish play written by an Irish comedian. It was my first attempt at the Hibernian accent and I was secretly rather pleased with my brogue. I was playing an Irish gentleman. The comedian was directing. He had never made any criticism of my brogue, which rather flattered me, considering he was an Irishman born and bred.

After three or four rehearsals I said, fishing for a compliment: "By the way, I never asked you whether you wanted this part played with the brogue or without." "And which is it that you're doing?" he said. I replied, "With!" "Oh," he replied, "then let's try it without."

When you buy your two on the aisle or near it you may wonder what the war tax is for. It has valid reasons in the national revenue, but it might well be imposed on the playgoer to pay the expense of the war that is waged between author and play director before the finished product makes its way from the library lamp to the glare of the footlights.

Years ago, when heroes were permitted the liberty of long soliloquies and villains indulged in hasty asides, the development of a story hinged to a large extent on speeches by the principal characters. A stage butler and a parlor maid would unfold the narrative background to a piece while dusting off chairs and arranging the decanters on the buffet. Then the master of the house would arrive from the hunt, announce that he hadn't had a drop of breakfast, and the play would proceed.

### Venice—That's All

NOW the demand is for action to tell the story. Even purely character stuff must obey the dictum that action speaks louder than words. This desirable condition has been brought about only over the dead bodies of many a fine piece of rhetoric. It has spelled victory for the directors as against the authors, for the director's job is to plan business, which is the stage name for action and gesture, while the author naturally is partial to his periods.

The result has been to speed up the drama and make it more acceptable to audiences, better able to compete with fast-moving athletic contests and motion-picture entertainments that are rivals for public patronage.

I recall a typical battle between a director and an author. It illustrates the thousand and one encounters the stage director had to win before the cause of action triumphed over that of words.

It was at rehearsal. The director, of course, was present. So was the author. A love scene, with hero and heroine in a prelude to the inevitable clinch. Low lights and a murmur of romance off stage, then:

*She:* Do you remember Venice—that night?

*He:* Ah, yes. The moon softly shining on the limpid water. The measured plash of the—[etc., etc., for two pages.]

The author sits in the half dark of one of the boxes in ecstasy; it is his first play. The director sits remotely, with his head on his knees as though awaiting imminent execution at the guillotine; he rises suddenly and addresses the actor.

*Director:* Hold on a minute! What *is* all that about the moon and the stars? Is that all there or are you making it up?

*Author* [timidly out of the darkness]: No, that's quite right.

*Director:* Just give me that script a minute. [Studies script for thirty seconds.] Good Lord! They'll never stand this. [*"They"* always implies the audience when used at rehearsal.]

*Author:* How do you mean?

*Director:* Why, my dear old chap, you don't want to tell them all about the weather.

*Author:* But that descriptive speech implies the influences that lead up to their betrothal.

*Director* [with vigorous strokes of blue pencil]: That's all right, old chap. Everybody knows Venice. [Hands back script to stage manager.] Let Mr. —— alter that in his part. [Silence except for the feeble beat of the author's pulse, as actor makes director's cut.]

*Director:* Now, once more.

*She:* Do you remember Venice—that night?

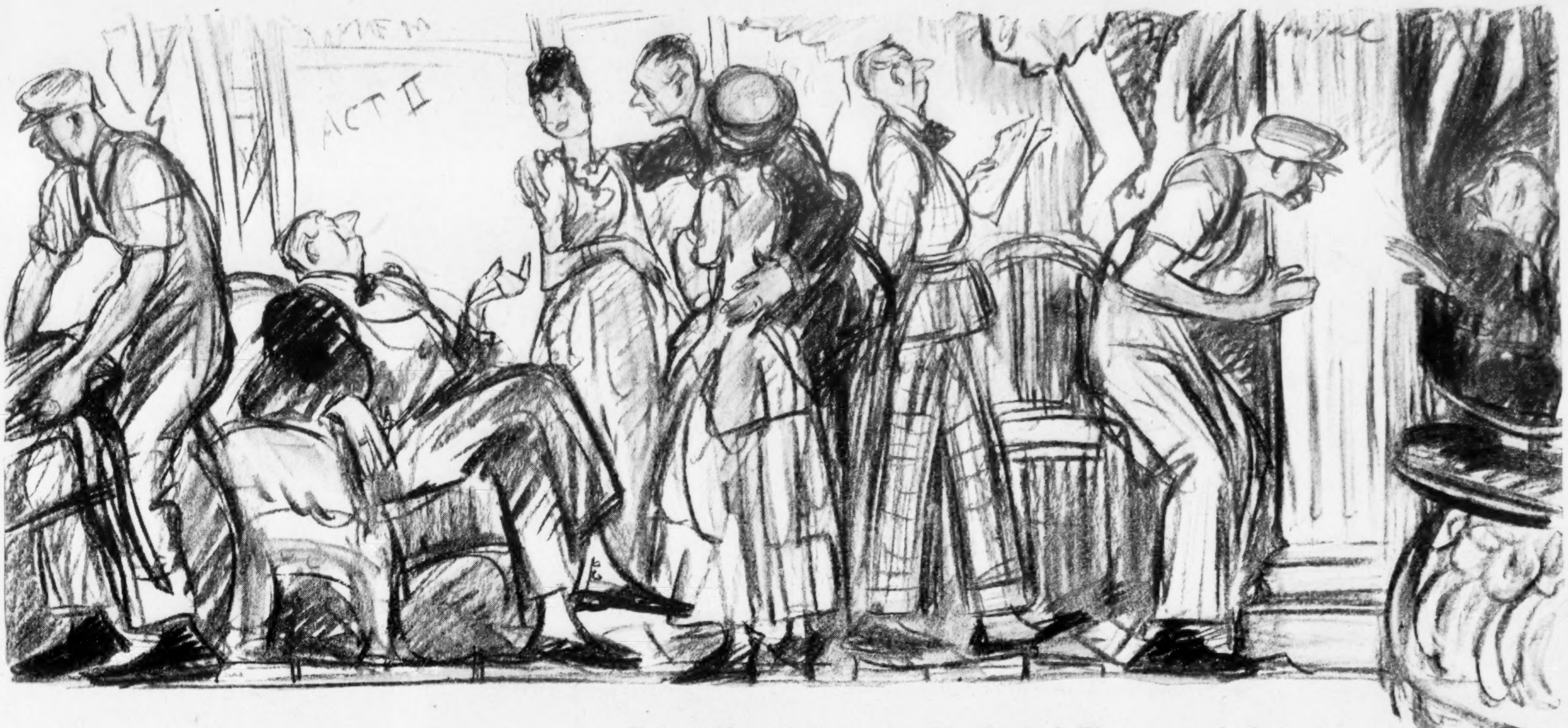
*He:* Ah, yes. [Pause, during which director turns to author with a look so filled with triumph that you might think he had brought him news that he had just drawn the winning number in the Calcutta Sweepstakes.]

*Author:* Is that all?

*Director:* All! Of course it's all. That's all you need. You must give the audience some credit for imagination. The way Mr. —— will say "Ah, yes" they'll see pictures all over the theatre.

### The Bigwig is Dangerous

BUT suppose the author is one of great distinction, different tactics are required. In this case the director sits warmly beside him and allows the actor to go clear through the speech to the bitter end—including the moon and the stars, and the plash of the oars and the silent, rhythmic movements of the gondoliers as they pass silhouetted, etc., etc., for the entire two pages. At the end of the speech he turns to the author and, in a voice almost stifled with emotion, says, "Great! Great!" The au-



*Hero: "Ah, yes, the moon softly shining! The measured plash of the—" Director: "Hold on a minute! What is all that about the moon and the stars? Is that all there or are you making it up?"*

# the scenes

thor, in spite of his distinction, flushes with pride. Then the director calls to the actor: "Just a moment; go back to the beginning of that speech."

*Actor:* What speech?

*Director* [impatiently]: Why, your big speech after she says "That night."

And then he allows the actor to do it all through again, and at the end looks appraisingly at the author and says very thoughtfully, "Great!" The rehearsal proceeds, but the director is obviously—terribly obviously—deep in thought, and after a moment he says, "Wait a minute, up there," and then turns to the author as to a brother and says, "I've been thinking about that speech. Don't you think it is perhaps just a trifle long?"

*Author* [coldly]: Long!

*Director* [on guard]: I mean coming where it does.

*Author:* I thought you said you liked it.

*Director:* Like it? Of course I like it. *I* like it, but you know what they are—a lot of— Just give me that script a moment. Now, I thought if we just cut from here to here.

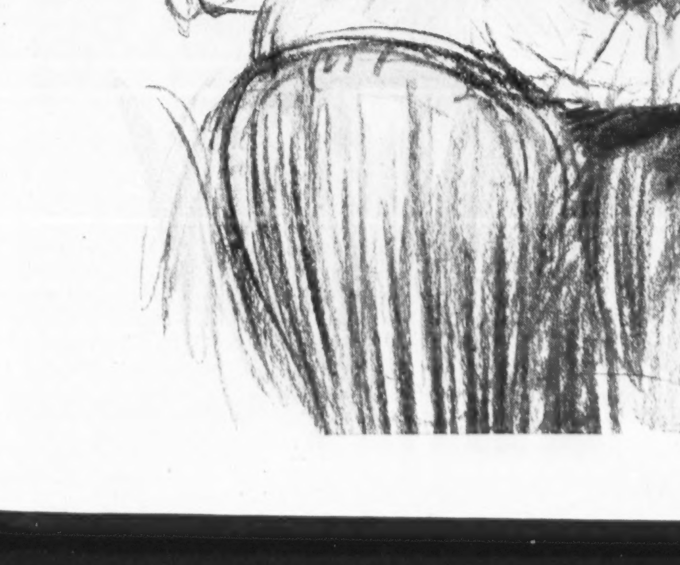
*Author* [dangerously]: What, cut that description of the night—that's the whole point!

*Director* [reassuringly]: No, no; not that about the moon and things; that's bully stuff. I mean this last part.

*Author:* Why, that's the best part of the speech.

*Director:* I know that, but—[sinks his head on author's collar so that in the dim light he appears to be either biting him at the throat or kissing his neck; speaks in terrible undertone] I know it's good, but this chap can't speak it [pointing over his shoulder to indicate leading actor]; never will—he hasn't got it *here* [business with heart]. Take my advice—have it out.

*"I know it's good! But this chap can't speak it; never will—he hasn't got it here [business with heart]. Take my advice—have it out"*



*Author* [resigned]: Oh, very well.

*Director* [leaping lightly across the footlights]: Now we're just going to make a little cut here.

*Actor* [aside to director]: Have I got to say all that about the moon and the stars? They'll never stand for it.

*Director* [aside to actor]: Keep quiet. I've got the gondoliers and all that movie stuff cut for you. I'll have the moon and the whole damn firmament out in a day or two. Be patient.

I am not saying that all good directors use this method. There are, of course, variations, dependent upon the temperament of the author and of the director. I have known several plays saved from destruction—or perhaps I should say extinction—by the intelligent cutting of the director. Of course the practiced professional dramatist can generally be relied upon to see and accept the point of view of those with whom he seeks coöperation, but the novelist who decides to become a playwright is, as a rule, a hard nut. Since it has been the custom to print plays for popular consumption (this is a comparatively recent innovation) many dramatic authors have apparently found great satisfaction in writing humorous stage directions that are often very entertaining in the library, but dangerous and misleading for the stage.

Stage directions are intended for the guidance of the actor, and are of value to the play only in so far as they can be portrayed and brought to visual development.

Comic stage directions are misleading because they frequently make a scene appear sparkling in the reading while it is in reality exceedingly dull—the sparkle being confined exclusively to the stage directions. An author will in his humorous stage directions uncover certain dark secrets concerning the conduct of one or more of his characters without giving the actor a ghost of an opportunity, through the dialogue or situation, of conveying these confidences to the audience. It is in such cases that an actor is justified in being impatient with the author.

In my experience the author most easily pleased is the one who writes funny plays—those plays that are filled with jokes. He seldom misses a rehearsal and seldom fails to shake with laughter at his lines, no matter how badly they are spoken. The most difficult to satisfy is the dramatist who is primarily a novelist. He can seldom appreciate the difference between the theatre and the library. He writes long speeches in long scenes of mere conversation, and wants them all spoken as written, without a word omitted. Of course he doesn't always get what he wants, for which audiences may praise Heaven—and the director. A good director is a many-sided man. He not only knows how to produce a play and how to get the best out of the actor, but also how to get the better of the author.

### Running to Slop

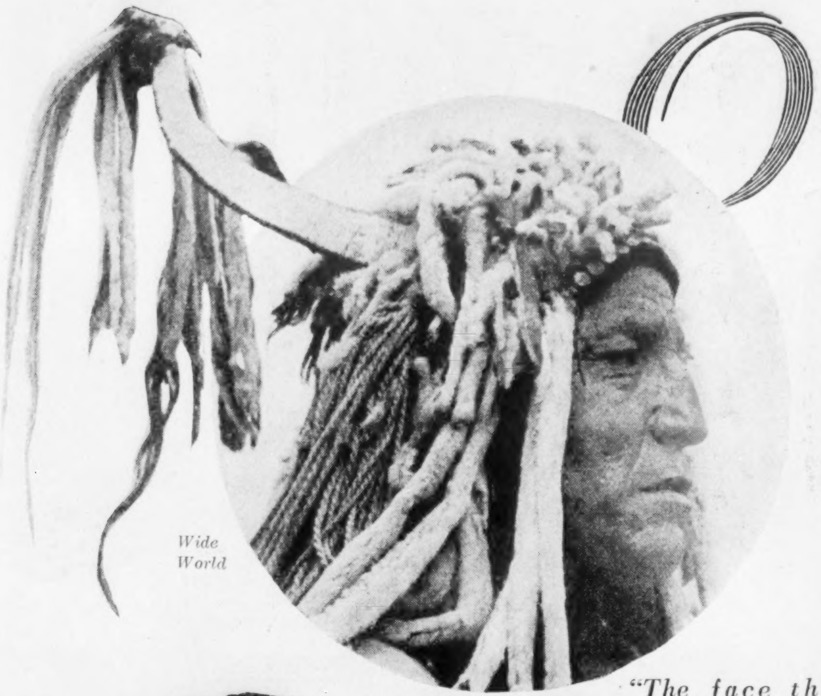
IN MY opinion an author should always listen indulgently to the suggestions of a practiced player, not because the actor is likely to make any striking improvements in the play as a literary work, but because, in the event of his being dissatisfied with or unconvinced of the meaning of the lines that he has to speak, he is likely to be ineffective in his portrayal.

And, moreover, the actor who has thoroughly studied a character frequently knows more about him than the author does. I have met with most sturdy resistance at the hands of an author without losing my respect for him, but I have no patience with the dramatist who believes that when an actor makes a suggestion his sole object is to ruin the play in which he is about to appear.

There is a saying that plays are not written; they are rewritten. I am afraid that is

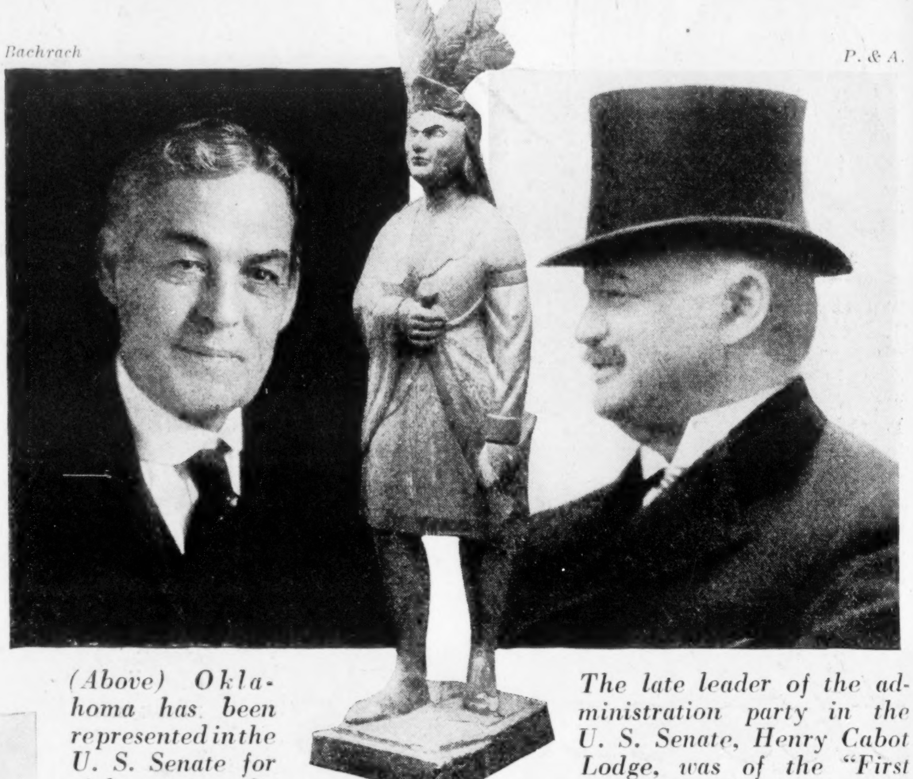
(*Continued on page 32*)

# Our first families



Wide World

*"The face that made the nickel famous." Chief Two Guns White Calf (above) dignifies the reverse side of our buffalo jitney*



Bachrach

P. & A.

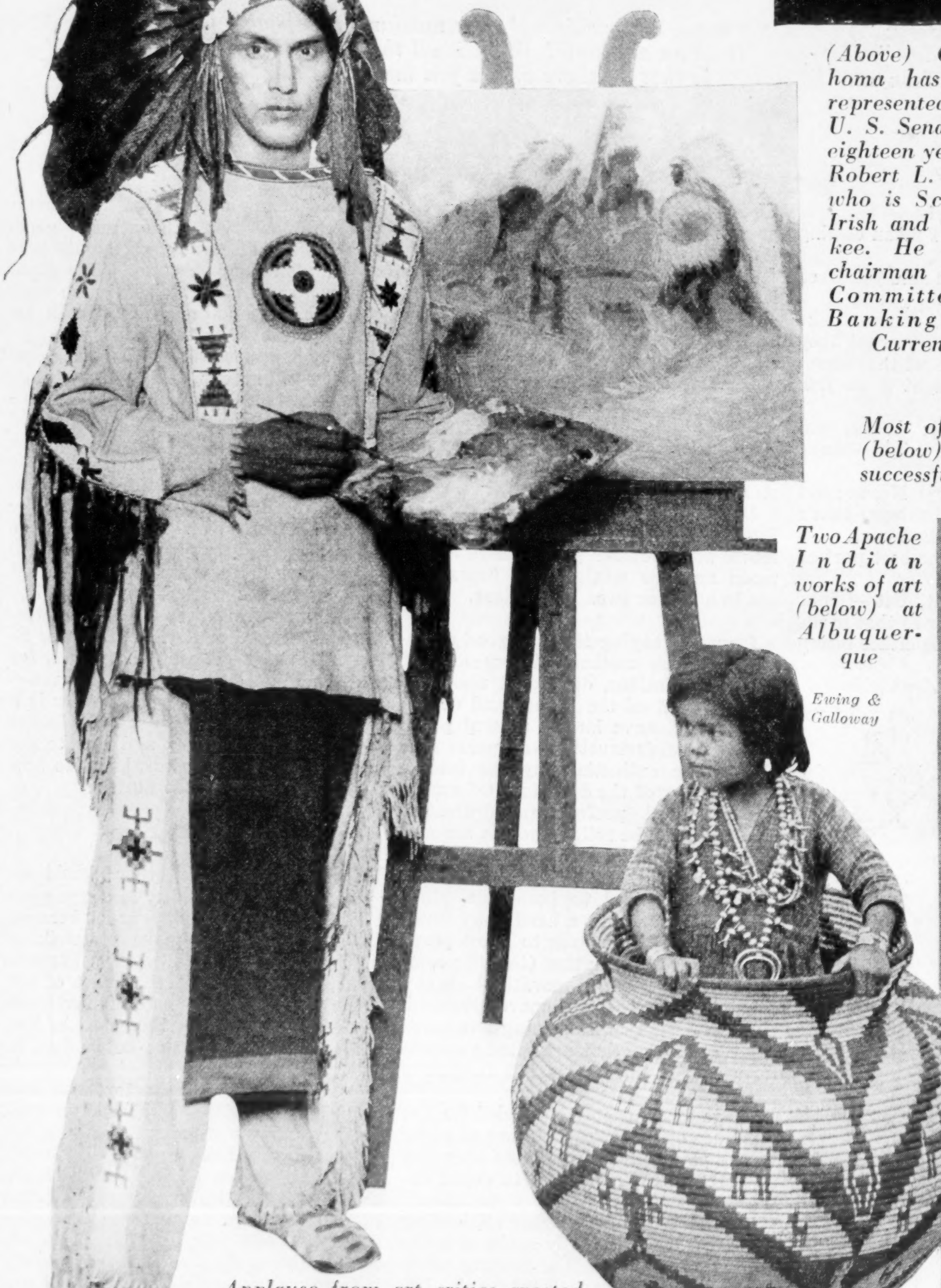
Keystone

*(Above) Oklahoma has been represented in the U. S. Senate for eighteen years by Robert L. Owen, who is Scotch-Irish and Cherokee. He is the chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency*

*The last of the cigar store Mohicans are finding a peaceful fate in museums*

*The late leader of the administration party in the U. S. Senate, Henry Cabot Lodge, was of the "First Families" of New England. But his successor, Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas (above), who escorted the President and Mrs. Coolidge in the Inaugural Day Parade, is of an even older family. On his mother's side he is one-fourth Kaw Indian*

*Most of us "cannot sing the old songs," but Os-Ke-Non-Ton (below), the Mohawk vocalist, can warble them all. After a successful American season, he is touring England and France*

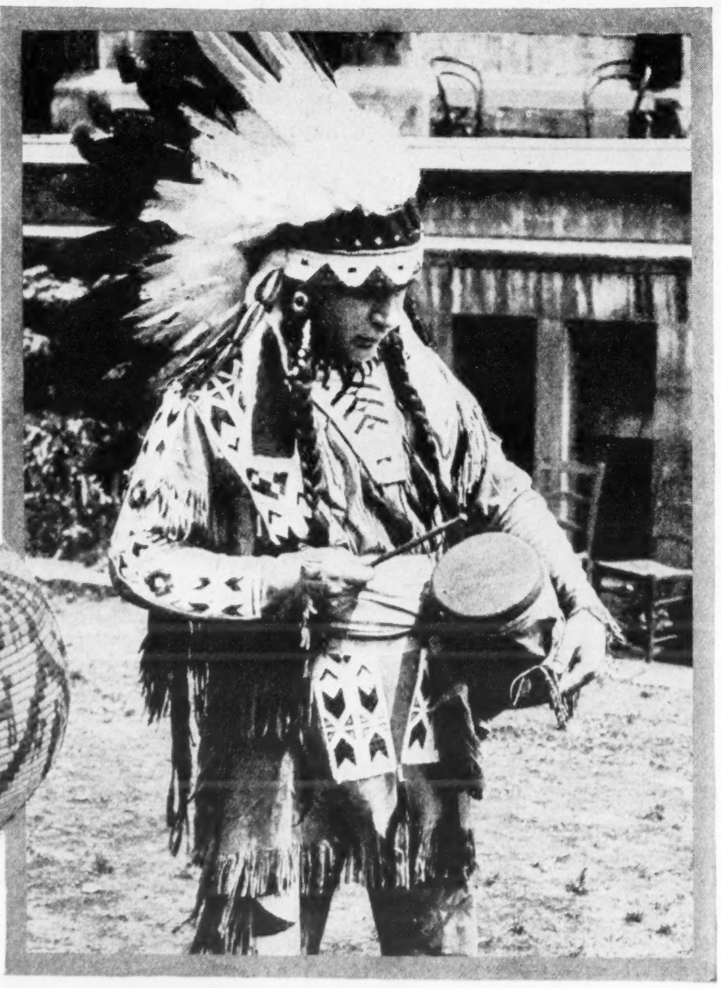


*Two Apache Indian works of art (below) at Albuquerque*

Ewing & Galloway

*Applause from art critics greeted Lone Wolf (above) when he invaded Eastern galleries recently with his studies of redskins*

Wide World



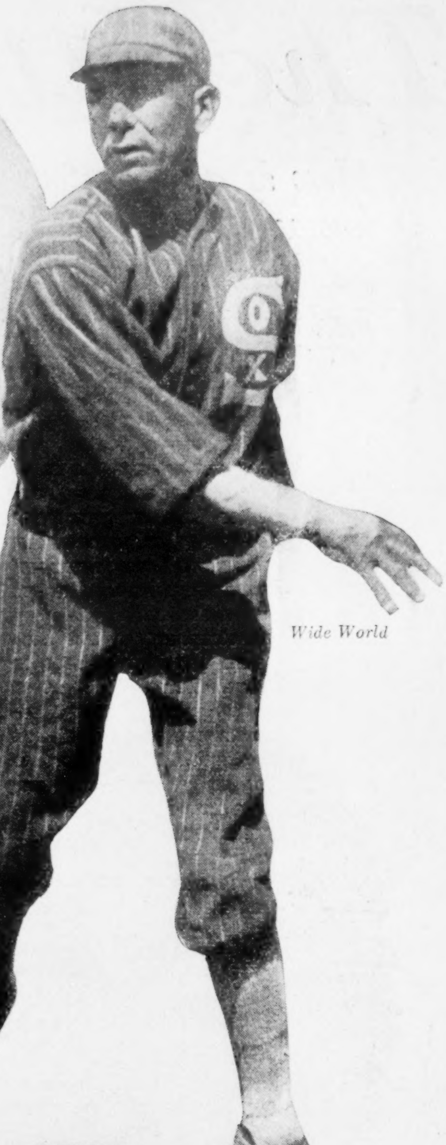
Wide World

Wide World

Wide World

*A sergeant who can never be reduced. I-See-O, peacemaker of the Kiowas, has permanent rank and station at Fort Sill*

*The lady on the left, Ska-Sen-Nüs, meaning "Miss Chickadee," wears a gown of Maya Indian inspiration, made from designs in the Museum of Natural History*



Wide World

*"Chief" Bender (right), 100 per cent American baseball hero, hurled many a victory for the Athletics. Now he's coaching for the White Sox*

Wide World

*The Indian origin of jazz is demonstrated by Chief Kesh-Ke-Kosh, assistant at the University of Pennsylvania Museum*

Keystone

*An All-American, Jim Thorpe (right), put the red man on the football map. He still plays professional ball*

Wide World

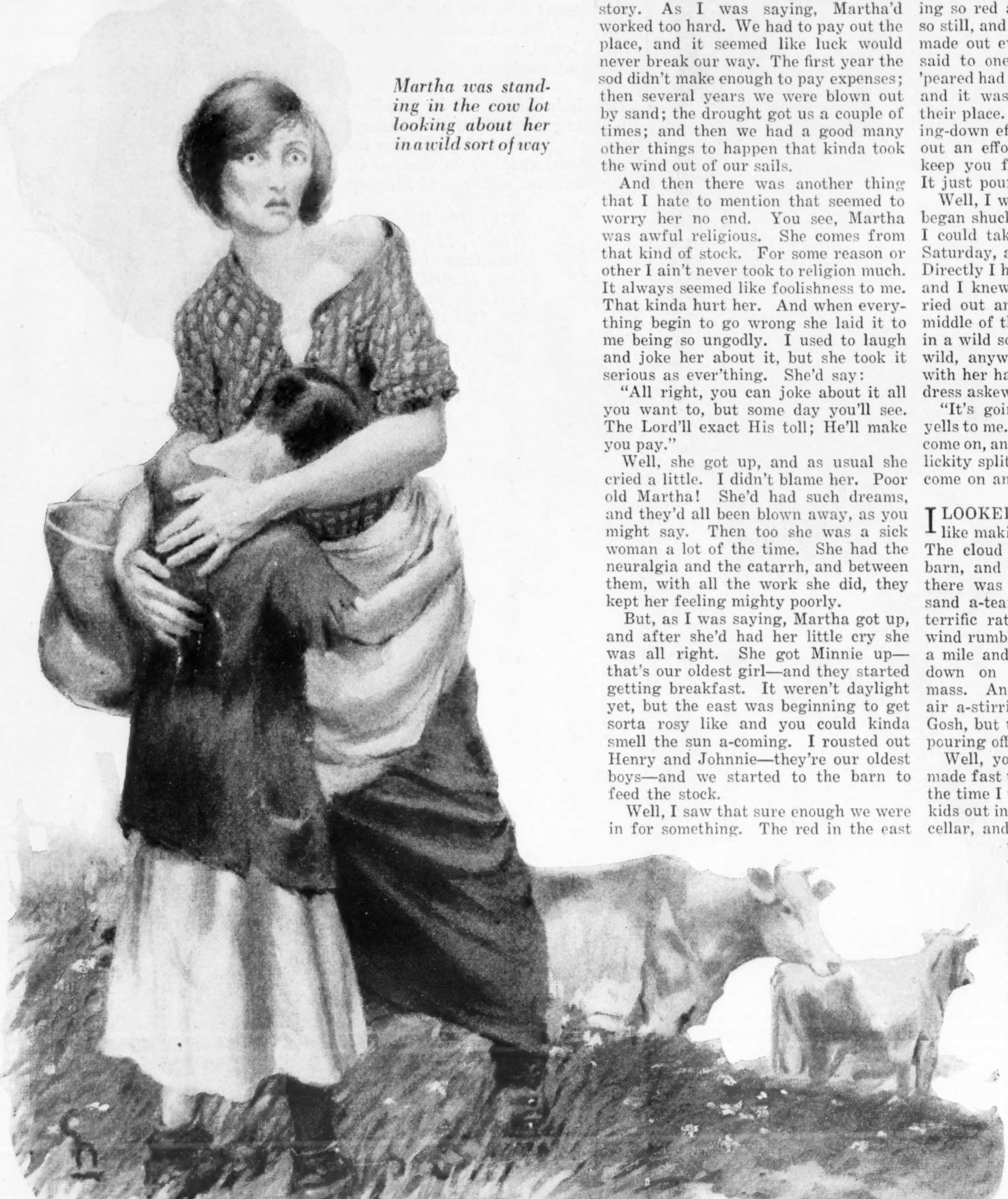
*A beauty contest for real Americans only is an annual feature of the Pendleton, Oregon, "Roundup." Silver Star of the Umatillas is one of the Indian maidens who make jury duty there both pleasant and perplexing*

# The Ill Wind

*Here is a first story by a new writer who knows the truth of life in a lonely woman's heart. "It's an ill wind—" they say; and even a cyclone can blow someone good*

*By* ROBERT ROBINSON

*ILLUSTRATED BY* CORNELIUS HICKS



*Martha was standing in the cow lot looking about her in a wild sort of way*

AS BEST I can recollect, this is the way it happened:

I got up about the usual time that morning and went out to get some kindling to make a fire with. Well, I noticed that it was kinda still and sultry like, and I told Martha when I got back in that I believed it was going to come a storm. She said she hoped it rained, as the tomatoes needed it bad. You see, we'd set out a five-acre patch of them about a week before. I didn't tell her that I was afraid that it was going to turn into a sandstorm. I knew she'd have a fit. She always does.

Martha'd worked too hard. You see, we moved on this place more'n fifteen years ago. We were young then, and we figured we'd make no end of money. We came here from Missouri 'cause we wanted to get a start so's we could give the boy an education. We just had one kid then, Johnnie. We got five now. But that ain't got nothing to do with the story. As I was saying, Martha'd worked too hard. We had to pay out the place, and it seemed like luck would never break our way. The first year the sod didn't make enough to pay expenses; then several years we were blown out by sand; the drought got us a couple of times; and then we had a good many other things to happen that kinda took the wind out of our sails.

And then there was another thing that I hate to mention that seemed to worry her no end. You see, Martha was awful religious. She comes from that kind of stock. For some reason or other I ain't never took to religion much. It always seemed like foolishness to me. That kinda hurt her. And when everything begin to go wrong she laid it to me being so ungodly. I used to laugh and joke her about it, but she took it serious as ever'thing. She'd say:

"All right, you can joke about it all you want to, but some day you'll see. The Lord'll exact His toll; He'll make you pay."

Well, she got up, and as usual she cried a little. I didn't blame her. Poor old Martha! She'd had such dreams, and they'd all been blown away, as you might say. Then too she was a sick woman a lot of the time. She had the neuralgia and the catarrh, and between them, with all the work she did, they kept her feeling mighty poorly.

But, as I was saying, Martha got up, and after she'd had her little cry she was all right. She got Minnie up—that's our oldest girl—and they started getting breakfast. It weren't daylight yet, but the east was beginning to get sorta rosy like and you could kinda smell the sun a-coming. I rousted out Henry and Johnnie—they're our oldest boys—and we started to the barn to feed the stock.

Well, I saw that sure enough we were in for something. The red in the east had spread until it covered quite a bit of the sky, and it didn't look like it usually does. It was as if somebody had hung a thin yellow veil over it. And I noticed that there was a bank of dark-looking clouds hanging low against the northwest sky line. And so I yelled for Martha to leave breakfast alone and come milk before it started raining, or something. I was purty sure by that time that it weren't going to be no ordinary rain, but I didn't want Martha to know it till she had to.

I've seen a lot of west Texas storms, and I've seen them break records coming up, but I ain't never seen one that could keep in smelling distance of that one that morning. Why, do you know, by the time Martha and Minnie could get to the cow pen and get one cow apiece milked that bank of clouds was halfway up the sky and going so fast you could see it a-moving. The sun was just peeping over the horizon and looking so red and awful, and the air was so still, and you could hear for miles. I made out ever' word Old Man Holland said to one of his little boys, who it 'peared had done something he shouldn't, and it was more'n two miles over to their place. The air had a sort of pressing-down effect. You kinda had to put out an effort to get enough breath to keep you from gasping. And sweat! It just poured down my face.

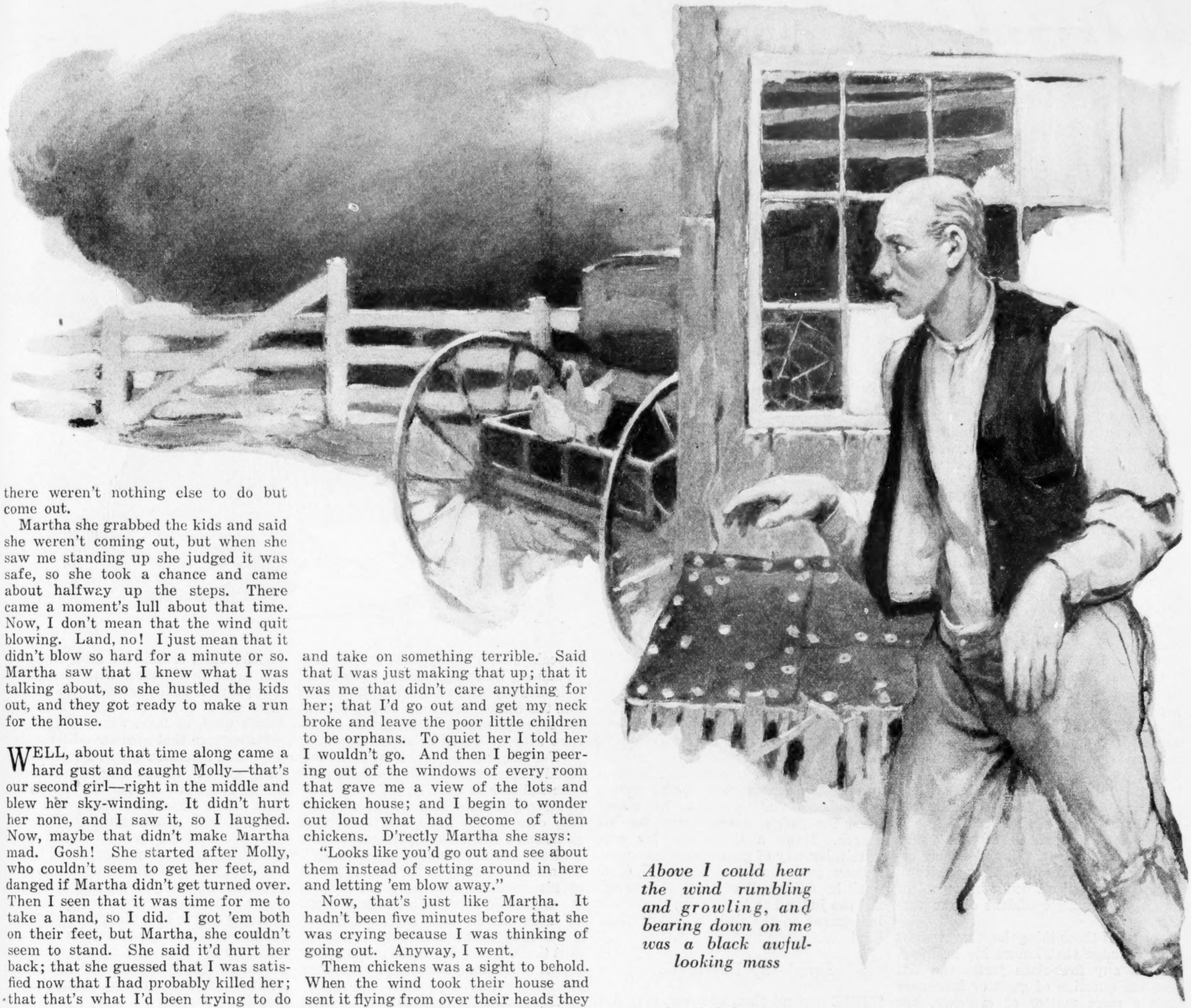
Well, I went on back in the barn and began shucking some corn to shell so as I could take it to town the next day, Saturday, and get it ground into meal. Directly I heard Martha let out a squeal and I knew something was up. I hurried out and saw her standing in the middle of the cow lot looking about her in a wild sort of way. She kinda looks wild, anyway, when she first gets up, with her hair a-stringing down and her dress askew.

"It's going to come a cyclone!" she yells to me. And then she tells Minnie to come on, and away they goes to the house lickity split. She hollers and tells me to come on and let's go down the cellar.

I LOOKED about and, by Heck, I felt like making a run for the hole myself. The cloud had spread away over the barn, and on both the east and west there was a rolling, working mass of sand a-tearing along the prairie at a terrific rate. Above I could hear the wind rumbling and growling, and about a mile and a half away I saw bearing down on me a black, awful-looking mass. And there weren't a breath of air a-stirring where I was. And hot! Gosh, but the sweat was just naturally pouring off me!

Well, you can tell the world that I made fast time getting to the house. By the time I was there Martha had all the kids out in the yard. We went down the cellar, and I managed to pull the door too just as the first whiff of wind hit.

Well, we stayed down there for I guess as long as thirty minutes. By that time the hardest part of the wind, it seemed, had passed. Now, that doesn't mean that it weren't blowing yet. Gosh, no! It was still moaning and whistling, making the craziest sound in the cellar flue. I stayed down there till I judged that it was safe to come out, and I started to open up. Martha she kicked some, but I told her I wanted to see what the wind had done to everything. I raised the door a little, and the wind got a whip at it. Danged if it didn't tear it right out of my hands and bust it into a dozen pieces against the ground. Then



*Above I could hear the wind rumbling and growling, and bearing down on me was a black awful-looking mass*

there weren't nothing else to do but come out.

Martha she grabbed the kids and said she weren't coming out, but when she saw me standing up she judged it was safe, so she took a chance and came about halfway up the steps. There came a moment's lull about that time. Now, I don't mean that the wind quit blowing. Land, no! I just mean that it didn't blow so hard for a minute or so. Martha saw that I knew what I was talking about, so she hustled the kids out, and they got ready to make a run for the house.

WELL, about that time along came a hard gust and caught Molly—that's our second girl—right in the middle and blew her sky-winding. It didn't hurt her none, and I saw it, so I laughed. Now, maybe that didn't make Martha mad. Gosh! She started after Molly, who couldn't seem to get her feet, and danged if Martha didn't get turned over. Then I seen that it was time for me to take a hand, so I did. I got 'em both on their feet, but Martha, she couldn't seem to stand. She said it'd hurt her back; that she guessed that I was satisfied now that I had probably killed her; that that's what I'd been trying to do for a long time.

Now, Martha she knew better than that, but when she gets all wrought up she jest has to say something like that. Of course her back weren't broke. It was just her imagination. She's got anything beat for imagining things that I ever seen. But you can tell the world that she gave me Hail Columbia just the same.

Well, I finally got 'em all safely in the house, and then I begin to try to see what damage had been done to the other buildings. I expected to see every one of 'em laying slap on the ground. I couldn't see very well from the window, but I could tell that at least a part of the barn was standing. Then I looked for the chicken house, but it weren't nowhere to be seen. Right then and there I said to myself that I had to go out and see about it.

Martha she didn't want me to.

"That's it. Go out and get yourself killed and then what'll become of us?" she says with the tears a-running down her cheeks.

Just for fun I put in, kinda innocent like:

"Why, Martha, I didn't think I amounted to much around here anyway, to hear you tell it."

Well, sir, I hadn't no more'n got that out of my mouth than I was sorry as Heck that I'd said it. She begin to cry and take on something terrible. Said that I was just making that up; that it was me that didn't care anything for her; that I'd go out and get my neck broke and leave the poor little children to be orphans. To quiet her I told her I wouldn't go. And then I begin peering out of the windows of every room that gave me a view of the lots and chicken house; and I begin to wonder out loud what had become of them chickens. D'rectly Martha she says:

"Looks like you'd go out and see about them instead of setting around in here and letting 'em blow away."

Now, that's just like Martha. It hadn't been five minutes before that she was crying because I was thinking of going out. Anyway, I went.

Them chickens was a sight to behold. When the wind took their house and sent it flying from over their heads they was sent rolling and tumbling every which way. Least, I guess they were from the way they were scattered. Some of 'em had caught against the garden fence—it was made out of hog wire—but the most of 'em had been blown out across the field where they'd been able to get protection behind some new listed furrows that I had plowed only a few days before.

THE cow shed was gone, and the fence was down. The cows had drifted up against the wire fence that separated the pasture from the fields. There they stood, their heads down, all hunched up like they used to do on cold winter days. But now, instead of snow caked on their backs, it was sand. Every once and a while an extra hard puff would send 'em forward like it was going to make 'em get in the fence. That kinda skeered me, so I went back to the house and got Johnnie to come and help me put 'em in the horse lot. Martha objected to him going out, but he didn't listen, just came a-tearing. He was tickled to death to get out. It was a kind of picnic for him. Least, he 'peared to take it that way. All the kids seemed to be having a rip-roaring good time out of the storm. But you can tell the world that I weren't.

Well, we tried to drive them cows in the lot. Every time we'd turn them against the wind they'd blink their eyes, shake their heads, go a few paces, and then turn around and start tearing back to the fence. About the third time we tried it one of 'em went too far and got in the wire just as I was afraid she would. We tried to get her out, and she pulled and sawed about, which made it all the worse. She got all tangled up and tore down the wire.

We tried to get old Boss out of the fence, but she was helpless. Poor old thing! I seen that she was a goner, so to put her out of her misery I sent Johnnie in the house to get the gun. I told him not to let his ma see him, but it was wasted breath. She spied him on the road out and follered him just a-boiling. Of course she didn't know what he'd come after the gun for, and it skeered her. Then she saw what'd happened. Of course she laid it on to me. Land, how she did carry on!

We shot Boss. Then I went down and found out that the horses were faring purty well, considering ever'thing. They were all covered in sand, but that weren't nothing. I fed 'em and killed as much time as I could, 'cause I wanted to stay away from the house as long as possible. I knew good and well that Martha'd pour it onto me hot and heavy when I came in.

But, do you know, when I got in she didn't say a word for a long time. She was a-setting in the sitting-room rocking back and forth in a chair that we'd got from Chicago a couple of years before. She just set there and rocked and looked at me so funny I felt downright creepy. I'd a whole lot druther she'd 'a' give it to me hot and heavy. Fact is, I tried to start her. I says, kinda funny like:

"Well, it looks like the good Lord don't like us none a-tall. Don't look like He'd 'a' treated you this way, Martha."

I THOUGHT sure that'd make her boil over, but it didn't. She just kept rocking back and forth and looking at me in that strange sort of way. I noticed a couple of tears that were running down her cheeks. They made little clear streaks through the dust. Maybe you think I wasn't getting skeered.

"What's the matter, Martha?" I asks in an anxious voice.

She didn't answer a-tall.

"Do you feel bad?"

Still no answer. She just kept right on a-rocking and a-rocking, and she kept right on looking at me in that crazy sort of way. Then she says in a awful voice:

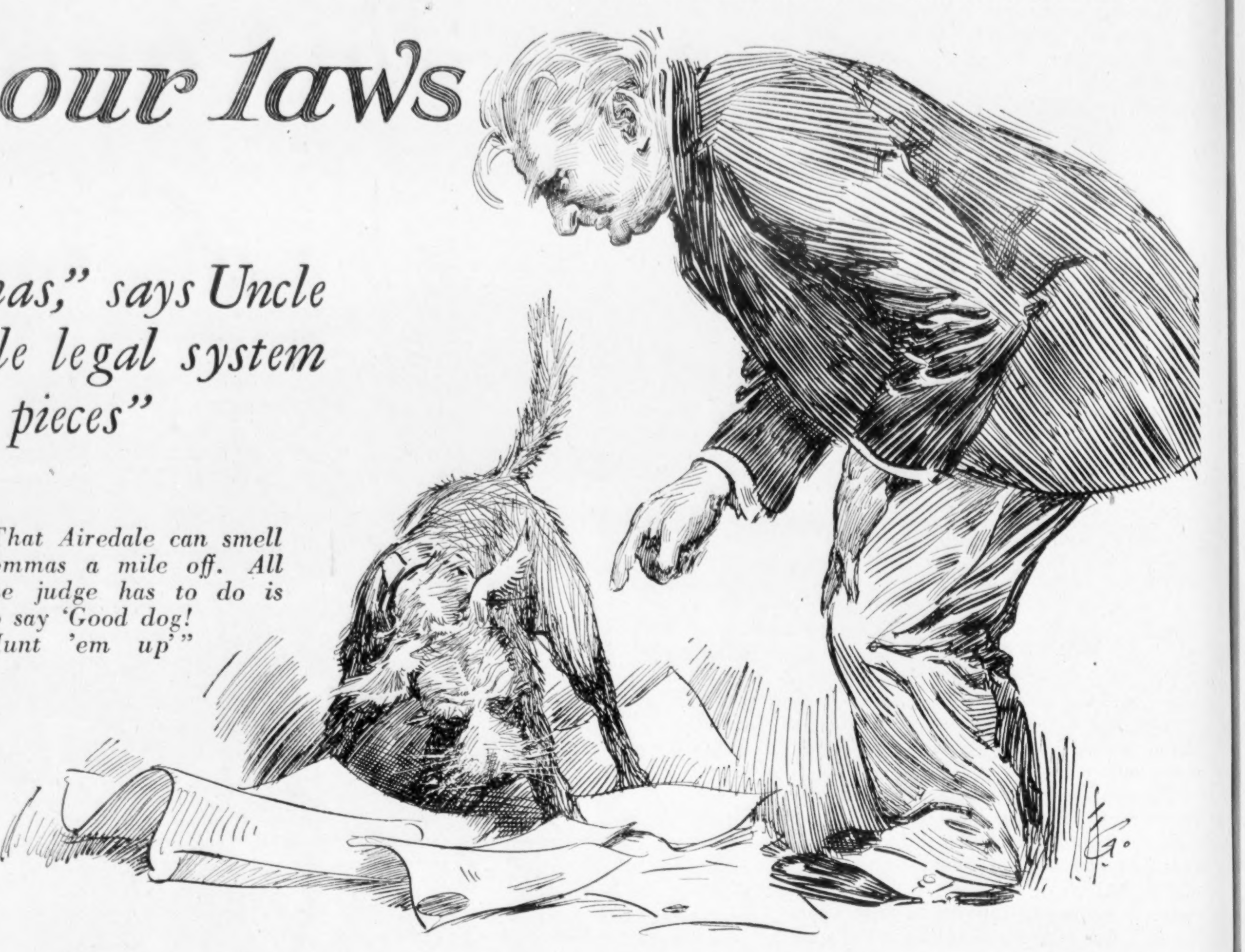
"The Lord's judgment has fell upon us."

Gosh, but I felt creepy! It was so gloomy there in the room in spite of it being broad

(*Continued on page 39*)

# Parsing our laws

## *"Take away the commas," says Uncle Henry, "and our whole legal system would fall to pieces"*



*"That Airedale can smell commas a mile off. All the judge has to do is to say 'Good dog! Hunt 'em up'"*

"PEOPLE do judges a great injustice," said Uncle Henry in a grieved tone. "When some millionaire commits a murder or steals a state, an' then goes scot free without sufferin' any other penalty than the newspaper snapshots, a howl about corruption is always raised. It's wrong. Most judges are honest, payin' no attention to the income-tax returns, but renderin' their decisions in absolute accordance with the commas in the case.

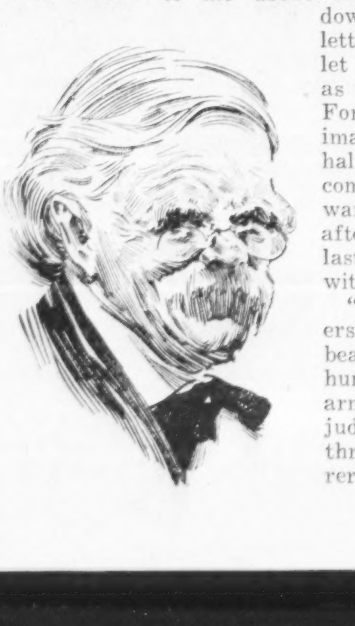
"Take away the commas, 'Lonzo, an' our whole legal system would fall to pieces, an' there wouldn't be any such thing as law. Moreover, the country would be overrun with indictments—swamped, crushed, smothered—for without the helpful little comma, what would we have to quash 'em with?

"If rich men escape the punishment of the law, the fault is entirely with our prosecutors. They cannot seem to get it into their thick heads that commas are all-important as far as a judge is concerned. Either they produce the bloody ax with the prisoner's initials on it or else bring in a woman who couldn't sleep on account of a toothache an' looked out of her window jes' in time to see the defendant put the state in a sack an' walk off with it. Havin' clearly established guilt, they wind up with a fiery speech, an' sit down in a pool of sweat, supremely confident of the verdict.

"None of those things have any weight with a judge that knows his business, for, as any first-class jurist can tell you, the question of guilt or innocence isn't a mere matter of *evidence*, but rests entirely upon the absence or presence of commas, an' their position, if any. That's why most judges sleep durin' the progress of a case. They're afraid to keep awake for fear of bein' swayed by the facts.

"What does your own intelligence tell you? It doesn't call for brains an' legal learnin' to figure out that a man's guilty after eighteen eyewitnesses have testified that they saw him commit the crime. No, indeed! If it was as simple as that, we wouldn't need judges, an' all of 'em would have to get off the bench an' work for their vittles.

"But the law, 'Lonzo—the *law*—rises high above the petty disputations of counsel, the testimony of witnesses, an' has a test all its own. Somewhere in the proceedin's there is a comma that isn't all it ought to be. To the lay mind it may *seem* all right, jes' a plain, ordinary, everyday comma, but the minute the judicial eye lights on it the judge will know it as the nub of the case. His job is to find it.



"Some judges, generally in state courts, are influenced by various other considerations. Were the windows open when the grand jury returned the indictment? Was it at the full of the moon? What was the mean temperature? Was the foreman a married man or clean-shaven?

"In the higher courts, however, there is seldom any departure from the comma method. Havin' retired to his chambers, the judge makes ready for his search. Many a judge has his own particular way of goin' after the comma. I know one who's trained an Airedale until he can smell commas a mile off. All the judge has to do is to throw the indictment on the floor, an' say, 'Good dog! Hunt 'em up.'

### Saved—by Punctuation

"THE general plan, however, is to put the indictment in an acid bath, heavily tinctured with aniline dye, an' let 'em soak while the judge goes trout fishin'. By the time he comes back all the commas are developed, an' he's able to go after the one that the case hangs on. Armed with calipers, rules, quadrants an' spirit levels, he begins measurin' to see if each comma is properly aligned, neither above the meridian nor below it. If his hand shakes, he's got to spend a month in Palm Beach, for commas call for a steady hand.

"At last he locates it! Don't talk to me about the thrill of bringin' down a bull elephant or lettin' a tiger have a bullet between the eyes jes' as it is about to spring. For sheer sport I don't imagine anything has half the excitement of a comma hunt, stalkin' the wary prey through page after page, cornerin' it at last an' makin' the kill with your bare hands.

"Most big-game hunters have two or three gun bearers with them an' a hundred or so natives armed with spears, but a judge goes it alone. Down through tangled demurrers, blazin' trails through appeals, beatin' up applications for continuances, he swings along, tireless an' indomitable, until at last the wind gives him the comma scent an' he knows that the supreme moment is at hand—all the time without a soul to assist him.

"For the life of me, I can't understand why rich men endow colleges, donate millions to charity, an' do nothin' at all to honor the comma. Think what they owe to it? Take, for instance, a millionaire caught with the goods. The evidence against him piles up, an' there's not a soul to testify in his behalf, for all of his business associates are beyond the three-mile limit, swimmin' to Europe an' usin' nothin' but the crawl stroke. The case against him is so dead open an' shut that the warden at the penitentiary begins tellin' the prisoners to move over an' make room.

"But jes' as the defendant is about to hire an interior decorator to go down an' fix up his cell, an' see about knockin' three or four into one, the judge finds *the* comma. It clears his reputation of every stain, restores his standin' in church circles, the prosecutor gives him a cigar an' his telephone number, an' he's at liberty to dash out of court an' send a cable to France tellin' his partners that it's all right for 'em to come home. If I was a rich man, I'd get indicted every time my reputation got soiled. It's the greatest dry-cleaner in the world.

### All a Judge Knows

"YOU'RE still bitter against judges, 'Lonzo, notwithstandin' my lucid explanation. I can see it in your eye. You don't think they ought to pay any attention to commas, do you? Where's your fairness, man? Judges are human, jes' like the rest of us, an' subject to the same iron control by habits. You wouldn't expect a plumber to tune a piano, would you? Or a blacksmith to pick up darnin' needles overnight an' start in crochetin' shawls?

"By what right, then, do you expect a judge to concern himself with justice? He's a lawyer before he goes on the bench, an' all he knows is law. An' law, 'Lonzo, has nothin' to do with justice. It's a game, jes' as much as drop the handkerchief or hide an' seek, though it has more in common with the latter. The judge is really no more than a referee seein' to it that knees an' teeth aren't used, at least not openly.

"It's queer that sportin' editors don't pay more attention to the game of law. They get out extras when Ruth hits a home run, but there are no headlines when Rosenschweitzer wins from O'Brien with a demurrer, or O'Hooley gets the decision over Wininski by a temporary injunction guaranteed to last eighteen years. I was at a famous trial not long ago, an' about the twentieth day all the spectators were furious at what seemed to be a plain case of favoritism. One man kept havin' a fine seat right up by the judge all the time, but jes' as everybody was gettin' up a round robin kickin' on it, we found out that he was the prisoner.

### A New Deal at the Bar

"ENGLISHMEN, I know, are fond of comparin' the law game to cricket because it doesn't have to be finished the same day or week or year. A good cricket game, like the sins of fathers, is visited upon generation after generation, an' it's nothin' to find a grandson finishin' up a game that his grandsire started. In another way, it's more like yachtin' than any sport I know. Only rich men can afford it.

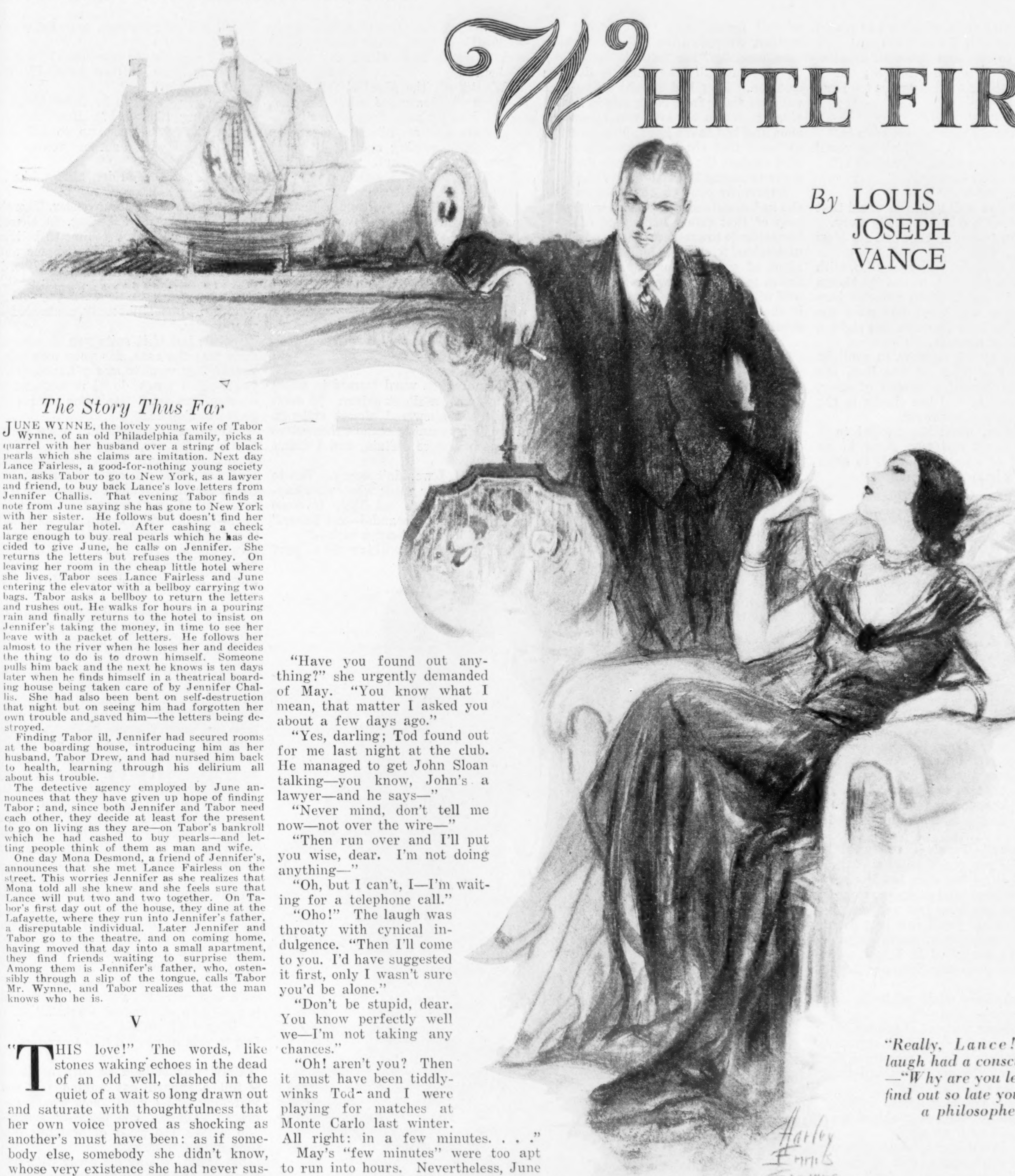
"However, people don't seem to like the law game as played, an' I think I've got a remedy all worked out. The thing to do is to have *two* judges, one to look after the justice of the case, seein' to it that the guilty are punished, an' the other detailed to watch for mistakes in typewritin', mispelled words an' misplaced commas. Only the first one, however is to render a decision, while the other can report to the local lawyers club, the American Bar Association, an' similar organizations, so that the battin' averages can be kept."

"I think somethin' ought to be done about these here infernal technicalities!" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs with more than his usual heat.

"Well, lawyers have got to live," shrugged Uncle Henry, "at least, *they* think so."

# WHITE FIRE

By LOUIS
JOSEPH
VANCE



"Really, Lance!"—the laugh had a conscious ring—"Why are you letting me find out so late you're such a philosopher?"

### The Story Thus Far

JUNE WYNNE, the lovely young wife of Tabor Wynne, of an old Philadelphia family, picks a quarrel with her husband over a string of black pearls which she claims are imitation. Next day Lance Fairless, a good-for-nothing young society man, asks Tabor to go to New York, as a lawyer and friend, to buy back Lance's love letters from Jennifer Challis. That evening Tabor finds a note from June saying she has gone to New York with her sister. He follows but doesn't find her at her regular hotel. After cashing a check large enough to buy real pearls which he has decided to give June, he calls on Jennifer. She returns the letters but refuses the money. On leaving her room in the cheap little hotel where she lives, Tabor sees Lance Fairless and June entering the elevator with a bellboy carrying two bags. Tabor asks a bellboy to return the letters and rushes out. He walks for hours in a pouring rain and finally returns to the hotel to insist on Jennifer's taking the money, in time to see her leave with a packet of letters. He follows her almost to the river when he loses her and decides the thing to do is to drown himself. Someone pulls him back and the next he knows is ten days later when he finds himself in a theatrical boarding house being taken care of by Jennifer Challis. She had also been bent on self-destruction that night but on seeing him had forgotten her own trouble and saved him—the letters being destroyed.

Finding Tabor ill, Jennifer had secured rooms at the boarding house, introducing him as her husband, Tabor Drew, and had nursed him back to health, learning through his delirium all about his trouble.

The detective agency employed by June announces that they have given up hope of finding Tabor; and, since both Jennifer and Tabor need each other, they decide at least for the present to go on living as they are—on Tabor's bankroll which he had cashed to buy pearls—and letting people think of them as man and wife.

One day Mona Desmond, a friend of Jennifer's, announces that she met Lance Fairless on the street. This worries Jennifer as she realizes that Mona told all she knew and she feels sure that Lance will put two and two together. On Tabor's first day out of the house, they dine at the Lafayette, where they run into Jennifer's father, a disreputable individual. Later Jennifer and Tabor go to the theatre, and on coming home, having moved that day into a small apartment, they find friends waiting to surprise them. Among them is Jennifer's father, who, ostensibly through a slip of the tongue, calls Tabor Mr. Wynne, and Tabor realizes that the man knows who he is.

## V

"THIS love!" The words, like stones waking echoes in the dead of an old well, clashed in the quiet of a wait so long drawn out and saturate with thoughtfulness that her own voice proved as shocking as another's must have been: as if somebody else, somebody she didn't know, whose very existence she had never suspected, had pried into her mind while she had been so deep in self-communion. Nowadays she was sure of nothing; never since Tabor had disappeared had she known ease of mind for a moment but in her lover's arms, and then only because her senses would not let her think.

She found herself at pause in front of a long mirror, and she was comforted to see herself, at least outwardly, again as flawless and fair as she must be henceforth forevermore . . . or lose.

Willing out of mind the possibility that, while she was using the telephone, Lance might call up and be told the line was busy, June sat at her desk and asked to be connected with the Todwarren home.

"Have you found out anything?" she urgently demanded of May. "You know what I mean, that matter I asked you about a few days ago."

"Yes, darling; Tod found out for me last night at the club. He managed to get John Sloan talking—you know, John's a lawyer—and he says—"

"Never mind, don't tell me now—not over the wire—"

"Then run over and I'll put you wise, dear. I'm not doing anything—"

"Oh, but I can't, I—I'm waiting for a telephone call."

"Oho!" The laugh was throaty with cynical indulgence. "Then I'll come to you. I'd have suggested it first, only I wasn't sure you'd be alone."

"Don't be stupid, dear. You know perfectly well we—I'm not taking any chances."

"Oh! aren't you? Then it must have been tiddlywinks Tod and I were playing for matches at Monte Carlo last winter. All right: in a few minutes. . . ."

May's "few minutes" were too apt to run into hours. Nevertheless, June felt a bit less nervy when she hung up. It was something to have done that much towards resolving the situation, however poor the reward might prove when May turned up to make her report. And she wasted another good minute eying the telephone in temptation. If only Lance would call up now, she would feel safe in putting in that long-distance call she had been all day contemplating. That it would in all likelihood serve no purpose was beside the point. When you were half distracted with worry you didn't stop to be reasonable. The detective agency was bound to call up the minute it had anything to tell her. But she could never contain herself without describing gestures that at least sketched a show of some action to an end. And she had an unaccountable feeling to-day, it might be a real premonition, that something was going to happen, something to ease a little this intolerable suspense.

The bell had barely chirped before she had the receiver at her ear.

Lance at last!

"That you, June? Tod speaking."

(Oh, but they were cunning, those two, in their own conceit! May's husband was one of those men of tremendous affairs who never by any chance used a telephone without having the ear he wanted first secured through the agency of an employee. It was perfectly good code, for the sake of the ever-possible "listener-in," to use Tod's name as a cover, even if there were the slightest chance of June's ever mistaking that well-beloved voice, disguised though it might be by a businesslike brusquerie.)

"Dear!" she dared breathe to the wire.

"May asked me to call up and find out if you could run out to dine with Aunt Agatha to-night." All code, of course. . . . "The poor old thing's lonely, and May and I are booked for dinner with the Wedgewoods."

"Let me see. . . ." With such happiness choiring in her heart, how keep fond mischief from coloring her reply? "I don't know if I can manage. . . . I did mean to dine and dance all night at the Ritz with the Mortimores; but if you really think Aunt Aggie is too lonesome—"

"Sure of it, old girl."

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to."

"That's a good girl. I'll tell her you'll show up not later than seven, shall I?"

"Please—Tod darling."

"Right. 'By-ee."

And all was well with the world that a minute since had been so sadly awry.

Safe now to put in that call for New York. . . .

She left the telephone to realize, with eyes made newly clear to see, the charm of an environment which reflected herself in every detail but had none the less been for long hours in her sight a dreary cell of torment.

Standing by the window, in sunlight softened by a filter of fine lace, she hummed to herself a snatch of song, then drooped to cool her cheeks in the massed beauty of his roses.

The mirror, when she applied to it again, pictured one who stood in no more need of exerting herself to show the world a happy countenance.

"This love!" she laughed.

THE telephone recalled her; and directly she was in communication with the chief of the private detective bureau in New York.

"I simply had to call up and ask you for news," she protested. "I know it seems silly of me, but I do get so worried. . . ."

"That's all right, Mrs. Wynne," the genial rough voice replied with patience. "I know just how you feel, and I wouldn't want you to hesitate about giving me a ring any time it would make your mind easier."

"Then you have no news?"

"Well, I won't say that. But if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not put the office on record just yet. 'S a matter of fact, Mrs. Wynne, I'm lookin' to get a ring from one of our operatives 'most any time that's workin' on a strong lead."

"You mean"—June's heart was bothering her—"you really believe—"

"I think it's a hot clue, but I've seen too many of that kind go up in smoke to want to say anything just yet one way or the other. If you'll just be patient, maybe only a couple of hours longer, I wouldn't be surprised if I had something to tell you—say 'long about evening."

"Oh!" And she might not be in when the call came— "But—"

"Now, please, ma'am! Let's wait till we get it straight from this operative of ours. Maybe he's got something like he thinks, maybe not. You can trust me not to keep you waitin'!"

"But I may not be at home. I mean," June stumbled, "I'm going out of town to-night, wi—with an aunt."

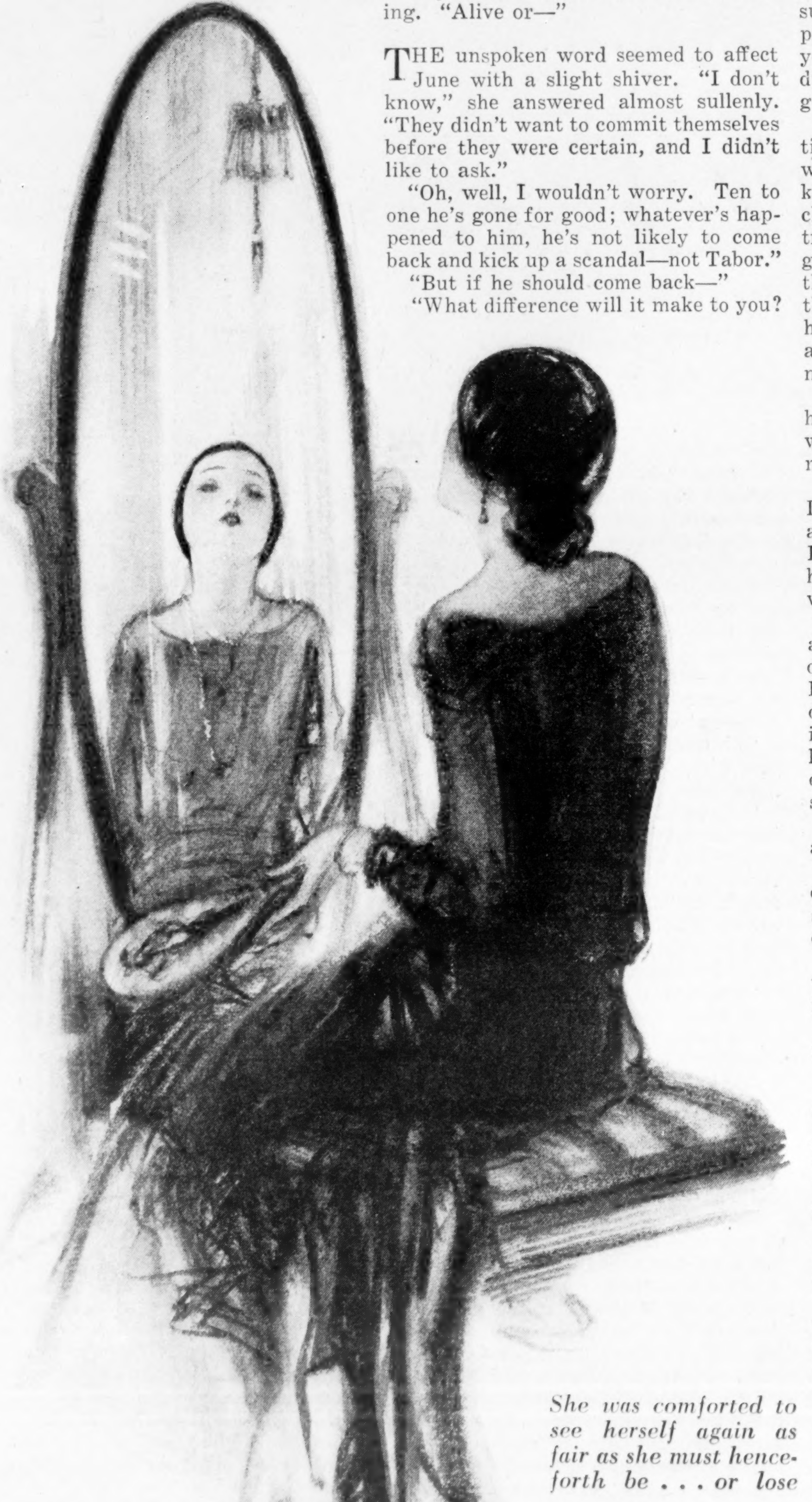
"That'll be all right. Just give me your aunt's telephone, and if there's anything to report and I don't catch you before you go out, I'll give you a ring there."

And why not? It might mean everything to her to know without an hour's delay. Giving herself no grace to think twice, June detailed a rural call number—surely noncommittal enough. "Ask for Mrs. Craddock, please; that is my aunt. But not before seven o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am. Got that all down. The minute I hear anything—"

When May airily drifted in some time after that, she found her sister ranging the room in a gray mood of worry, and seemed to think this inordinately amusing. She was so little like June that a stranger, seeing them together, would hardly have guessed their relationship. A dark woman, florid and of full figure, May "took after" her mother, whereas June had always been conspicuously "her father's daughter." Temperamentally they had as little in common. May had fought in vain to save her sister from being sold in a marriage in which the love was all on one side, and had taken her failure so much to heart that she had forthwith mutinied against the maternal rule and run away to marry the man of her choice.

Supremely content with this success, she had remained chaste, but consciousness of that estate had never affected her attitude toward June. Love, as she understood it, was the inalienable birthright of every woman; and she who failed to find it in wedlock was acting well within her rights as a human being if she sought it elsewhere. But being constitutionally apathetic to all men but her husband, she thought it immensely entertaining that June should make such a tragic to-do about any one of the brutes.



*She was comforted to see herself again as fair as she must henceforth be . . . or lose*

"What's all the shootin' for now?" she cheerily demanded when she had pecked June's cheek, dropped lazily into a chair, and set fire to a cigarette. "Lance been cutting up?"

June pulled up short. "What do you mean?" she darkly asked.

"You know perfectly well; one reason why you're so crazy about your boy friend is because other women fall for him in flocks. I am only wondering. Or why the imitation of Jane Cowl in the third act?"

"I'm worried. I've just had the Remington agency on long distance, and they say they may have some word for me to-night."

"My God!" May cried with real feeling. "Alive or—"

THE unspoken word seemed to affect June with a slight shiver. "I don't know," she answered almost sullenly. "They didn't want to commit themselves before they were certain, and I didn't like to ask."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry. Ten to one he's gone for good; whatever's happened to him, he's not likely to come back and kick up a scandal—not Tabor."

"But if he should come back—"

"What difference will it make to you? You'll get your divorce, anyway, won't you?"

"If Tabor should come back?" June's gaze was blank. "How could I? On what grounds?"

"Are you going to be fussy about a little thing like that? How do you know what he's been up to all this time—living with another woman, as like as not?"

"Not Tabor. You don't know him if you really think that."

"I don't think; I just wonder. There's no law against wondering, is there? Anyway, you'll never get me to believe a man will leave his happy home and stay away for weeks without a word, and no dirty work at the bottom of it."

"But nothing to do with any other woman," June stubbornly contended—"not Tabor."

"Well; but if it suits you to assume such was the case, for your own purposes? You want to marry Lance, don't you? You can't do that without a divorce, can you? Isn't one excuse as good as another?"

"You don't understand. It's a question of—of honor, I suppose—if I know what that means! Tabor's always been kindness itself. I couldn't attack his character on grounds I knew were untrue. Oh, I don't mean I wouldn't be glad—meanly glad, I suppose—if I had the slightest excuse for believing anything of the sort. But I've got to hurt him too much as it is—that is, if he's alive. I couldn't throw mud on his name."

"Then what will you do—I mean, if he should turn up again? Go on living with him and dodging round corners to meet Lance behind his back?"

"No; I couldn't go back to that either. I think I'd just run away somewhere and write and ask him to divorce me. But I don't know what I'd do. I only hope he doesn't come back and—and want me. . . . What did Tod find out?"

"Well, John Sloan says if Tabor stays away from you two years you can get a divorce for desertion. That is, here in Pennsylvania. In other states you could do it quicker. But if you can only stick it out for seven years, he'll be declared legally dead, and you'll come into his estate, and be free to marry again besides."

"Seven years! Oh, no!" June cried, aghast—"I couldn't!"

"No," May sympathized; "I guess you couldn't. I couldn't either, in your shoes. But what else you can do, *I* don't know. What does Lance think?"

"Lance?" June's look was newly quick with distrust. "We haven't discussed it yet," she stammered—"much."

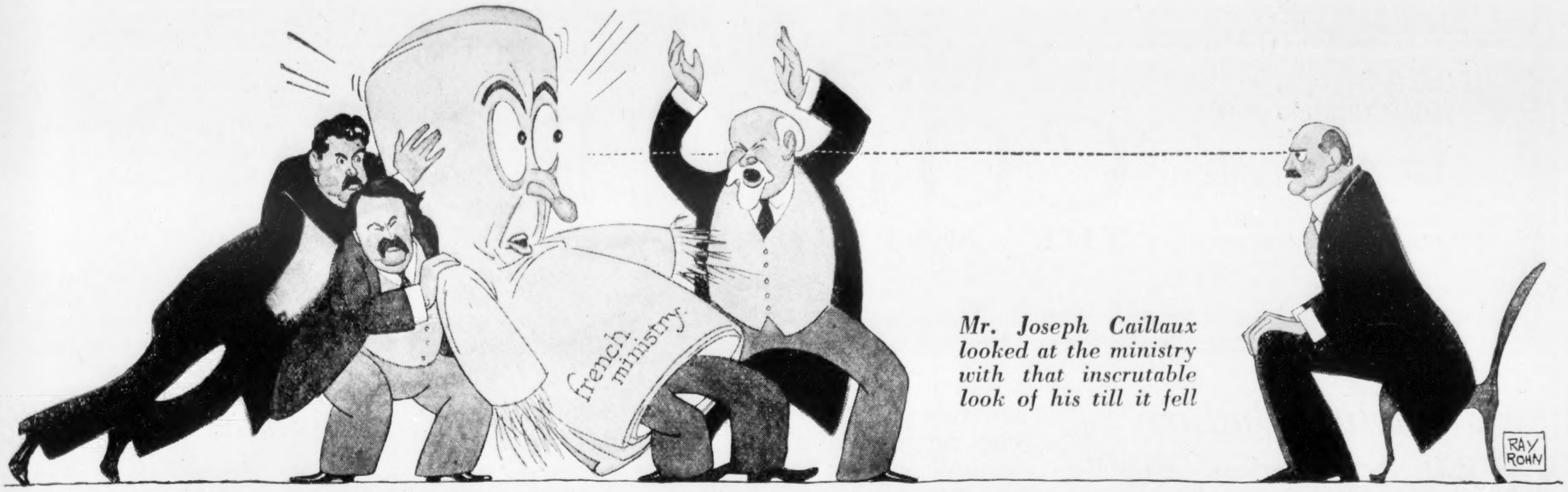
"Why not? What else do you two find to talk about, I'd like to know!"

JUNE was obliged to turn aside to foil a regard not unkind but too searching. "We can't know what's going to happen," she uneasily fenced. "So what's the good of wasting our time on guesswork?"

"Poor kid!" May did away with her cigarette and got up to capture June's shoulders with an affectionate arm. "You've got it bad, haven't you—when you can't waste time planning your future?" June hung her head, and her sister went on without releasing her: "You know, dear, I don't envy you an awful lot. Love must hurt when people take it as hard as you do. I'd give a good deal to see you well out of it, divorced and married and—bored silly. And I guess you know I'll stand by you till the last gasp." With a half-shake, she let June go. "Now I've got to run —dozen things to do this afternoon. I don't suppose you feel like taking in a show with Tod and me to-night?"

"Afraid I can't very well, dear—not this evening."

"Oh?" May (*Continued on page 36*)



*Mr. Joseph Caillaux looked at the ministry with that inscrutable look of his till it fell*

# As the cat jumps

## A lesson in French politics for beginners

### *By* STEPHEN LEACOCK

*From our Special Correspondent in Paris*

PARIS, 10:30 A. M.

NOTHING this morning intimated the imminence of a cabinet crisis. The hotels were full of tourists, the shops were crowded, the fountains were running, the Punch and Judy show was playing in the Champs Élysées and the French franc, which had shown signs of restlessness the day before, had passed a quiet night.

The Chamber of Deputies, however, had hardly met at 10 o'clock in the Palais Bourbon when Mr. Painlevé rose in his seat and asked the premier if he knew what time it was. Mr. Briand replied that his watch had stopped. Mr. Painlevé, rushing onto the floor in front of the tribune, demanded from the chamber whether a man whose watch had stopped was fit to be the premier of France. Instantly the chamber was in an uproar. Shouts of "À bas, Briand," were mingled with cries of "Attaboy, Aristide!"

Mr. Briand, who preserved throughout the most complete calm, then asked for a vote of the chamber. The vote at once showed that not only was the whole of the Left side against Mr. Briand, but also a bit of the Center and the East and South and some of the Northwest. Mr. Briand immediately resigned and the great government, which had presided over the destiny of France and weathered every storm for six days, went out of office.

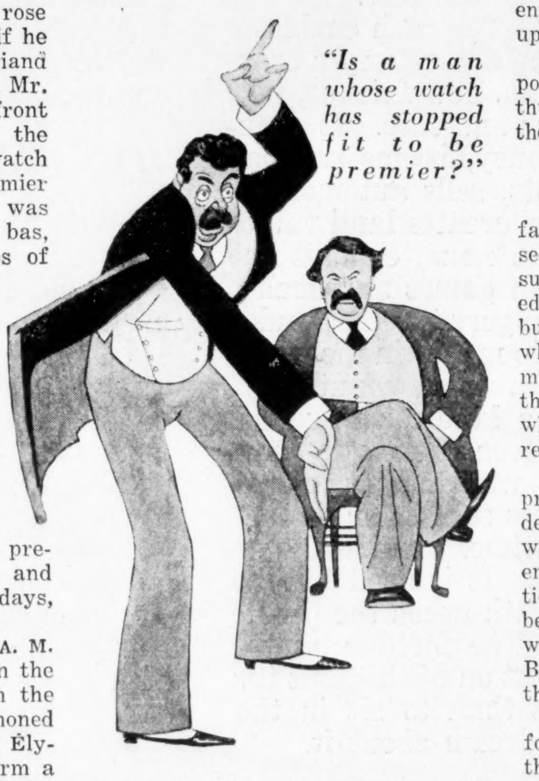
PARIS, 11:00 A. M.

It has now been learned that on the news of Mr. Briand's resignation the President of the Republic summoned Mr. Painlevé to the Palace of the Élysée and asked him if he could form a cabinet. On Mr. Painlevé asking for time the President said that he could have twenty minutes.

Mr. Painlevé drove at once to the Chamber of Deputies and, crossing the floor of the house where Mr. Briand sat, kissed him on both cheeks and asked him if he would join his government. Mr. Briand, having thrown his arms round Mr. Painlevé, announced his willingness. Within a few moments the chamber was informed of the formation of the Painlevé-Briand ministry, the news being greeted with acclamation.

### The Painlevé-Briand Ministry

The president of the session, having announced a ten-minute adjournment to allow the ministry to make a budget, it became clear that the Painlevé-Briand ministry would find itself in a position of great strength. It will have the support of the whole radical bloc, together with a chunk of socialists and about half a bloc of conservatives. No French government for the last six months has been in such a position of power. Briand, it is said with great satisfaction, will be virtually a dictator over the destinies of France. As soon as the news was disseminated on the bourse the franc humped itself up two and a half points.



*"Is a man whose watch has stopped fit to be premier?"*

PARIS, 11:45 A. M.

Mr. Briand and Mr. Painlevé, entering the chamber with their arms round one another's waists, read out their budget to a breathless house. The aim of the new government will be to put the finance of France on a basis of absolute stability.

To do this they will at once borrow 4,000,000,000 francs. The loan, however, will be offset and made good by a credit with the Bank of France, which will then float a loan with the public, who will then be authorized, by a decree, to borrow from the bank. The entire credit thus created will be added up and declared extinguished.

The announcement of the budget policy was received with salvos of enthusiasm, the entire Left embracing the whole of the Right.

PARIS, 12:30 P. M.

The Briand-Painlevé government has fallen. Entrenched in power as it seemed behind a solid parliamentary support, it fell suddenly and unexpectedly on an interpellation during the budget debate. Mr. Raymond Poincaré, who is generally regarded as the master mind of French politics, rose during the discussion of the budget and asked whether the government intended to retain the tax on beer.

On Mr. Briand's saying that it was proposed to keep this tax, Mr. Poincaré declared that the true national policy would be to let the Germans drink enough beer to pay taxes for both nations. If they couldn't do it, they should be made to. The whole chamber seethed with enthusiasm, during which Mr. Briand and Mr. Painlevé announced that their government was at an end.

The president of the chamber, calling for order amid the tumult, asked if there was any gentleman present who could form a new government. Mr. Poincaré offered to do so if the president would let him talk with Mr. Painlevé and Mr. Briand outside for a few minutes. The permission being given, the three statesmen shortly afterward reëntered the chamber and announced that they had succeeded in combining themselves into a ministry to be called the Poincaré-Painlevé-Briand ministry.

### Poincaré-Painlevé-Briand Ministry

Mr. Poincaré said, however, that they would only do this if they could be assured of a bloc behind them. If there was no bloc, they wouldn't be a ministry. The enthusiasm of the Left, together with part of the Right and a little bit off the Top, made it clear that the new ministry will receive ample support.

PARIS, 3:00 P. M.

The new French government, which was formed by Mr. Poincaré with the support of Mr. Painlevé and Mr. Briand, fell right after lunch. Details are yet lacking. Apparently it came into the chamber after lunch and fell.

There is general consternation. The bourse is wildly excited and all the exchanges reacted sharply. It is said that the governor of the Bank of France will be arrested and perhaps the Archbishop of Paris.

It is whispered that the fall was occasioned by Mr. Joseph Caillaux, who seated himself in the chamber and looked at the ministry with that inscrutable look which he has till it fell.

### The Caillaux-Poincaré-Painlevé-Briand Ministry

PARIS, 4:15 P. M.

A certain measure of calm has been restored in Paris by the announcement that an entirely new ministry has been formed by the union of Mr. Caillaux, Mr. Poincaré, Mr. Painlevé and Mr. Briand. In a statement to the press Mr. Briand said that the old government had outlived its usefulness and that he welcomed the addition of Mr. Caillaux. A new budget would be made at once and would constitute, he said, the best budget of the last three weeks. This budget, which will absolutely ensure the stability of French finance, will be based on a vote of Natural Credit supported by a Universal Loan and guaranteed as a Public Debt.

Mr. Caillaux, whose financial genius never shone more brightly, is working out a new tax to replace the proposed capital levy and the income tax, and to be called *The Tax on Somebody Else.*

It is said in well-informed circles that if the government can be widened to include a royalist element and to take in a few communists and a bloc of socialists its success will be assured, and it may last till Saturday.

Meantime the theatres are all open, work is plentiful, everybody is happy. Paris is bright with flowers, the hotels are full of Americans dripping with money, the new fashions are said to be simply charming, the skirts don't reach anywhere, the watering places are wetter than ever—so what does a little thing like a government matter?

*Stephen Leacock is a frequent contributor to Collier's. His next article, "New Light from Light Minds," appears September 12th.*

P. F. COLLIER & SON
COMPANY
Executive and Editorial Offices:
250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.
6 Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2
Published at SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
AUGUST 29, 1925

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## *Republics Endure*

WILL the American republic last? was the question European statesmen asked a hundred years ago.

Now, by the turn of fate, Americans are questioning the stability of Europe. The empires governed by Frederick the Great, the Russian czars, the Austrian emperors and the Bourbon kings have gone the way of all flesh while the despised republics have attained undreamed-of power.

In a palace, once the residence of haughty royalty, the president of the German republic now lives, and careful observation by so experienced a reporter as Colonel Frederick Palmer reveals no likelihood of a turn-back to monarchy despite the election of a Hindenburg.

There is safety, if not speed, in numbers. A good king might give more efficient government than any congress, legislature, president, governor or mayor. If Chicago or New York or the United States were entrusted to a Cæsar or a Napoleon, or even to a capable captain of industry, the administration of public affairs would undoubtedly be temporarily improved. But wise kings do not live forever and the losses inflicted by the bad and the foolish outweigh the benefits conferred by the good.

So the German people are discovering, as we learned long ago, that self-government is preferable to the sway of any king.

Republics endure and the democratic idea is seldom abandoned. America made the experiment for the world and is still making it, for our checks and balances are sometimes a handicap to effective administration, and now the political example is having its effects in all other departments of life.

When the American revolutionists undertook their adventure in political self-government the husband was the ruler in the family and the employer was the absolute master in the shop.

That, too, has passed. Democracy has entered the home and wise employers seek more and more to share responsibility with workers.

Republics endure and self-rule spreads endlessly because in the long run no man and no woman is wise enough or generous enough to govern his fellows.

That truth is America's gift to the world.

## *Better Than Dreams*

A LOT of settled people are grumbling because the Florida land rush threatens to shift the center of population from southern Indiana to eastern Kentucky. But if it wasn't the Florida rush it would be the Maine rush or the Nevada rush or just a rush. Every now and then the country accumulates enough restless people to start a stampede, and a few astute promoters and a garden spot or gold mine or oil well do the rest.

And why not? The rush enables a lot of worthy people to satisfy a craving for new places, new friends, new shots at a fortune and ease. It circulates a lot of money, booms railroad passenger receipts, sells automobiles, gas, oil and tires, creates land values where there were none, exposes the new styles in skin games and shakes thousands of strangers together under the best friendship maker in the world —new problems in a new country.

The losers in a land rush are the late-comers, but even if they go home broke they have won the peace that comes to a restless soul after the adventure of a lifetime. The shake-up is good for them. It is good for the country. The South needs the people and the money. The fortune hunter may not get to first on his hit, but it's more fun to bat than to sit in the grandstand and dream about it.

## *Another Side of Chicago*

MOST libraries are reporting more volumes drawn out than ever before. At the Chicago Public Library —in that city where spectacular crime seems sometimes to predominate—approximately 100,000 more volumes a month are being drawn out this year than last! The library, and not the criminal court, reveals the people. Remember the intelligent majority the next time a moral imbecile casts the shadow of his name over the city.

## *Cities Men Might Have*

LOOK at a picture of a Greek temple or Gothic cathedral or Egyptian pyramid, or any of the great works of ancient India, Rome or Assyria, and ask yourself, "What would such mighty builders do with our chances?" River banks lined with gardens, skyscrapers set in parks, cities free of smoke, dust and noise.

Cities to-day are places where more people can stay up late at night and get up later in the morning. That's all and it's not so bad. People are learning, shaking down into communities, accumulating an enormous mass of skill and energy.

In time, when possibilities have been wrought out, the vision will strike home. Human strength and hope will then be made manifest by cities worthy of this glorious world in which our race is run.

## *The Golden Battle Line*

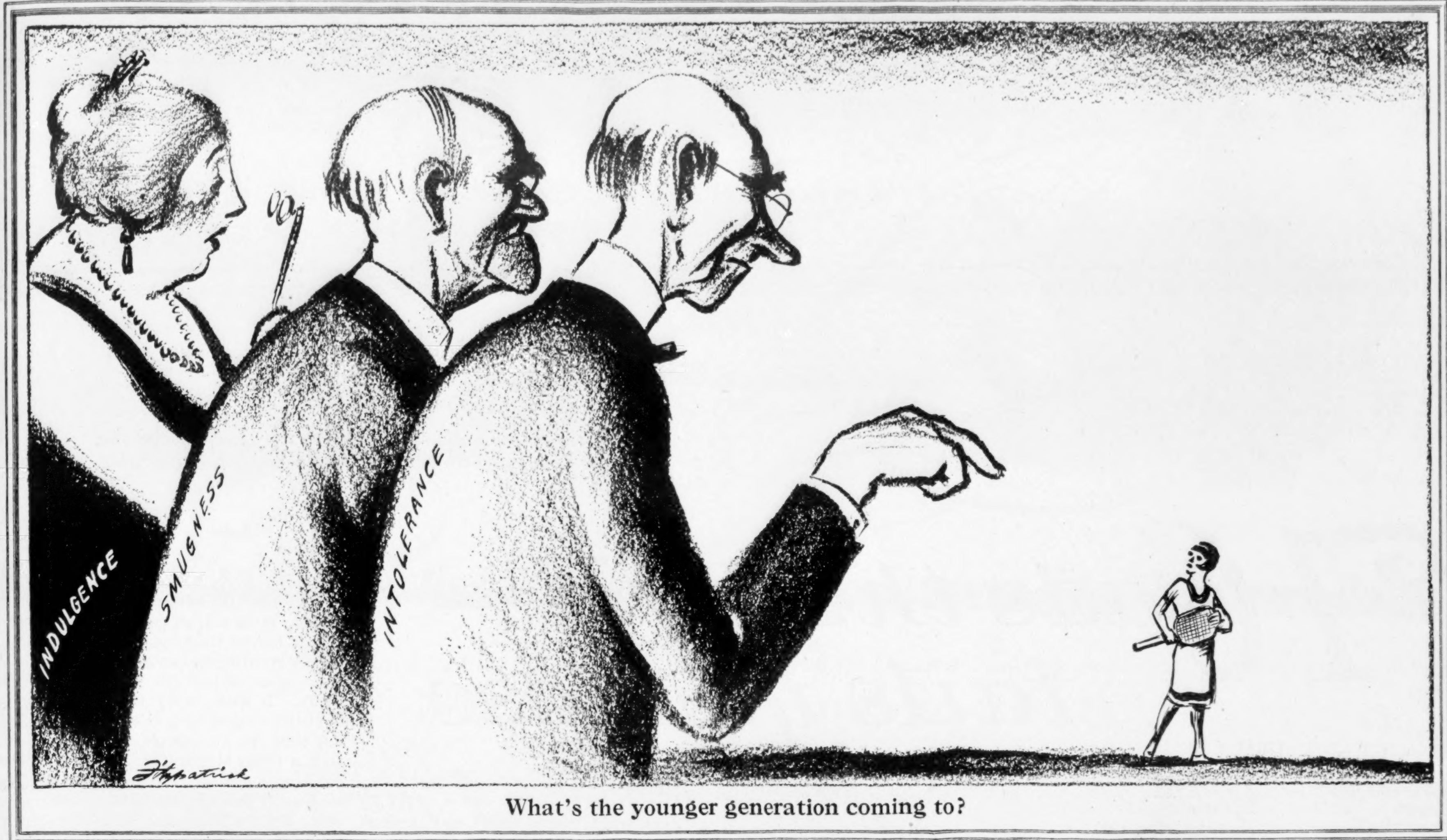
FROM walled New England fields to the open miles-wide hills of the Columbia River's inland empire the harvest time now closes in.

Lean, slouching men in sun-faded clothing have followed the wheat from high Texas to Canada's Saskatchewan, from the baking flats by Lake Tulare in California to the dusty ranges of the Palouse country near Spokane.

These roving harvest hands are now our pioneers, frontiersmen in that new world discovered by McCormick with his reaper, and enlarged since then by scores of exploring inventors.

Statisticians peering at slide rules, bankers poring over huge cases of mortgage maps, vote speculators, and dollar guessers fingering the ticker tape are all alert to see how the wheat trailers fare.

These office men think proudly how they guide the tide of business, stimulate distribution, adjust production to consumption, and the rest of that desk lingo. But out there in the living war of the harvest fields, where the far sky folds down over browning stubble or golden grain, myriad crop gatherers are making the life blood of prosperity for 1926.



What's the younger generation coming to?

# Vote as You Drink

BY EMORY R. BUCKNER

*Emory Buckner, recently appointed United States District Attorney at New York, has made his office nationally important because of his vigor and ingenuity in enforcing the prohibition law. Mr. Buckner takes his oath of office seriously regardless of his own views of the statutes he is employed to enforce.—Editor.*

HE WHO wants prohibition for the other fellow should be willing to have prohibition for himself. Democracy exacts that price. American candor and American honesty exact that price. For employers to wish the law enforced against their workers because there is money in it, and not enforced against themselves because there is annoyance in it, is un-American. To preach dry and to practice wet is to violate our American traditions. To have enforcement against one class and not against another class is just as vicious as to have legislation against one class and not against another class. Class privilege does not belong here.

We must have the same law for the restaurant where a dinner costs five dollars as for the restaurant where a dinner costs fifty cents. The law for the poor must be the law for the rich. The law on the Bowery must be the law on Fifth Avenue. So long as the eighteenth amendment stands, the law for Idaho must be the law for New York.

Let us play the game according to the rules. If you don't like the rules, change them instead of breaking them. Cheating in any sport is abhorred. Let us have clean sport in citizenship.

Those who privately criticize and covertly seek to hamstring law enforcement against members of their own class should come out openly and fight for a repeal or modification of the law in genuine American fashion. In any event, they should approve and support those who take seriously a solemn oath of office. They should not attempt secretly to pinch federal and state officials throughout the United States with a social, economic or political nutcracker.

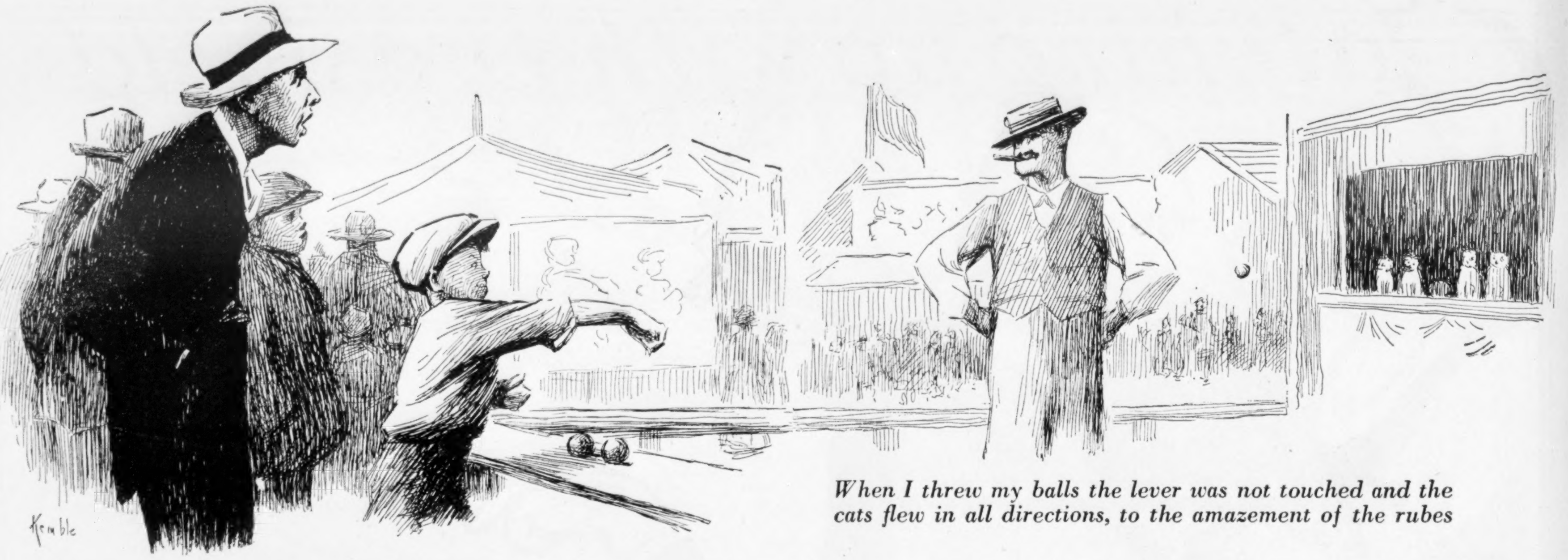
Those who are opposed to the law should courageously attack the law, and not seek to use their power either to seduce with social, economic or political rewards, or to blackmail with social, economic or political threats those charged with the sworn duty of enforcing it. Such purchased prostitution or such strangling coercion is most sinister in its effect.

Hypocrisy and cowardice are un-American and are corrosive upon society. Vote as you drink and drink as you vote for the sake of American character.

Non-enforcement, or class enforcement, or disingenuous enforcement, or camouflaged enforcement, poisons the whole federal and state service in all departments. Complacence breeds corruption. Corruption breeds crooks. Crooks breed conspiracies.

Corruption is contagious. It is creeping gangrene. The wink of the eye, the tongue in cheek, the greased palm, cannot be padlocked within a single law, nor within a single governmental department. It spreads like a red and angry infection. Citizens who connive at or condone official lethargy and official prostitution in one department are simply flirting with blood poison for the whole body politic.

The daily life of everyone is affected by the honesty and courage and efficiency of each individual unit in the vast network comprising our federal and state civil machinery. Vote as you drink and drink as you vote for the sake of the army of federal and state employees upon whose fiber and morale governmental functioning depends.



*When I threw my balls the lever was not touched and the cats flew in all directions, to the amazement of the rubes*

# Heads they win—tails you lose

By
LEN T. PHELPS
*as told to Edward H. Smith*

I AM a grifter. I'm the boy who takes the dimes out of your pockets at all the summer parks and autumn fairs, like chaff from a wheat bin. I've been grifting for more than thirty years. I'm still at it, going strong. Most all of you have paid me a visit—me or one of my kind—and gone away poorer but no wiser. You have wondered why you couldn't get that little ring to stick on the solid gold watch or slip over the head of the gold-headed cane. You have teased your brains to find out just why the ball wouldn't stay in the bucket for you, when the next fellow could come along and put it home every time. Many of you have gone away with something close to murder in your hearts when your good right arms, that used to shoot them over the plate at school, couldn't make the pesky cats on the bench do more than shiver. There's just one answer—the gimmick.

This gimmick is a strange animal, a native of all countries. I might describe it to you in abstract terms, but that wouldn't help you to recognize it at next meeting. Instead, following the lead of big and small game hunters everywhere, I intend to relate some of my adventures with the beast for your enjoyment and education.

In 1893, when the World's Fair was running in Chicago, I was wandering about the grounds one day. I was then a boy of seventeen with a strong inclination to worthlessness. A stranger stopped me and said:

"Bub, want a job?"

"What kind?" said I warily.

"Playing the prize wheel. Easy as pie. Come along."

Being not much afraid of the world, I followed the man to the Midway. There he took me into a little fancy-looking house behind a big wheel and instructed me in what I was to do. When a crowd gathered I was to wait. If no one started to play, I was to step up and bet a dime on one of several numbers which I had to memorize. If I won, I was to take my prize and go my way, but I was to watch my chance and slip back with my winning. If some were playing and none could win, I was to step up after a while and win another prize. If my master took the wheel and turned it to 23 or if he called out 23 suddenly, I was to slip away and not come back for half an hour or so. This 23 is, of course, the famous skidoo or fade-away number. There were about sixty numbers, and he paid 50 to 1.

If I did my work well, I was to receive a dollar and a half a day, all the food and drink I wanted and a place in which to sleep in the little house. So I became a shillaber, a grifter's assistant, the same thing as a capper in a gambling house. I saw that I was about the only one allowed to win.

The thing that soon caught my eye was the fantastically sudden way that wheel had of stopping just before some winning number reached the indicator. I soon learned that my mentor had a secret brake on the hub of his wheel. By a little movement of his foot, behind the counter, he brought it to a stop at will.

## There's a Trick in "Hoopla"

ONE night, I asked my chief about it. What was it? How did it work?

"Oh, it's just the regular squeeze," he said and dismissed me.

That was my first meeting with the gimmick, under another name. Another kind of gimmick applied to prize and money wheels was accomplished by setting some of the nails, which contacted with the indicator or pin and divided the spaces on the wheel, in such a way that the numbers carrying big prizes were practically certain of missing. This trick was called the gouge, though the terms squeeze and gouge were used interchangeably a little later. Both have been succeeded by gimmick, a strange word whose origin I have never been able to trace.

I had worked for my original tutor in grift two months, when another grifter asked how much I was being paid.

"Two dollars," I lied cheerfully.

"How'd you like to double that?"

"Doin' what?"

"Just what you're doin' now, except that with me you throw balls instead of chucking dimes."

A week later I had joined the new joint at what seemed to me to be an enormous wage. It was only later that I discovered that *both* my early masters had sorely cheated me, any kind of a shillaber commanding five dollars a day and good ones up to twenty-five or a share of the proceeds.

Many will be surprised to know that these ten and fifteen-cent-a-shot booths —I mean the larger ones, of course— take in two hundred to three hundred dollars on a single hot Sunday in August or September, at least 75 per cent of which is clear, not including the price paid for the concession.

My second master had a lot with a row of stuffed cats (or dolls—thirty-two years have made me forget which). The trick was to knock them off the bench, which stood at a distance of not more than thirty-five feet from the counter. The sucker got five throws for his dime. If he knocked off two, he got a cigar—Undertaker's Delight brand. If he knocked off three, he got a small box of cheap candy for his "lady friend." But if he knocked off five, he got a dollar.

My second boss did a thriving business, and no one ever won the silvah dollah! The reason was simple. Behind the cat bench was a black hanging of very heavy canvas to catch the thrown balls. And in front of this canvas was a fine steel wire, also black, and therefore invisible. When the customers threw, the boss put his foot on a lever under the counter and the wire was drawn taut behind the cats. They jiggled and jumped, but, being heavily leaded at the bottom in addition, they did not leave the bench. But when I came strolling up and threw my balls the lever was not touched and the cats flew in all directions to the amazement of the rubes. Here was the second gimmick I had met.

The crooked grifter has been practically eliminated from amusement parks. The same cannot be said of smaller parks or of carnivals and fairs in general.

The most familiar of the games is called, in the fraternity, hoopla. The public knows it as ring or hoop tossing. It is played by throwing a ring or hoop over some object ten or a dozen feet away. It looks, as you all know, wonderfully easy, and it costs money to find out that it's not—some of the rings are just a little bigger than others. When the sucker plays he gets the smaller rings. When the shillaber steps up he wins prize after prize with apparently the same circlets.

I had a hoopla stand myself only three or four years ago, but it was operated on a different principle. I had no shillaber, but I did have the larger and smaller rings. Ordinarily I dealt out only the small ones, but whenever a crowd gathered I handed out the big rings, preferably to a pretty girl or young boy. Their winning always stimulated trade and profits.

## The Pretty Girl Wins

LAST year I had a plumb-bobbing joint in a Chicago park. This game is, of course, familiar to you all. A medium-sized bowling ball hangs suspended from the roof of the booth exactly over the center of the counter, just high enough to pass the neck of two big bowling pins which are set there. The trick consists of pulling the ball back toward the player, outside the counter and letting it fly past the shoulder of the right-hand pin in such a way that it will return and knock down both pins.

One Sunday afternoon there was a crowd about me when a rather cocky young man stepped up with his girl. I think I must have got fifteen dimes from him before he gave up.

"You don't get the idea," I taunted him. "Let the young lady try it."

She drew back the ball, let it go as I had told her—and lo! back it came and sent the pins sprawling.

The secret? A very simple one. That right-hand pin is slanted off a little on the bottom, only a thirty-second of an inch or less. Thus it leans outward half an inch or more at the top (ask a mathematician if you want accuracy). When the pin is set leaning outward and the ball is sped past its shoulder, the result is an elliptical motion which causes the ball to miss.

What I did when I let the girl win was to pick up the pin, make a pretense of rubbing it off, gave it a half turn and then set it down, leaning inward toward the other pin. She had a whole inch of advantage. Her beau had been gimmicked again.

# Catching up with the world

*By*
EDWIN E. SLOSSON

**There is one man in the United States who knows what's going on in the field of science and who can write about it in plain language. That man is Edwin E. Slosson, director of "Science Service." Hereafter his popular articles will appear every week in Collier's under the heading "Catching Up with the World."**

ONE of the things we can always worry about when we can't sleep o' nights is how the world is coming to an end.

I do not mean the advertisements we read in the papers, "Thousands now living shall never die," for we may be among the thousands, if we have the right religion—and we are sure we have, otherwise we would change it.

But the astronomers and the geologists are always thinking up some new way of putting an end to the human race, and of late the chemists and biologists have taken a hand at trying to scare the life out of us.

When I was a boy I was taught that the sun was cooling off, and the earth was cooling down, and that some time we should all be Eskimos and then go into cold storage forever. As Lord Balfour puts it: "The energies of our system will decay; the glory of the sun will be dimmed; and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude."

Then radium came to the rescue. Both the earth and the sun, it was found, had internal self-heaters, atomic stoves requiring no fuel, but furnishing an enormous amount of heat as they decompose into simpler elements.

### World's End—Hot or Cold?

PROFESSOR CHAMBERLIN of the University of Chicago reversed the nebular hypothesis with his planetesimal theory, that the world started cold through the merger of wandering meteorites which got together and gradually warmed one another up till they sweated out an ocean and atmosphere. He gave us "fair ground for anticipating conditions congenial to life for millions or tens of millions of years to come," but warned us that "congeniality of conditions does not ensure actual realization."

But the discovery of radium, while relieving us from one alarm, gave us a worse one to worry about. Come to figure it out, it was found that if the radioactive minerals were as abundant throughout the earth as they are in the rocks we know, there is more than enough to keep up the temperature to a livable level. Now, if they would only heat the earth and the sun just enough to keep them from cooling down by radiation, we should feel safe; but if not, who knows how it will end?

As one of our popular poets says:

*Some say the world will end in fire,*
*Some say in ice.*
*From what I've tasted of desire*
*I hold with those who favor fire.*

But he hails from north of Boston and was born frosty.

### Good for 10,000,000,000 Years

EINSTEIN adds a new terror to the situation by a formula that transforms matter into energy, solid masses into radiant light and heat.

Astronomers are now disposed to believe that the sun and stars are kept ablaze by actual disintegration of their substance into immaterial energy, and Dr. Jeans tells us that the sun loses 4,000,000 tons of matter every second by converting it into ether waves—if there is any ether, which is another thing nowadays doubted.

It gives one a sort of sinking feeling to contemplate the possibility of the annihilation of matter, however remote.

But the peril comes nearer. Certain of our physicists are even now at work trying to perform the experiment in their laboratories, hoping to release the enormous amount of energy contained in the atom for running machinery, or for death rays in warfare, just as though we did not know enough ways of killing people already.

But the awful idea arises in the mind of the public that the release of the tremendous amount of energy from one atom would set off another, and so on, till the whole world exploded like a barrel of powder. Professor Wall of Sheffield University, who is trying to decompose matter by means of powerful magnetic fields, has received such letters as this:

*Dear Sir:*
Please don't blow up the atom. I am terrified. Please, please leave things alone. *One Who is Terrified.*

Such a catastrophe, whether instigated by mortal means or produced by the slow processes of nature, would be an almost literal fulfillment of the Biblical prophecy that in the coming of the day of the Lord "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." A scientist of the last century would have said that this was impossible, or supernatural (synonymous words in his mind), for he believed the elements were imperishable and did not know that they might break up with, or into, fervent heat.

But we need not be alarmed lest the world be blown up from the laboratory, for so far experiments on the disintegration of the atom have required much more energy than they have produced, and if the explosion of a few atoms could set off all the rest that would have happened long ago since some atoms must have been knocked to pieces in all possible ways in the rough and tumble of the earth's long history.

Here again is the opposite danger. If we adopt Jeans' theory that the sun is losing weight, then its attractive power is waning as it shrinks, and the world will gradually move off into cold space where it will get less warmth from the central heating plant. Let us hope that the heating and cooling agencies are so balanced that the world will maintain its present endurable, though sometimes uncomfortable, climate for a long time to come. The sun's heat has not altered appreciably for the last 10,000 million years, so we can put confidence in the solar constant.

### Grabbing Our Gas

BUT there are chemical terrors to apprehend. Professor Flinders Petrie thinks that all life on the surface of the earth must cease two hundred thousand years or so from now, because by that time all the carbon dioxide in the air will be absorbed by combining with the bases of the rocks. There is less than four parts in ten thousand remaining now in the atmosphere, and if a few inches more of the silicates of the earth's crust were decomposed by it, it would be all used up. We increase the amount whenever we burn a ton of coal and decrease it whenever we grow a tree.

Fortunately the atmosphere is so extensive that we can do little to change its composition either way, for a very slight alteration of the delicate balance of oxygen and carbon dioxide would disarrange all vegetable and animal life and change the climate of the globe.

### Superdevilfish and Tramp Suns

THE geologists, since they have not yet settled to the satisfaction of each other the causes of the glacial periods, cannot assure us against their return. But when we consider that primitive man, unprepared as he was, came out of each successive inundation of ice with better brains and more ability, we may trust that civilized man could survive a hard winter of a thousand years; and perhaps the race might be improved, as formerly, by the weeding out of the weakling stock.

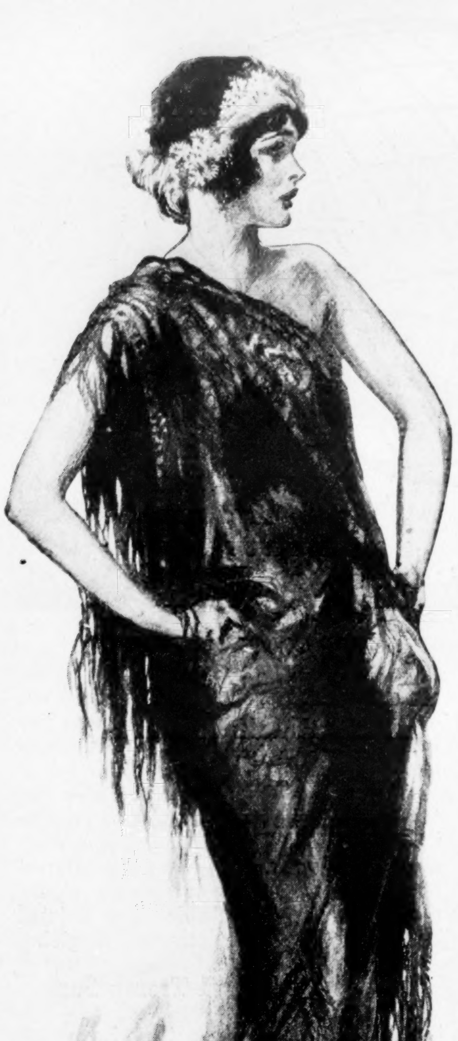
Wells threatens us with an invasion of superdevilfish from Mars, and, according to his custom of making probable deductions from impossible assumptions, he tells us that the invaders, while easily resisting the feeble attacks of men, fell victims to some microbic infection against which their race had not become immune. This reminds us that the human race may at any time be wiped out through the development of some new and fatal infection, which might, since all the world is now connected, spread so swiftly, that there would be no time for man to acquire a bodily resistance or make an antitoxin.

There is no end to ways the world might end. Fournier d'Albe suggests that rays of short wave length, like those from radium or X-ray machines, may be sent out from the sun and, penetrating our protective atmosphere, extinguish the race by sterilizing the germ plasm. Some warn us of permanent and absolute aridity, through the absorption of all the water by the earth's crust. Then there is always the possibility, in fact the certainty in the long run, that some wandering sun or dark globe may collide with the earth—or come too close for comfort.

In fact, as the Irishman said: "Our journey from the cradle to the grave is so beset with dangers that it is a wonder that any of us live to reach the latter."

# ROOTS

## By MELLA RUSSELL McCALLUM



THE third morning she saddled Betsy and set out from the camp with a stick and a book and a sandwich. She was bareheaded and happy, in flannel shirt and breeches. Gilda wasn't a beautiful girl—except that it is difficult for eighteen not to be beautiful. She had a curly black bob, and blue eyes, and quite a lot of cool, natural color.

At eleven o'clock by her silver wrist watch, she was lying on her back, having a lovely time looking up through black pine branches. But she scrambled to her feet when she heard twigs cracking.

A man was swinging down the trail on foot, singing "M'Appari" in a ruminative, but by no means untrained, tenor. She saw his gray-stockinged legs first, long, thin legs. The face that appeared was old. Not so old as Uncle Darrin's, but still old; between thirty-five and forty, with deep gray eyes.

He stopped in surprise. Then he recognized Betsy. "You must be Darrin Wood's young relative," he pronounced gravely. "I'm Seth Coll."

"Yes. I'm Gilda Harrison. Are these your woods?"

"You're still on your uncle's place. I'm the trespasser. My land begins up by that second birch. You're welcome to ride there."

Gilda thanked him. She was thinking he spoke like a gentleman, and that she would say something agreeable about being neighbors, when he asked sharply:

"Had your dinner?"

"Not yet. It isn't dinner time."

"I caught a four-pound pickerel this morning. I'm going to broil it. Come, have some."

"N-no, thank you, I think not to-day. Mrs. Montmorency expects me home."

"H'm. Conventional, I see. Well, you would be. Boston?"

"No, Brooklyn. But I don't see what that's got to do with it!" She swung up on Betsy before he had time to help her.

"It hasn't, really. Not a thing." He smiled. "I hope we'll be friends."

"I hope so," she said stiffly, and started at a sharp canter. She didn't like him any too well. She was vaguely disappointed in him. He was so old. And something else—something she couldn't define, which for want of a better word she called "conceited."

A week later Seth Coll again asked her to dine, and she accepted. She had seen him several times. One evening he had come to borrow a book.

His place was named Coll's Clearing, and he had the most adorable house you ever saw, built of logs, as Uncle Darrin's should have been. Inside was a stone fireplace, and heavy, handmade oak furniture. He had done it all himself; cleared the land, built the house and the furniture. There were skins on the floor, deer heads and a few beautiful prints on the walls. And a piano!

After they had eaten their broiled fish, and she had helped do the dishes in the cunningest ship's galley of a kitchen, Seth Coll played and sang.

"Why didn't you have a career?" she asked honestly. "I'll bet you could have."

He smiled. He had put on a dark blue velvet jacket, and his hair, streaked with gray, was brushed back from his almost hawklike face. "I'd rather live," he said. "A career dominates one. An artist can't even fall in love unless it's good for his art."

Gilda considered that. It sounded true enough. "I don't blame you, then. I think you live bully."

She was thinking privately that after she finished college probably she would build a house in the woods and only emerge occasionally.

He showed her some photographs he had taken, and presented her with one which included a view of Uncle Darrin's lodge. There seemed to be nothing he couldn't do. He played and sang some more. Then he made tea, serving it English fashion, with thin buttered bread. Really, for an elderly person, he was quite interesting.

LITTLE by little Gilda began to accept her neighbor as a contemporary. Perhaps it was because she was away from people her own age that he seemed less old. She rather liked his mature look. And he was so scrubbed and lithe.

He was a peach of a playfellow. Always ready to ride or tramp or picnic. Never got offended. Didn't object to unexpected guests. And the way he adored music! And made things with his hands!

It was some six weeks later that she had a dream about him. She thought she was riding beside him, looking sidewise at his face—and it was a beautiful face!

She woke up aghast. How absolutely silly, to dream about a man, to think his face beautiful!

But, although she was prepared for emotional adventures, she did not get them for a long time after that. Seth Coll took to discoursing on botany, and stopped saying charming things—stopped singing, and never mentioned sunsets. One day he scolded her for inexpert handling of his duck-boat when she almost gave them a dousing.

She winced under the scolding. That wasn't falling in love with a girl, surely. Her fears had been for nothing.

Then suddenly, without warning, It happened.

"What makes you scold me so?"

He looked off darkly through the trees. "Because I love you, I suppose."

Gilda's senses were alert now. So! It had come. He was twice her age, but he loved her. How puerile had been her affair with that sixteen-year-old boy!

"What—are we going to do about it?" she said in low, clear tones.

He started at her preparedness. Then he folded his arms the way they do on the stage. "Nothing."

"But—but we can't just do—nothing. Because—I love you too."

She thought he would reach out and take her hand, but he didn't. Just sat there smiling. Then he frowned.

"Have you ever been in love before?" he snapped.

"Not really. I was fourteen, and it was just childish nonsense. But now—"

"There's no 'but now' to it. You're a dear child and that's that, and I'm an idiot and that's that. I'll teach you to miter furniture and make boats, or anything else on earth. But I won't teach you the game of love."

"Why not?"

"Because I won't. I can't explain."

Again tears of indignation. "I'm not a child!"

"But you are a child. That's why. You're green. If you had had some experience— But no, no, no! You're too young."

GILDA didn't understand at all. Why didn't he reach for her hand? She would understand that.

After a moment he went on talking, more easily—almost lecturing as he had on botany: "The young are intolerant. You have too many sharp corners. If you and I were to give in to this thing, the fine flavor of emotion would soon be lost in a clash of wills."

"You don't love me, or you wouldn't talk that way!"

He laughed and jumped up.

Rain kept them at Coll's Clearing one afternoon. They had intended to go fishing. Instead he played the piano and sang, not to her apparently, but to himself. She selected a book and curled up on the white bearskin of his divan. She did not read. She listened to his singing, listened with her whole body. Curious little thrills went over her, especially when he sang "La Donna e Mobile."

Suddenly he swung around on the piano bench. "I've been thinking about you and me, Gilda. I've got it all planned out at last."

She stood up trembling, rising involuntary, as a soldier responds to bugle call.

"It will depend on you." He walked to the mantel and selected a pipe. "You are to go out into the world. In five years, if you care enough—come back."

"But I don't understand—"

"I know you don't. You couldn't. Sit down, and I'll try to explain."

She obeyed.

"No young person is worth the feeling I have for you, Gilda. And by that I don't mean that my feeling is exalted, or any such piffle. It's just—shall we say?—human. Plain human."

Gilda nodded.

"But even plain human feeling has its degrees, its tastes and preferences. And mine has no taste for unschooled youth. I'll admit I want you—but not yet. You're too sure, you have no proper sympathy. You need to be banged about by experience first."

How could he stand there and coolly say those burning things? "I—you have me all mixed up," she faltered. "You say you want me—and yet you won't have me!"

He ignored that. "You're going to college in a few weeks. That is good. The life there will absorb you."

"Oh, no, it won't! Not now! It couldn't!"

"Oh, yes, it can! It must. You will go ahead and fall in love with someone else. That's what I want. It isn't so hard to care about two at once. In fact—it's often impossible not to!"

Gilda began to cry. "I don't want to go to college! I never want to see a s-silly c-college boy!"

"Stop crying! I'm not going to pet you to make you stop. I don't intend to kiss you at all. Except once, perhaps, just before you leave."

She had hoped that on their last afternoon together they could climb Land's End. Instead Seth Coll planned a party.

Gilda looked about the living-room dazedly. A fine piece of drawn-work lay on the oak table, and lace serviettes that certainly ought to have been handkerchiefs—he told her later that they were handkerchiefs, from an Italian palace. There were two Dresden plates with openwork edges, and two Venetian goblets of green and mauve. There were chicken sandwiches and a bottle of wine and a tissue-wrapped parcel that proved to be a fruit cake. And there was he, with his smile, in the velvet jacket and a pongee shirt.

"I'm afraid the champagne isn't cold enough," he apologized gayly. "A spring house was never meant for icing wine."

She laughed with delight. "How perfectly sweet of you!"

"There's another bottle with this same label. I'll open it five years from to-night. Now go into my bedroom and dress for the part. You'll find some stuff."

She had often seen the huge, brass-bound chest that now stood open, spilling its contents for her. She gasped at the lengths of heavy silks, and shawls, and laces. Her spirits leaped to the occasion.

Ten minutes later she appeared, draped in a black embroidered shawl that left her arms bare. She had twisted a silver lace-length around her head, and stuck a green plume in it.

"Do I look beautiful, Seth Coll?" She couldn't resist asking it.

He lifted her head. The trinity of mind, soul, body, rushed to meet his kiss.

GILDA had never told anyone about Seth Coll. But after two years of college he still lived in her, like poignant religion.

She had taken him at his word, and regarded everything in the light of experience, to fit herself to be his mate. And yet—she was dissatisfied. Was the experience she got valuable? Fraternity parties, chaperoned. Eternal classwork. Surreptitious cigarettes and petting parties. Nothing skin-deep.

"You're a funny kid," Bobby Carpenter told her one day. "You look as if you hadn't a care in the world, and yet there's a mysterious quality about you, hanged if there isn't."

It was rather pleasant to be thought mysterious.

When she entered her junior year she had narrowed down quite exclusively to Bobby. He was a senior engineer now. His attentions, while never thrilling, did not annoy her. The only thing that did annoy her was the suspicion that she was not properly preparing herself for Seth Coll.

Toward the end of the first semester Bobby asked her to marry him. They were several miles from the university town at the moment, driving in the small roadster which Mother had thoughtfully provided for Gilda before starting for Australia; "because Gilda has been a good girl."

Gilda's hands on the wheel remained steady. Her chance, it seemed, was approaching.

"I don't believe in marriage," she announced.

"You think it's cute to pose, don't you?"

"No. I don't intend to marry, myself. Perhaps that's what I should have said."

"May I ask why not?"

"Oh, the legality of the thing is such a bother. But, Bobby"—her voice vibrated slightly—"I don't mind living with you."

"*What!*" yelled Bobby Carpenter, and added, "*My—God!*"

Gilda drove on, a bit too fast.

"Turn back to Kimberly," he ordered.

"What for?"

"Never mind what for!"

Kimberly was a small town two miles back. What did he want to go there for? "You haven't replied properly to my—my proposition yet," she reminded him.

"Stop at that white building!"

"I insist on knowing why, Bobby. It looks like police headquarters." She was going to refuse. Then she thought, "But it will be experience, whatever it is."

She drew up to the curb and shut off the gas. The place had a desolate air. There was a light in a rear window. She walked up to the entrance with Bobby. He held his head furiously high.

A mild, sleepy man answered Bobby's pounding. "Good evening," barked Bobby. "This young lady and I want to get married. Can you accommodate us?"

Gilda went dazedly through a gray hall into a gloomy room with a high desk. She answered some questions and signed her name. Several people shook her cold hand and said something about "much joy." Bobby still frightened her, he was so stern.

Through the whole proceeding ran a clear undertone: she was in for experience at last.

She cried all the way back to the university. Bobby drove the car. He took her straight to her boarding house. "Go in and go to bed," he ordered. "I'll put your car away, and we'll talk tomorrow."

"All right," she agreed meekly.

"And, Gilda, we—we won't live any different from what we do now, until you get good and ready. I—maybe I was a bit high-handed. But you talked so damned silly—and I'm not a wooden Indian, you know!"

Really, he was awfully decent about it. . . .

Two weeks later they announced their marriage, and took a suite in a house with married students.

The rest of the year was rather fun. The married crowds made pets of them, and their old friends openly admired their nerve. Gilda didn't mind having Bobby for a husband. As Seth Coll had said, it was possible to be attracted by two men. She belonged to Coll, of course—always, always! But there was something in her that met Bobby halfway.

GILDA walked firmly out of the bedroom. Robert Carpenter, junior, aged two, was awake in his crib. But he understood that nothing he could do would induce his sensible young mother to remain with him. He had had his bath and his supper and his drink of water, and that was all there was to it.

Bobby was reading under the bridge lamp in the living-room of the pretty Dutch colonial house that had succeeded the flat. "I want to go for a ride, please," Gilda told him.

"What about Himself?" Bobby stirred lazily.

"Minnie'll be here."

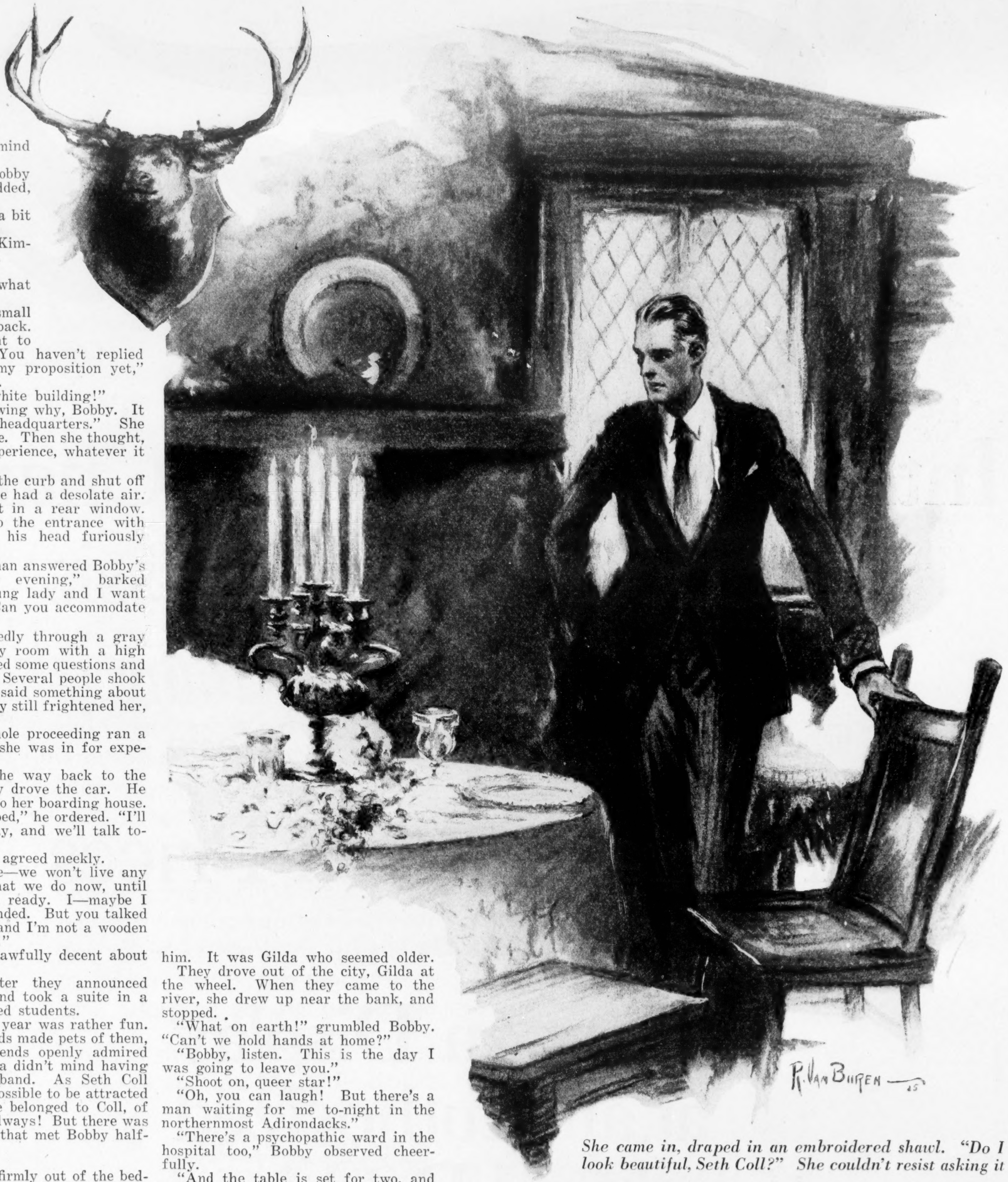
Noncommittal male grunt, hating to move.

"Please, Bobby. I have something to tell you."

"What's the matter with telling me here? Does your home inhibit you?"

"Yes—to-night."

He rose and stretched, radiating youth. Family cares rested lightly on him. It was Gilda who seemed older.



*She came in, draped in an embroidered shawl. "Do I look beautiful, Seth Coll?" She couldn't resist asking it*

They drove out of the city, Gilda at the wheel. When they came to the river, she drew up near the bank, and stopped.

"What on earth!" grumbled Bobby. "Can't we hold hands at home?"

"Bobby, listen. This is the day I was going to leave you."

"Shoot on, queer star!"

"Oh, you can laugh! But there's a man waiting for me to-night in the northernmost Adirondacks."

"There's a psychopathic ward in the hospital too," Bobby observed cheerfully.

"And the table is set for two, and there are thread lace handkerchiefs that a duchess carried, for serviettes. And there's chicken and fruit cake and champagne—"

Bobby ran an exploratory hand over her head.

"It does sound funny, doesn't it? And the funniest part of all is—I promised to be there—even if I were married!"

"You used to have strange wanderings, I recall."

"I expected to take Baby, and walk out and leave you—"

"*What!*" Bobby sat up at last.

"Yes, I did!"

"And may I ask what decided you to change your mind?"

"Why—nothing! Or rather—everything. I found out I just couldn't go. I had grown roots that I couldn't pull out. You and Baby. You know—I didn't love you so awfully much at first."

"I know that."

"But I have—for a long time, now, Bobby. With all my soul."

"I know that too."

Gilda locked her fingers together.

"You needn't tell me any more, Gilda. It doesn't matter in the least, now."

"Bobby, tell me—do you think he's keeping the appointment?"

"Don't you ever think it!" Bobby's voice cut surely. No envy now. "Don't you ever think it, Gilda! Not one man in a thousand would, you know."

"I suppose not. . . ."

They went in their house.

THE table, the food, the wine, the man, were there. Seth Coll was a bit grayer, a bit harder of body, that was all.

The hearth fire made dancing creatures in a brass bowl; caught the glassy eye of a deerhead; played over the drawn-work scarf on the table.

The man played the piano idly, picking flippantly—a bit too flippantly—through the melody of "La Donna e Mobile."

At a quarter to twelve he went in the bedroom and put in order the contents of the brass-bound chest. He wrapped a black embroidered shawl around a green feather and a pair of silver slippers, and thrust the roll well down toward the bottom.

When he had closed the chest, and locked it, he stood looking at the heavy brass key in his hand. He made a movement as if to throw it out the open window, out into the forest. But he put it in his pocket instead.

At twelve he poured himself a glass of wine, and held it high, facing the empty place set opposite, ironically theatric.

"To the winner!"

He drank off the wine.

# Ford

❦

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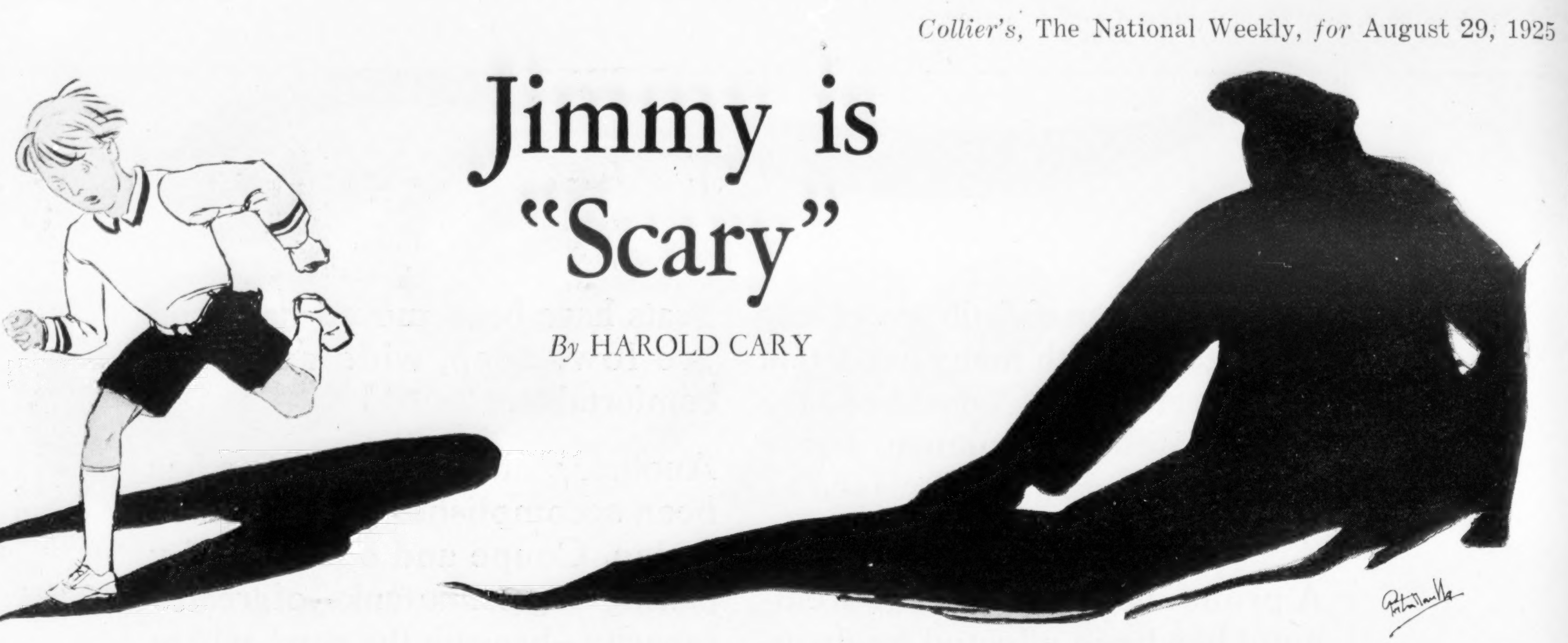
*Price f. o. b. Detroit* $260



# Jimmy is "Scary"

*By* HAROLD CARY

WHEN an electrical storm bangs out its discords of light and sound a little friend of mine who is named Jimmy has violent hysterics. When a dog barks he clings to me or his father—anyone who happens to be near. The sight of a policeman, even a fat, benevolent one, fills him with terror. If a train comes round a curve and whistles, he starts convulsively. He is afraid of water—of most things, it seems. Jimmy is, in fact, a 'fraid cat.

When I had a chance to talk to Dr. Douglas A. Thom of Boston, who is a world authority on such matters, I asked him about it. Is such fear born in some of us?

"Babies," he says, "don't seem to have any fears—at least, we doubt it." They acquire them as they grow up from other people and individual experiences. There are two kinds—the fear of objects, such as dogs, guns, snakes, things you can hear and see, doctors, policemen, high places; and the strange fears that come from within, such as fear of death and of unseen bogeys."

Jimmy's mother likes ghost stories. She gets a thrill out of fearing them slightly. She is frightened by electrical storms because once she was in a house when it was struck by lightning. Jimmy loves his mother. His attitude toward storms is like hers, and he imitates her fearfulness all along the line.

"Jimmy's full of childish fears," she laughs. She has forgotten that she used to threaten him with the policeman when he had been mischievous. She doesn't remember how she told him once that the bogey man would get him if he wasn't good. She doesn't know that 'fraid cats often carry their handicap all through life. She doesn't know she could overcome most of it herself just by explaining a few things to him and by controlling her own fears in front of him.

I've cured Jimmy's fears about dogs, policeman and snakes. I showed him I wasn't afraid, and together we investigated and discussed those objects. But so long as his mother squawks over thunder and lightning, I can't help when there's a storm. Nor can I convince him that his parents would never desert him, or that death is not something that is constantly stalking him, to pick him up and bury him in a cave where he will be cold and hungry.

He's such a nice kid, but his fears are bad for him. As Dr. Thom says, fear is a useful driving force when it is working right. It makes us do things like running off the railroad track when the train is coming. It keeps us from doing things like swimming alone in dangerous waters. Jimmy ought to fear punishment, danger, loss of the other person's love and later loss of his own self-respect.

Just now he is depressed and weakened by fears which make him jumpy, sleepless, afraid to try games or to work. The time may come, after he is grown, when he will be in—well, say a shipwreck. Will Jimmy be calm, self-possessed, able to help himself, able to help keep the mob in control? Or will he scream in panic and start a stampede for the lifeboats?

Well, Jimmy, you know, is a 'fraid cat.

# Behind the Scenes

*Continued from page 15*

true of a great many of the plays of to-day. And I think that is one reason why there are a great many poor ones. Plays may be cut or added to or changed in minor details, but as far as my own experience goes, if the play is not there at the first rehearsal, it is never there at all.

Mr. George M. Cohan in his recent book tells us that most of his plays were written at rehearsal. I don't know whether he really means this or whether it is just his modesty. I should be inclined to think that the parts that were written at rehearsal were merely certain funny lines, and funny business, but that the structure of the play was firmly built by Mr. Cohan before ever he started rehearsals. In any case, Mr. Cohan, who is always brilliant, may well be a shining exception.

One who has studied the plays of the last thirty years cannot help noticing a certain tendency to sloppiness—I mean slovenliness—in the construction of many plays of to-day. You will not find that the plays of Augustus Thomas, Sir Arthur Pinero, Clyde Fitch or Henry Arthur Jones were "not written, but rewritten." If I am not very much mistaken, they were all practically completed before ever they were submitted to a manager and were finally presented in their original form.

Pinero knows his actors and his audience and the characters he draws as perhaps no other dramatist of our day does. And he never disappoints an actor. He is under the skin of his characters as he writes them, so that he never allows them to express sentiments that are inconsistent with the character he has once established. Are we losing this fine art of the playwright? In an attempt to be natural, are we too photographic in our methods?

An important faculty that has to be developed by the dramatist in the unfolding of his story is just how much he can leave to the audience, how much to the actor, and how much he is bound to put into words. Of course, whenever the human element enters into our calculations, the most experienced of us is likely at times to be wide of the mark. But we may strive for a high average.

I take it that the art of the dramatist is to tell his story and gain his effects with the fewest possible words. In this Ibsen was a past master and may well be studied for this accomplishment by the aspiring dramatist. But of course such construction needs the closest coöperation of the actor—in the use of the eyes and in the appreciation of the value of pause.

Just how much the success of a play is due to the actor and how much to the author it is often difficult for the most hardened critic to determine. The fact that plays frequently fail in spite of brilliant acting would seem to prove that the author is the most important factor in the success of the entertainment. But once the curtain is up, the actor, in the eyes of the majority of an audience, becomes the responsible person.

Indeed, it is quite remarkable what a delightfully unsophisticated attitude some members of an audience can maintain toward the theatre. Professor Brander Matthews in his volume "On Acting" tells of a traveling salesman who met John Drew after the play and said, "Mr. Drew, I wish you could tell me how you think of all those clever things you say on the stage just at the moment. If I could only do it, it would be most valuable to me in my business." And during my season of Galsworthy's "Old English," in which I play a stout old gentleman of more than eighty years of age, I have often been told of people in the audience saying, "Hasn't he aged since he went to England with 'The Green Goddess!'" And again, "My, how fleshy he's grown!"

Pinero's method of cutting and pruning and polishing as he writes is in my opinion the most satisfactory way to write a play. It results, in his case, in getting infinite depth of meaning into the fewest possible words. The play of the prolix writer who errs on the side of overelaboration is almost sure to be halting and patchy as a result of the constant and necessary cutting by the producer.

This wholesale blue-penciling of plays at rehearsal is likely to lead to bitter disappointment both to actors and authors. I remember being a victim of it myself many years ago. I was a struggling young actor in the English provinces. Sir Herbert Tree, who was then Mr. Beerbohm Tree, was about to produce a play in London called "Hypatia," written by Stuart Ogilvie. Just at this time I was playing at Canterbury in "The Rivals," and Mr. Ogilvie happened to be in the audience.

The next morning I found a letter waiting for me at the theatre signed Stuart Ogilvie, telling me that Mr. Tree was about to produce a play of his, in which there was a big scene between three priests—a First Priest, a Second Priest and a Third Priest. He said he thought I should be admirably suited for the important part—the First Priest, and he advised me to see Mr. Tree without delay.

Of course I was in the seventh heaven of delight. Tree was playing Hamlet at the time. I found that he had a matinée that day, so I determined to dash up to London at once. I could get back for my performance at night. By the time I got to London "Hamlet" had begun.

I sent in my message to Tree, inclosing Mr. Ogilvie's letter, but was told I could not see him until after the play. I waited till the end and was then taken through to his room. I was terribly anxious and nervous.

The great Mr. Tree was before me. He was not only in the garb of Hamlet, but also apparently still in the mood. He looked through and beyond me in an abstracted way. Tree at any time had a habit of looking vacantly at you as though you were a distant mirror in which he could dimly see a reflection of himself, and of raising his right hand so that the tips of his fingers pointed outward and running them at that angle from the front of his forehead to the nape of his neck. He did this several times without inviting me to speak, and then said absently, but not unkindly, "What is it you want?"

He had evidently not received my letter or had entirely forgotten it. I said, "Mr. Ogilvie sent me. He was good enough to say that he thought I should be suited for the part of the First Priest in the big scene between the three priests." He gazed steadily at me for about a minute, as though he were testing some ocular exercise recommended by a specialist, ran the tips of his fingers once more across his hair, and said vacantly, "Yes—excellent—I'm sure you would be, but you see, Mr. Allan—Mr. Allan, who has been with me for years—he's going to play the part."

I was bitterly disappointed, but so anxious not to miss an opportunity that I said, "Well, Mr. Tree, I'm sorry, but if I can't have the First Priest, I would be content with the second, the Second Priest."

He resumed his ocular exercise and after an awful pause he said, "The Second Priest. Yes. I'm sure you would have been excellent, but you see, Mr. Allan—Mr. Allan, who has been with me for years—he's going to play it."

My head was beginning to swim. I couldn't think what he meant, but I was a desperate man. I said, "Mr. Tree, I am very anxious for a London appearance, and rather than not be with you at all, I would be willing to play the Third Priest."

This time he moved his head slightly on one side and rested his hand softly on his hip; he seemed to be getting me in focus. Then he said, "Yes, the Third Priest. Yes—splendid—but, you see, Mr. Allan—Mr. Allan, who has been with me for years—"

I cried out, "But, Mr. Tree, he can't. I don't think you remember. It's a big scene between the three."

"Yes," he said softly and absently, "I know it *was*. But we've rolled them all into one."

Many years after I told Tree of this, and he almost cried with remorse when he thought of my disappointment.

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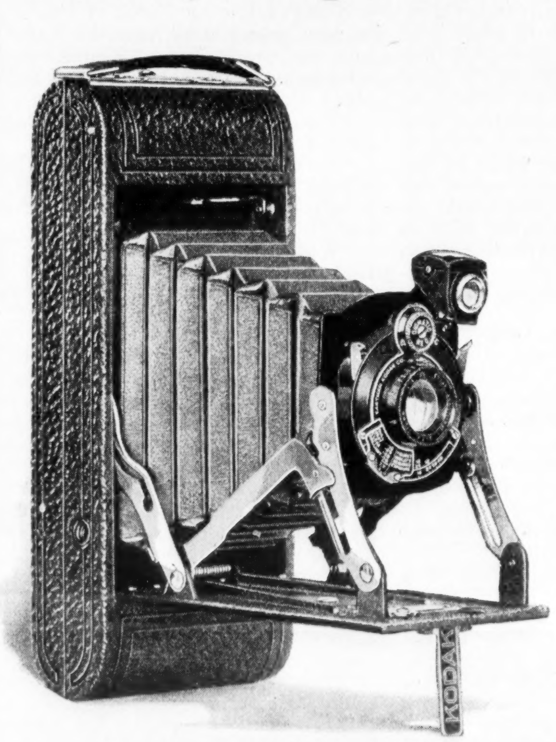

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# A Comedy of Terrors

*Continued from page 11*

really not a very good picture of me—just an ordinary studio still."

"Yeah?" I says, "It looks more like one of them double exposures to *me*, from the way you're dressed!"

"Hotsy-totsy!" she says, half angry. "Don't get rosy with *me*, Bill Grimm, or Mama spank!"

"So you're a movie star, hey?" I grins amiably. "That'll wow 'em back in Fairfax Falls. Wait till the Jaspers you used to wait on pick up the papers and see 'Pansy Pilkington, Heaven's Gift to the Silver Screen!' "

"Not yet, but soon!" says Pansy. "I wouldn't fool you, Bill. I'm only an extra now—a super in a superproduction being assembled over on Long Island. Honest to Valentino, it's got everything in it but the kitchen stove and I think it's called 'The Plaything of Nero.' The scream to *me* is that in the big Roman banquet scene I trip gayly in with a platter of grapes— My Gawd, even in the movies, I'm still a waitress!"

We split that laugh and then talked for a while about dear old Fairfax Falls and some of its comical natives. Once Pansy got serious and pulled me over to look out the window down on seething Broadway—

"This is the town we both have to take, Bill!" whispers Pansy grimly, pinching my arm.

"Well . . . let's take it!" I answered, gripping her hand. And I liked her more at that minute, for some reason, than I ever did before or since!

PANSY'D had a lot of tough breaks—a useless family, the combination of beauty and poverty. She was a brave kid, and I don't care by *what* means she got to the top, she deserved her success!

She made some tea and chattered on, while mostly I merely listened, wondering where she'd get and where *I'd* get before New York got through with us. I thought about Barbara Baxter too. . . .

When Pansy's voice trailed off, I looked up with a start and found she was gazing at me with serious eyes.

"A Canadian dime for your thoughts!" I remarked, helping myself to a cake.

"Bill," she says, "why don't you come over to Long Island with me and try your luck at the studio? I bet you'd photograph like a million, you handsome divil! Some of us extras get seven-fifty a day and all of us gets lots of laughs. That's got driving a taxi cheated, hasn't it? Mr. Puttee, the big director, is showing me a lot of—er—personal attention, and I'm satisfied I can use a few smiles to get you a job!"

"You better not try to give that movie director no run-around, Pansy, or you'll positively win yourself a lot of grief!" I warned her. "These city slickers is different from the traveling salesmen you used to make jump through hoops at Fairfax Falls."

"For Gossakes, what got *you* so educated?" demands Pansy. "Remember, we *both* came out of the country!"

"I know," I says. "And what we want to do *now* is take the country out of *us!*"

Then I told her that I'd declare myself in on the movies at the proper time, as I had to shove off for Lyons in a few days for the trial of Jack Fairfax.

Pansy steered the conversation around to Barbara Baxter, which she disliked exceedingly for the reason that with me it was versa vice. Under the influence of Pansy's cleverly faked interest, I got confidential and showed her the diamond ring Barbara had refused. Pansy's thrilling eyes became blue saucers and she drew a deep breath as she gazed at the ring, remarking that if Barbara turned it down then Barbara was not only a perfect lady, but she was likewise slightly demented!

As I expected, Pansy tried the ring on, but—as I didn't expect—it wouldn't come off! We both tugged at it and screwed it around and around till her finger was sore, trying soap and two kinds of water, but nothing stirring.

So Pansy promised to go to a jeweler and have the ring filed off, if home remedies failed to remove it that night.

Tired of hanging around Broadway doing nothing, I arranged to meet Barbara at Lyons for the Fairfax trial, while I went on ahead to the Falls. It was there I'd first met Barbara while I was driving the only taxi in the burg—a weird bus, owned and built by myself from junked parts of a dozen different cars. I'd sold this comedy cab for seventy bucks to the town miser, Narrow Pelk.

When I blew into the town Narrow offered me back my cab for a hundred dollars. Acting on a sudden hunch, I haggled with him and finally bought my former meal ticket for sixty-five dollars, cash. I figured it a good buy, for I could fix it up myself, take it to New York and operate it there as a independent taxi. I just wasn't born to punch a time clock and work for somebody else! Also I thought Barbara Baxter might regard a taxi *owner* as something more palatable than a taxi *driver*.

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COLLIER'S

Just before I left Fairfax Falls for Lyons, I run smack into Jack Fairfax! I was about to pass this egg without a second glance, when he stopped me with a kind of timid wave of his hand and a sheepish, friendly smile. Well, I was as much amazed at his plain wish to bury the hatchet as I was shocked at his appearance! Usually a fashion plate, his clothes was now seedy, he had a crying need of a haircut and shave, and his face was drawn and haggard. No fooling, he was a walking photograph of a total loss, and he looked like he fell out of a well, or something!

I returned his greeting a bit doubtfully. There was no doubt about me being sorry for him. My sympathy, never hard for anybody to arouse, went out to this fellow which had once been way up and was now low enough to put on a high hat and walk under a worm! Then again, I couldn't help feeling partly responsible for the jam Fairfax was in.

WELL, with a federal hoosegow staring him in his shifty eyes, Fairfax pleaded with me to go light on him in my testimony and to try and get Barbara to do the same. I promised to do all I could.

It was no cinch to get Barbara to ease up on him! However, I finally managed to soften her a bit, and then we both had to proposition the district attorney, which was all set to send Fairfax over for a long stretch. Barbara had more luck with the prosecutor than I did—she smiled at him!

The gist of it was that the judge suspended a jail sentence, but slapped a five-thousand-dollar fine on Fairfax. A hasty check-up showed he had about three grand left to his name, or two thousand less than the law demanded of him.

The judge told Fairfax if he didn't pay the fine he'd park him in Atlanta Penitentiary for at least a year, sharply cutting off his panic-stricken plea for mercy. Well, I know I was crazy to do what I done, as the fellow remarked after diving off Pike's Peak, but I figured jail was no way to reform Jack Fairfax. So to the surprise of the court and Barbara Baxter and the speechless astonishment of Fairfax, I stepped up and loaned him the two thousand he needed to make up the fine. That got rid of the last of the five thousand gulden reward paid me by the Stevedores & Scientists' National Bank for capturing the Humpty Dumpty which held it up. Easy come, easy go!

SO FAIRFAX'S troubles was over, but mine had just begun. Barbara wasn't overjoyed at the idea of me operating my own taxi in New York, and she was even less delighted with the way I'd gone through that five thousand dollars. She seemed to think there was no hope for me, and she done most of that thinking aloud! I wanted her to come over to Fairfax Falls after the trial and wait till I fixed up my cab so's I could haul her back to Gotham, but she pleaded a headache, or something, and left Lyons by train. When I tried to make a date with her for later in the week, she says I better wait and phone her when I get back as she might be busy. There was just a trifle Ritz in her manner, but I pretended not to notice it and give her a pleasant good-by. I'm hard to discourage, as the book agent says!

After spending a couple of days getting my sea-going taxi in shape, I made up my mind to take Pansy Pilkington's tip and snatch a job in the movies. I come to that conclusion while overhauling the motor—you can do a lot of heavy thinking while puttering around with wrenches and hammers and grease guns—try it some time. Though, at that, my brain generally does its best gymnastics when I'm eating.

Well, I drove my dilapidated taxi over to the studio on Long Island where Pansy was elevating the noiseless theatricals, incidentally intending to get back from that charming young lady the diamond ring I'd bought for Barbara Baxter.

The stern watchman at the studio gates got his first inkling of me when I shot past him at the maniacal speed of twenty-five miles a hour, the best I could coax from my synthetic motor. I guess after one look at the crazily shimmying back of my burlesque taxi he figured we both belonged in one of the company's custard-pie dramas and let it go at that. I couldn't find Pansy, but I did excavate her director friend, Mr. Puttee. From then on I had lots of luck and all of it bad!

Mr. Puttee gazed at my taxi as if hypnotized, and then he begin to slap his hands together and laugh his head off. He called over his assistant, Joe Closeup, and some more laughter was distributed. The yes-men heard the famous director's guffaws and hastened to perform their duties, rushing up and nodding agreement with everything he said. I think that was the studio where they once shot a guy down in cold blood for saying "No!"

"I can see a thousand feet of legitimate hokum in that grotesque conveyance!" chortles Mr. Puttee to a chorus of yeses. "Boy—come here! How much do I have to put on the line for that mechanical bon mot of yours?"

"It's priceless!" I says. "But *I* ain't! I go with the taxi, and you can have us both for seven-fifty the day and cakes!"

I remembered that was the wages Pansy had mentioned.

"Sold!" hollers Mr. Puttee. "Report to Joe Closeup at eight to-morrow morning, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Thus, gentle reader, I became a full-fledged actor overnight.

Well, to say I was delighted would be dismissing Niagara Falls with the remark that it was plenty water! I was tickled silly with the ease at which I crashed the movies, and, all swelled up like a mump, I rushed to a telephone to let Barbara Baxter know that among her boy friends is a coming film sensation. What got into me then, I don't know. It might of been her lovely, velvety voice which always went to my head and ruined my judgment. It might of been the studio atmosphere, or it might of been and probably was a combination of both! I started to say I'd been hired as a extra, but hesitated at the sudden thought that a extra was nothing to brag about. Then my brains must of left for location, for I found myself saying I'd been engaged as a "stunt man" to do daredevil exploits in Mr. Puttee's latest insult to the intelligence!

Ooo-la-la, how I paid for that!

Of course Barbara was surprised and thrilled. She invited me up for dinner that night to tell her all about it, and I spent most of the day wishing I'd told her the truth! I knew I'd have to supply some details as to what stunts I was going to do for Mr. Puttee, and I also knew that the more I let my imagination loose the worse the showdown would be for me. I cussed myself out for ever going near that studio at all, and that made me think of Pansy Pilkington, which had put the fatal idea into my roomy head. Clunk—and the telephone company is enriched with another nickel!

"Pansy," I says. "Don't scream—I got a job with Mr. Puttee!"

"Four cheers!" says Pansy delightedly. "I have to rush to my hairdresser's so I'll see you on the lot to-morrow. I knew I'd bring you luck!"

"While you're *bringing*, Pansy, bring that ring with you, will you?" I asked her, and hung up to get ready for my dinner date.

WITHIN five minutes after I entered the apartment where Barbara lived with her aunt, I thought she was pretty frigid to a gentleman she'd asked to dine. The line which usually made her laugh flopped dismally *that* night, and my attempts to keep the conversation going was first-class failures. Most of Barbara's comments was yes and no and anything but nourishing. Finally, she says:

"I met a friend of yours downtown this afternoon."

"Well, you look none the worse for the experience," I says. "Who was it?"

"Pansy Pilkington," she answers coldly, with a odd, thin smile.

"Oh—yes!" I says, a bit uneasy at her steady gaze. "Pansy's been in New York for quite a while. She's in the movies too. I meant to tell you—"

"That you'd given Pansy the ring you first gave—er—you told me you'd bought for my birthday?" butts in Barbara coldly. "Well, it's all right—*she* told me *that!*"

"But, listen, Barbara!" I began frantically. "That ring—"

"I saw it on her finger, Bill!" she interrupts. "Pansy also informed me that

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through her—er—influence with the director you were engaged, not to do any spectacular feats, but merely to drive your comedy taxi for a few feet of film in one picture!"

"Well, for crying out loud!" I yelled, jumping up. "What have I done to that girl to make her hate me?"

"On the contrary, Pansy is exceedingly fond of you—I'm positive of that," says Barbara. "She's a very pretty girl. I congratulate you!"

Had Pansy been there at that minute, I'd of—well, I'd sure of gave her a dirty look!

I paced up and down the room with my head in a whirl. In a flash I decided I'd make good my original story. I'd said I was a "stunt man"—well, I'd *be* one!

I didn't even try to explain to Barbara how Pansy come by the ring, because I wouldn't a believed it myself!

What I *did* tell Barbara was that if she'd trip over to the studio the next day I'd show her whether I was a "stunt man" or just a extra. She said she'd come and I win a victory which was to nearly cost me my life!

This Mr. Puttee wasn't a bad guy at all. I introduced Barbara to him the next morning, telling him she was a government detective and just dying to see him direct a picture. He bowed all over the big stage to her—says it looks like she was *made* for pictures. The attention the hard-boiled director was spraying Barbara with caused quite a little buzz of comment amongst the actors waiting to perform at his pleasure and had Pansy Pilkington manicuring her nails with her teeth! Mr. Puttee didn't make *me* jealous—not only did I *know* Barbara Baxter, but I was big enough to knock him over if needs must by flicking a muscle at him. Besides, I was too busy racking my brain for a answer to *this* burning question—just *what* was I going to do to prove to Barbara that I was really a daredevil stunt man and not no lowly seven-fifty-a-day extra?

WELL, after shooting a few scenes in the studio, we all dashed down to one of the score of sleepy little villages which dots the shore of Long Island Sound. Mr. Puttee's assistant, Joe Closeup, had pasted a funny mustache on me and made me up to look as tough as a life sentence. I felt like a real trouper which had been in the movies for years, but I'd of felt even better if Mr. Puttee hadn't insisted that Barbara ride in *his* car going to the town we was to work at. Pansy's feelings was split between anger at Mr. Puttee watching Barbara like a hawk and enjoyment at me watching *him* the same way!

The scene we was to take was to be shot on the end of a dock and went like thus:

Launcelot Fishbaum, the leading man, has hired my comical taxi to catch a boat. We're late, and when we reach the pier, I run the taxi right through the gates, scattering extras right and left. Then my motor is supposed to stop dead, and I can't get it going again. Launcelot Fishbaum jumps out of the cab in a rage, and without paying me rushes to the end of the dock and hires a motor boat to catch the liner he's missed. I get my engine going again and run the cab right to the water's edge on the wharf and stand there hollering for my fare and shaking my fist after him till I'm told to stop. The carpenters had put up a wooden safety barrier, so's I wouldn't go off into the water when I run my cab to the edge.

Well, we rehearsed that a half dozen times, and I done fine, according to all accounts. Mr. Puttee had fixed a seat for Barbara near the cameras and away from the yokels, which had turned out en masse to see a movie being made before their eyes. The director promptly photographed 'em as a background without 'em knowing it, which enabled him to send half the extras home and save a pretty penny.

Then Mr. Puttee gets us all set and hollers: "Allay up—cameras—action!"

I give him service!

With Launcelot Fishbaum inside, I run my taxi right through the closed gates of the wharf, missing the extras by dumb luck. As instructed, I pretended the motor went dead on me and Launcelot got out and run to get his boat. Immediately I hop back to the wheel of my cab and start after him. I done better than that: I caught up with him! Launcelot cursed and run wildly, and I drove the same way. Mr. Puttee howled madly through his megaphone for me to slow up, and there was some female shrieks when I bumped Launcelot with the front of my cab. The handsome milk-fed leading man leaped nimbly and terrifiedly out of my way, forgetting all about what he was supposed to do, but distinctly remembering to save his life. "Now," I says to myself grimly, "I'll show Barbara Baxter whether I'm a high-class stunt man or not!"

WITH the safety barrier looming up over my mudguards I stepped on the gas, crashed through it and buried myself and my cab to the hilt in Long Island Sound! The last thing I heard was Mr. Puttee's delighted voice scream to the camera men to keep on cranking. If you've saw that picture, gentle reader, you know *now* it wasn't faked.

I came back to life in a hospital, as weak as a drunkard's alibi, and the first mortal I see is Mr. Puttee bending over me.

"How's my taxi?" I whispered faintly, always thinking of others first.

"I'm sorry to say it's dead, my boy!" he says, patting my dizzy head. "The unfortunate equipage is lying in fifteen feet of very wet water, and it's useless to grapple for the body. However, I'll see to it that the company rewards you handsomely for the loss of that juggernaut and for giving me five hundred feet of comedy that will knock 'em off their seats! What was wrong—did you lose control of the cab?"

"No," I says, with a feeble grin. "I lost control of myself!"

He was still staring at me and muttering something about me being double cuckoo, when Barbara and Pansy elbowed him away from my bedside. Pansy tearfully give me back my ring, explaining to Barbara just how she come to get it in the first place. Barbara's smile showed me that helped quite a lot. Then Pansy done a fade-out with Mr. Puttee, who was waiting for her.

"Bill," says Barbara softly, as she sits down beside my bed, "why did you risk your life like that?"

"I told you I was hired to do stunts," I says, feeling like the Patsy I was, "and I didn't want you to think I was a four-flusher. If you don't take this ring now, I'm going back there and commence diving for my cab!"

She hesitated, but finally slipped the diamond on her finger, but she tried to avoid making it mean anything by remarking nervously that she'd keep it so I wouldn't lose it or try it on any more girls' fingers, like I done with Pansy.

The medico comes along then, and I find I'm only suffering from a wrenched shoulder and being the next thing to drowned, so I ought to be able to leave this trap the next day.

"What will you do then?" Barbara asked me, when he passed on.

"I'm going to hunt up Jack Fairfax and get back the two grand I loaned him," I says. "He's probably been staked by his father by now, and with two thousand dollars I can quit this clowning and make a fresh start!"

"Bill," says Barbara, "don't bank too heavily on Fairfax. You should have let him go to jail, as I wanted you to do! My superiors have informed me that Fairfax has gone to them with a tale that both you and myself were involved in the bootlegging ring at Fairfax Falls. He declares we simply made him the goat and that was why we both asked clemency for him, and you paid his fine!"

Just a nice boy, that Fairfax, what?

*Another Witwer story of Bill Grimm's progress with Barbara Baxter will appear in an early issue.*

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Harvey RACINE

# White Fire

***Continued from page 22***

chuckled. "One of dear Aunt Agatha's nights?"

"The poor old thing's lonesome," June protested with a demure face. "I hadn't the heart to refuse to have dinner with her."

"Well, but— Bundle up well—it's bitter cold—and do be careful. What will you tell the servants in case Aunt Aggie should take it into her head to ring you up?"

"I'm spending the evening with you and Tod, of course."

"That will be all right. We won't be where the telephone can reach us till some time to-morrow morning, I expect. But what if somebody should see you?"

"Nobody will see me," June insisted.

"I hope so, I'm sure."

With that cry of devout solicitude, June was left to perfect her arrangements, which she went about forthwith and in the febrile haste of a woman preyed upon by impatience insatiable. It was something to do, a grateful respite from the irk of endless thinking. But the outcome was not altogether happy, since she was ready long before it was dark enough, and was obliged to and losing the best of a bright if winfind pretexts for stopping on indoors try afternoon, when she was dressed to "go for a walk"—had, after all, upward of an hour to put in turning over in her mind the advices May had brought.

IT WAS almost as bad a time as that which she had worn through waiting for Lance to call up.

And again the telephone stubbornly was voiceless.

It resulted of this that she told herself May was right: no matter what, she would have to find some means to secure her freedom without more delay. Unfair though it might be to the still too possibly existing husband—such action as she might feel herself constrained to take—she could no longer let scruples postpone her marrying Lance. Much more of this strain would drive her mad. . . .

When at length it was time to go, she hardly knew the bitterness which May had alleged of the temperature, but felt it rather as something soothing to cheeks that burned with more than normal heat. The brisk pace she struck for the heart of town, the early nightfall, and its shadows that she hugged wherever street lights would let her find them, failed to give any sense of security from staring eyes—eyes that stared in envy, in resentment, in brute hunger, which her beauty bred that dared thus show itself alone and with every enhancement of elegance. Religious to see nobody, she was none the less aware of being by everybody seen, and cringed miserably within the armor of her unawareness. The women who envied she could understand and make allowances for, the mean creatures she could afford to forget who hated her for the sunnier ways that she enjoyed; but the men—the men, she felt, knew what her errand was. . . .

Wanamaker's was not yet closed. She passed through the building without pause, and on the far side hailed a taxicab—carefully avoiding the services of the carriage porter. The worst was over, then. She had only the knowing air of the garage attendant to ignore when he took his tip for showing her to the car which he had ready to be driven out—"Mr. Craddock" having telephoned. She had been gone from the old house on the square less than twenty minutes when she was deftly jockeying an inconspicuous coupé through traffic tangles and heading out of town by way of Broad Street and the Old York Road.

The cleaner airs admitted by the barely open windshield were sweet and curiously heady; she breathed deeply, feeling the ferment of nerves subside as if to the action of a mild hypnotic. The dreads passed that had all day haunted her in such various and questionable shapes, even the fear inspired by the ambiguous promises of the detective and fostered by her talk with May. Whatever was to happen, she now knew, she would never go back to Tabor. The life she had lived with him was so utterly unrelated to the life with which to-day was rich that she looked back on it as on some dream.

No: May was right, she must at any cost be free . . . if she were not already. . . .

The old malice was no more that had festered when Tabor was a living obstacle to realization of her visions: June wished him no harm; she even hoped, in that moment, that he was alive and well and in a way to find happiness such as might compensate for the pain she must cause him. For she was determined, now; scruples had too long victimized her; she would make definite plans to-night, with Lance's abettance, to win her independence. Better far to treat one badly than refuse to stir an idle hand toward salvaging the happiness of three. To-morrow she would take the first step.

On this decision she rested, immeasurably more content.

USE had accustomed her to the folk who ran the little inn that was tucked away so remotely in the pleated hills. They were civil, mannerly, and discreet. She didn't much doubt but that they understood; was no longer self-conscious with them. Here, too, instructions by telephone had made every preparation; their rooms were pleasant with log fires and further brightened by sprays of holly mixed with the last of the autumn leaves. June had no more than time enough to lay off her furs and smooth down her hair before a mirror—which at the same time advised that her complexion needed no repairing—when her heart bounded to the call of a motor horn beneath the windows.

Miraculous that she should be able to discriminate the tone of that one horn from those of its countless kin!

The waiter who was putting the finishing touches to the table laid for dinner thoughtfully made off. The door he closed behind him immediately reopened. She went with a hushed cry to Lance's arms. All else in life was lost in the consciousness of their embrace—and his lips and the provocative contrast of cheeks chilled by his long drive in the frosty air. . . .

"Oh, my dear!" she heard herself murmuring after a time measureless—"my dear, you mustn't, you mustn't—"

"Here!" Lance laughed, gently putting her from him—"give a chap a chance to get his overcoat off, can't you? This room's an oven to come into from a night like this. . . . I mustn't what?"

"Stay away from me so long again. It's dangerous, Lance dear; it truly is. You give me too much time to think."

"Do I, though?" He confidently smiled. "Perhaps you're right at that. Lovers should never be thinkers; ordinarily the combination is fatal."

"Did you have to stop over in New York so long? When did you get in to-day? I thought, of course, you'd be back first thing this morning; and when the hours wore on and still you didn't call up, I couldn't understand. But there!" June cried with a rueful countenance—"I'm talking just like a wife, aren't I?"

"According to trustworthy reports, you are. Come here." Lance made himself comfortable before the fire, and drew her down to the arm of his chair. "Yes: I had to spend more time in New York than I'd hoped to: Les affaires. . . . This thing of learning how to be a business man and earn enough to live up to you, dear, is cramping my style no end. I meant to come down by the midnight train, but got in with a gang that was going to the Follies, so stopped over till morning; at which time," the young man shamelessly grinned, "one wasn't feeling any too ambitious about early trains. Is one to flatter oneself that one was missed?"

"So much it hurt, dear." June cuddled her cheek to the side of his head. "Really, I mean it. Leaving a woman in love alone so long ought to be reported to the S. P. C. A."

"What about me?"

"But you were having a good time—you and your 'business' and your gang and your Follies!"

"Not so much that I didn't miss you like fun."

"Did you, darling?" June cried, and ruled an interlude, after which she had to get up and fix her hair. "And what else did you do, aside from playing around and pretending to transact business? Whatever that word may mean in your vocabulary. . . . Did you see—anybody? or hear anything—?"

"Not a glimpse," Lance declared, "not a word." Nothing more came immediately from the woman posed before a wall mirror, and he shot a speculative glance at her back. "Why do you ask? Anything new this end?"

"Nothing definite. The Remington people said to-day that they might have something to tell me by night, but they wouldn't commit themselves."

"The devil they did!" Lance almost scorched his fingers with the match he was holding to an unlighted cigarette. "Funny thing for them to call up to say—"

"I called them—I felt so jumpy this afternoon, I had to know if there was anything to know. Lance—" June returned to stand with hands lightly resting on one of his shoulders. "It doesn't matter what they will have to tell me—though I only found that out after I'd talked with them—I've made up my mind not to wait any longer."

The man lighted his cigarette with an expenditure of more time and pains than that act so habitual really demanded. "What are you going to do, then?"

"Go some place where they let one do such things quickly—Reno, I suppose—and get a divorce."

The dead match missed the fireplace, and Lance absently bent over to pick it up. While in that position, "Isn't this a bit sudden?" he commented.

"Is it?" June soberly speculated. "To me it seems more like getting to some place I've been journeying a long time to find, but without quite appreciating where I was going. But now I'm there, Lance. . . . I know."

The man, sitting back again, fumbled for one of her hands, carried it to his cheek, and mused on the chuckling fire. "I wonder if you're wise. . . ."

"What else is there to do?" June demanded with a trace of impatience. "We can't go on this way forever; we both know that."

"But if I have failed to make you happy—"

"YOU wouldn't love me, really, if I were the sort of woman who could be completely happy with a few stolen hours of you now and then, and long days between with nothing to do but think and think and realize that the future seen with you in dreams may turn out in the end to be nothing but mirage."

"You mean," Lance construed in an injured voice, "you haven't ever believed in me!"

"If I hadn't, I wouldn't be here—I'd never have been here, Lance. But how could I have honestly believed our dreams would come true when I wasn't free to help you make them come true—and anything might happen, any day? But now I see so clearly what I've got to do: nothing can stand between us much longer, dear."

"But am I worth it?"

June took her hand away and moved to the fireplace. Standing there, with her back to the blaze, she could read her lover's face. "What do you mean?"

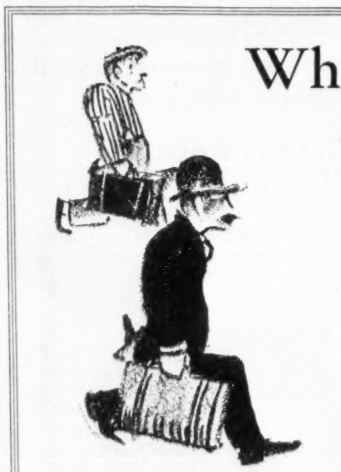
"The sacrifice—what I meant when I wondered whether you were doing the wise thing—in your own interest, of course." Lance's eyes held a look persuasively naïve. "I don't know much about legal matters, but as I understand it, if you wait till Tabor's legally a dead man, whatever may have become of him, you will inherit the bulk, at least, of his estate—you'll be made a rich woman. But if you divorce him now to marry me, chances are you'll get nothing of what he leaves—you will have given up a fortune to marry a man who hasn't amounted to much thus far and may turn out a total loss in the long run."

"But if I am willing," the woman answered, smiling, "to take such a desperate gamble?"

"Question is"—Lance left his chair as if sensitive of being at some disadvantage as long as he remained in it, with June standing over him—"ought I to let you? Would a man truly in love with you let you chuck a fortune to the dogs simply to marry him—especially if he realized he wasn't of much account and stood a slim chance of ever being able to make it up to you—"

"Except," June gently interrupted, "by loving me truly all my life long."

"Except," he agreed, if with deprecation in tone and gesture, "by loving you truly all your life long, dear. That wouldn't be a hard promise for any man to keep. But I'm wondering if love is enough."



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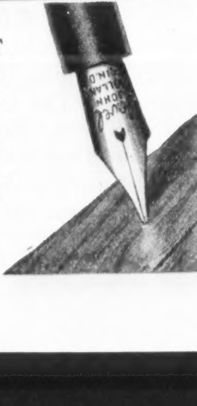


His arms went out to take her again, but a hand that lightly fell upon his bosom held him off. "Who is to be the best judge of that? You, Lance, or the woman who loves you—the woman to whom your love is everything?"

"But is love ever enough? I mean love alone," he doggedly argued, as she sat down again. "The way I see it, a fellow's got to be able to give his wife a life worth living as well as his love, if their marriage is to be anything like a fair bargain."

"Really, Lance!"—the laugh had a conscious ring—"why are you letting me find out so late you're such a philosopher?"

A graphic hand dealt in haste with that quibble. "Until I've proved my ability to give you the sort of a life you've got to have to be happy, what right have I to let you—"

"None." The answer fell with dashing firmness. "You've got no rights with me, Lance, but those I give—not even the right to refuse, if you really love me, what I choose to give you."

"If I truly love you," he echoed in confusion. "Why do you keep harping on that string?"

"Don't you know it's because you're puzzling me a little, dear? When I tell you I've made up my mind to do away with the only obstacle to our marriage, you raise every objection you can think of—and none that ought to matter in the least with two people in love. What do you want me to think, if not that you're not so keen about marrying as you were a while ago?"

"I'm only trying to think of you before myself."

"No"—the arm grew stiff to hold him off, but June's smile was vague with sadness—"this isn't the time for that, Lance. I can't think straight with you kissing me. And I've got to think things out now, dear, and you've got to help me—I've got to know just what you are thinking."

"That's easy," he sulkily protested: "merely that you oughtn't to do anything serious in such haste."

"You begin to make me think you may be right."

"June!" he remonstrated.

But she shook her head. "The only excuse for our madness, Lance, was that it was madness. I suppose that's why it's been so sweet. . . . But if we are going to start now being sensible—"

If not for want of a fair retort or else to save a guilty face, there seemed little excuse for the show of exasperation with which Fairless flung away. "That damned waiter!" he growled over the table—"I told him to serve the cocktails right away."

June offered no sympathy, indeed had hardly heard; and the wretched silence that constraint began then to spin between them was severed with violence by a cackle of the telephone.

"What's that?" Fairless cried with a jump that faced him about, to scowl at the source of that impertinence. "Can't be for us. . . ."

"I expect it's for me," June said; and without other explanation went to answer the call.

ASTONISHED and distrustful, the man kept glowering watch on her. "Yes," he heard her say, "please. . . . Yes, Mr. Remington, it is I." Nothing to be gathered from her expression; the countenance she wore for the telephone was one that might have been put on for a casual acquaintance, as quietly innocent of clues to June's heart and mind. "Thank you," she said presently. "Yes, very much. . . . Oh, quite. . . . I will let you know when I have read your letter to-morrow and consulted my advisers. Till then, please do nothing. Thank you again, Mr. Remington. Good night."

When she replaced the receiver on its hook, she stood over the instrument so long in thought that Lance's patience ran out. "Well?" he demanded.

It was another June who turned to him, a woman alarmed and wistful. "They've found him," she faltered, "at last. He's living in, I think they said, Forty-fifth Street, with a woman, an actress named Challis—or something that sounded like that."

"You weren't interested enough in that little detail to make sure!"

"What difference does her name make? If it's true. . . . I was too stunned to think it mattered. It didn't seem possible . . . Tabor! . . . I can't help thinking there must be some mistake."

"You sound," Lance sneered, "as if you hoped there was."

June gave a slight yet a decided nod. "I do, almost. I didn't love him ever, but I did like him until I met you, dear; and even after that, even when I came to hate him for standing between us, I still had to respect him."

"Touching! Tabor ought to know about it."

"Don't be cheap, Lance. There aren't many decent men in the world—at least, not in ours."

"Are you still talking about the man who left you to take up with a trollop?"

"That's just it. I can't believe he really did. I can't understand his doing anything like that, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"I'm afraid," June groped in deepening dismay, "if it's true, it means—he knew."

"Knew?"

"About us—"

"Don't be silly. How could he?"

"I don't know. But I can't forget he disappeared that very day—the first time, Lance."

SHE went to him, like a frightened child, forgetting all else in the feeling that he was all she had to hold to.

"There!" Fairless soothed her—"nothing to carry on about if Tabor does know. It only goes to show you were wrong about him; he was common clay after all."

"No," the woman muttered.

"What! You called me 'cheap' a minute ago." And that had stung and rankled. "But what price your dear respectable helpmate now? He didn't waste much time, did he—assuming you're right, he did find out somehow—stepping out to get a bit of his own back?"

"I can't believe it," June drearily insisted. "Even if all the rest is true, even if Tabor is living with some woman, it's for another reason."

"Kindness of heart, d'you mean?" Fairless could hardly have suspected how he was betraying himself. "Making it easy for you to get your decree on statutory grounds?"

"Making it impossible, you mean."

"How?"

"Don't you see, whether he did it on purpose or not, he's made it impossible for me to sue on the only grounds I can honestly allege?"

Even more blankly, Fairless asked "How d'you mean?"

"How can you be so stupid?" June stirred as if impatient to be released, but his arms were obstinate. "To win on such grounds, I'd have to go before the court with clean hands—Tabor, if he knows anything, knows that. If he really has done this thing they say, it's because he's determined not to let a divorce happen in the history of his family. It's that he's thinking of, the honor of the Wynnes. It means more to him than anything; and he'd sacrifice anything rather than let me drag his name through the dirt of divorce proceedings. He knows I won't risk his entering a counter-suit and naming you as corespondent. He knows you can't afford it; that there isn't anything you wouldn't do to prevent me from exposing you to the danger of that."

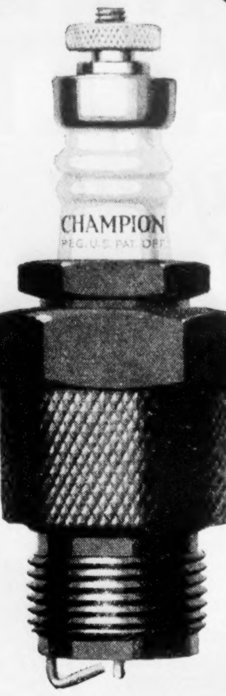
"Then you've changed your mind already, I take it," Fairless said in what seemed an effort to be lightly cynical and hide his wounds—"you've given up all thought of divorcing Tabor to marry me, because you're afraid of a counter-suit!"

The door behind them creaked, and he humored June's small jump aside. "What the devil d'you mean?" Fairless snapped, turning gladly to vent his temper on the waiter—"coming in without knocking!"

Then his jaw dropped, his eyes started, and he answered June's hushed cry with an oath of consternation.

It was not the waiter, but Tabor who, with a dimly apologetic air, was shutting the door and turning the key in its lock.

(*To be continued next week*)



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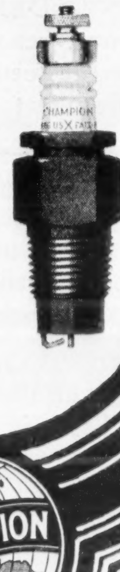

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# Tinsel

*Continued from page 7*

night drew to its close a muffled cough outside the trellised balcony in front of her window startled her. Sender El Afir was at her balcony. She opened the window and came out to him.

"So thou hast come," he whispered.

Sahande bowed her head and seized his offered hand. The throb and the warmth of it sent a shiver coursing through her body. Suddenly she covered his hands with kisses and tears.

"Though I am the wife of another man, Sender, I love thee. I have always loved thee!"

"I shall return again this time next spring, Sahande. I know thou wilt be waiting for me. I shall come to take thee with me."

He disappeared a moment later. Sahande felt he had taken from her something she never knew she possessed, something which was hers, yet belonged to him. She returned to her room and closed the window. The sound of the hoof beats was no longer to be distinguished from the other noises in and about the city of Damas.

"Who suffers from even just punishment is nearer to Allah than he who enjoys the fruit of his honest labor and sings praises to the eternal."

Mustapha's Koran wisdom raised him above the common herd, making treasures appear worthless before him. Her love for Sender El Afir did as much for her. Love was as much as wisdom—even the wisdom of the Koran!

"He refuses to open the chest," was all she said to the women who came to inquire about her success with Mustapha.

THAT very day, the usurer Yashid came to see the Hagii. "I know thou art a holy man, Mustapha," he began his conversation. "In company with other men, thou hast unearthed a heavy iron chest containing treasures. Yet thou refusest to turn the key in the lock of the lid because the Koran ordains it so. Speak, is that true?"

"Someone has broken his promise," Mustapha replied angrily. "Yet what *thou* sayest is true."

"That is what I wanted to know," Yashid answered. "If thou desirest some precious stones, jewels, silks, brocades and satins for thy woman, thou canst have all that brought to thy door. I shall wait for payment thereof until—"

Mustapha interrupted him. "I desire none of these things." Then he led Yashid to the door.

That day the other three men left for town with their wives. Toward sundown they returned from Damas, the carts piled high with merchandise. While the people assembled in front of Mustapha's hut for the evening prayer the three women adorned themselves in their newly bought satins and brocades. The jewelry clanked and dangled. The long golden earrings, the precious necklaces hanging loosely over their bosoms, the silver bracelets dangling from their wrists and ankles, made them walk awkwardly with the stilted gait of chain slaves.

After the evening prayers Mustapha said to his wife: "Yashid, the usurer, came to see me to-day. I know whence comes all the gold that adorns the women. Yashid has lent them money on their part of the treasure in the closed chest. The men have broken their promise to me."

"They have," Sahande replied.

Having drawn a few puffs from the nargile, she pretended she was very tired and desired sleep.

She lay awake and thought. Were those women loved more by their husbands than Mustapha loved her? She too could, if she so desired, go and see Yashid. What prevented her from going to Damas all by herself and getting what she wanted on the same basis the other women had obtained their silks and brocades and jewels? She too could wear precious things and make herself beautiful with them. She was younger than they were. She was beautiful. She looked at her bare ankles. How much more graceful they could be made with white gold circlets about their slimness!

She had no desire for these things now. Sender El Afir had seen her without jewels and he loved her. For years she had desired gold rings with topaz stones for her toes. How lovely the broad gold necklace Fatna wore would look on her own smooth white skin! But there was nobody for whom she wanted to adorn herself; there was no one near her for whom she wanted to appear more beautiful than she was.

AFTER harvest time Mustapha bethought himself and took the road to Damas one morning. Toward evening he returned heavily laden and laid down a heavy bag before Sahande. She unwrapped piece after piece of silk, touched and handled the rich materials, not like a young woman, like an old widow. Her eyes were distant with memories and dreams. It grieved him she did not wear the earrings he had brought for her. He reminded her about them.

"I shall put them on presently," she answered in a colorless voice.

"A man knows woman carmines her finger nails and paints her lips and blackens her eyelashes and her eyebrows. But to tell a wife that she carmine her nails and redden her lips and blacken her eyelashes and eyebrows is foolish."

Sahande did not argue with him. "As thy will is, my husband."

There were many festivals and dances in the homes of the other three men who had found the treasure chest. In the harems of their wives half the womanhood of the neighborhood was always to be found. Sahande returned from there with the words, "They amuse me not, my husband."

The rainy season came. The roads leading to and from the desert became pools of mud. Sahande could no longer hear hoof beats and the crunching and screeching of dry axles from her balcony at night. She could hear a passing horseman only by the splashes in the mud or by the neigh of his horse.

The nights seemed longer than ever. The kinder Mustapha showed himself to her, the more tender and the more anxious to please her, the more she thought of the other man. Her mind and heart were far away.

Mustapha prayed fervently that Allah be good and allow his wife to live until the chest be opened, for he was convinced her indifference to its contents was only sham; that she was impatient for the riches of the treasure.

Slowly the rainy season passed. The mud of the roads dried. As the weather became warmer, Mustapha noticed a change in his wife. She took more interest in what was going on about her. One day he surprised her fashioning into garments some of the silks he had brought her the previous fall.

"It is eleven months now since we found the chest," he said to her one morning, and his face was radiant. "One more month, Sahande, and the fourth part of the treasure is thine, altogether thine!"

"One more month and he will be with me!" Sahande repeated in ecstasy, when Mustapha had returned to the field to continue his day's labor.

The other men and their wives now haunted daily the house of Mustapha. A dozen times a day they would come into the house to have a look at the chest. Other people of the neighborhood came to do likewise. It was no longer a secret, the news having traveled from coffeehouse to coffeehouse, from caravan to caravan, from village to village, through the desert into Arabia and Syria and Egypt.

"A few more weeks and we open the chest!" Mustapha said to Sahande one morning as he put his arm around her waist.

"Two more weeks," she repeated to herself. "Two more weeks and he will be here."

Flushes of red came and went from her cheeks, and the luster in her eyes came and went as it comes and goes to those in the throes of fever.

"That Allah allow her to live until then!" groaned Mustapha, seeing her so pale.

Damas filled up with men from all over the desert who came to watch the opening of the treasure chest. Bedouins camped with their tents at Mustapha's gate. Camels crowded the road. Venders of dates spread their wares on the ground. Half-naked gypsies squatted everywhere, working at the anvils, while the children grazed the donkeys on the grass growing between the cobblestone sidewalk. It was a bazaar.

The other men with Mustapha kept watch nightly over the chest. Sahande would remain sitting whole nights on her balcony. The slightest noise would alarm her. The men who watched with Mustapha now spoke words of praise for Sahande. She, the youngest, had withstood temptation, the offers of Yashid, and even the presents their wives had offered until the treasure chest should be opened.

"Mustapha," they said, "she is as wise as thou art. The glitter of gold holds no great attraction for her."

AND lo, the great day arrived! Not only was Mustapha's house too small to contain all the people who thronged into it, but the roads about were so crowded travelers could not make their way through. More people had come on camels and on mules and swift horses from all ends of the desert; from Eli Sapha on the Dead Sea; and Bara El Akir at the other end of the Syrian Desert.

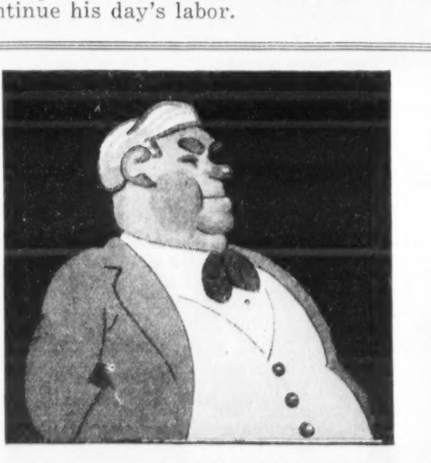
The chest was pulled into the middle of the room. The three men with Mustapha grouped themselves around it while their friends kept the crowds back. At sundown the key was handed to Mustapha, who turned it in the lock. The eyes of everyone were now upon the iron chest. Mustapha uttered a short prayer before throwing open the lid.

"Great is Allah and Mohammed is his Prophet. His wonders are many. When He wills He changeth precious jewels into cobblestones and cobblestones into gold."

Yashid, the usurer, fainted upon hearing these words.

Mustapha threw the lid back.

Mustapha's eyes were blinded by the glitter of things inside. In his best dreams he had not imagined such beauty, such profusion of jewels and gold that lay piled there before him. A loud cry spread rapidly to the people outside on the seven roads. People fought to get nearer Mustapha's door. Having allowed them to feast their



DON MARQUIS

*every week*

The famous humorist who created "The Old Soak" is going to write for us regularly. You'll find some of his fun and sense in the next issue—and every week thereafter

eyes on the contents of the chest, Mustapha, without asking for the consent of his partners, threw the lid back and turned the key in the lock.

Only the three partners and their wives were allowed to remain in the room with Mustapha and Sahande. The women hugged and embraced one another.

Mustapha watched Sahande closely. She showed no pleasure in all the wealth about her. Suddenly she raised her head. As though frightened, she rushed to the balcony and looked down into the road. A desert rider was making his way through the crowd on the road. Sahande lifted her hands over her head and waved them, calling him to her. Before he had time to say a word of greeting she grasped his hand and dragged him into the room where the men sat around the treasure chest. Then she turned to Mustapha and said, "Open the chest."

Mustapha threw back the lid.

The eyes of the man from Baalbek were blinded by the dazzle of the jewels. Oblivious to the people around her, Sahande plunged her hand deep into the chest, raised it high, and let fall from between her fingers a cascade of rubies, sapphires, and topazes.

"See these. One fourth of this chest belongs to me. But they are nothing but tinsel without you."

Then, speaking to Mustapha, she said: "It is not for the opening of the treasure chest I have waited this long year, O wise man. He is the man I would have married had my father not interfered between us. Thou hast riches now to buy thee another woman; one to whom all these jewels would mean something!"

Mustapha looked searchingly into the eyes of the young traveler:

"My part of this treasure is yours if you leave her to me, stranger. She is more to me than all the priceless jewels. Speak! Speak!"

Sahande, her body bent forward, watched Sender El Afir's face. What would he say? He looked at Sahande first, then turned his eyes toward the treasure chest and hesitated a moment before he answered, refusing.

But that fraction of a second was like the point of a sharp blade piercing through her. It seemed ages before he answered, "She is worth more to me than that."

Then she fell backward. Mustapha, who seemed to have suddenly grown older, spoke to her:

"Rejoice, Sahande. He has refused. Thou art free to go with him. I shall divorce thee and set thee free . . . that thou be happy, Sahande."

WHEN she opened her eyes again she seized Mustapha's hand, drew his head to her bosom, and called loudly:

"Give it all to him that he leave me with you. That he return quickly whence he came. That I shall never see him again. I thought he was gold, but he is tinsel. He has killed all the love in me for him. What I have is thine, wholly thine, Mustapha."

Sender El Afir left the room with bowed head and disappeared in the desert beyond the road to Baalbek.

To this day the people at the gates of Damas tell the story to travelers: how Mustapha and Sahande, after distributing their share of the treasure among the poor, still remained richer than the richest of Damas.

# The Ill Wind

*Continued from page 19*

open daylight. You see, the sun was hid behind dust clouds and the windows didn't let in much light, they were so dirty. The sand was a drizzling down from the ceiling and a-coming in through the cracks around the windows and doors; the wind was howling about the roof of the house; and there she set and just rocked and rocked, and every now and then she'd say:

"The Lord's judgment has fell upon us."

I tried to get her to go to bed, but she wouldn't make a move; I got up and traipsed around trying to stir up some noise so's I could drive away that creepy feeling that she gave me with her rocking and saying in such a awful voice that the Lord's judgment was upon us. But somehow it didn't do no good. I began to be afraid that she was going crazy, and the more I watched her the more I believed it. I had often thought that she'd do it some time when she'd get on one of her tears.

Every now and then she'd raise her hands up toward the ceiling and make the craziest motions and mutter something under her breath. And all the time she just kept a-rocking and a-rocking.

I TRIED several things to arouse her. The kids were beginning to notice it and to get scared and to cry. Leastwise, the youngest ones was. Finally I happened to think of a bright idea. If I'd pretend I'd suddenly got religion, thinks I to myself, maybe she'd get cheered up and get over her spell. I kinda hated to do it because I hated to be a hypocrite, but, thinks I, circumstances alter cases, so I decided to take a shot.

I went around where she could see me and got down on my knees and begin to pray. I asked her to help me; said I felt the spirit of the Lord descending upon me. Then I knew at once that I'd hit the nail right on the head. She let out a shout and fell on her knees by my side, and such praying I never heard before. It actually skeered me, she was so wild about it. She'd throw up her arms and cry out at the top of her voice for the Lord to send down His blessed healing power and wipe out all my sins. The little kids, they got skeered and begin to squall with all their might, and Johnnie, Minnie and Molly were struck dumb at first; then they fell on their knees and begin to pray. That only added fuel to Martha's praying.

"Lord," she screamed above the roar of the storm, "Thou seest this man's children on their knees to You pleading that You wash away their papa's sins; You see his wife that has lived with him in all his wickedness all these years, kneeling and asking You to send Your healing grace."

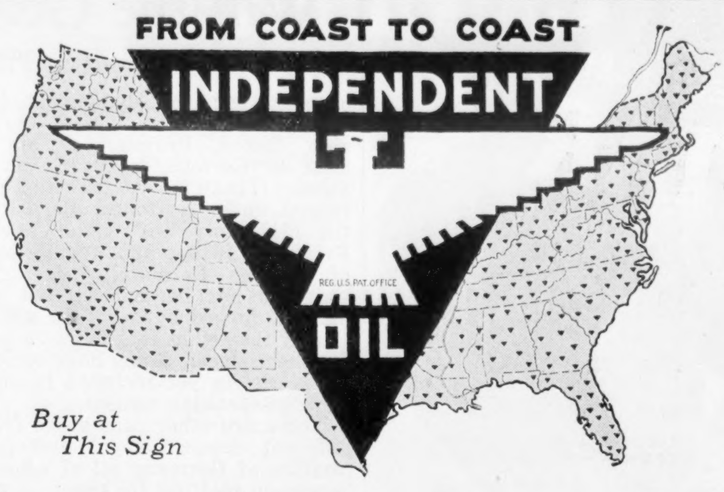
About that time she got all choked up, and I decided it was time for me to give up, so I suddenly got up and told her that I saw the light; that I was saved.

Well, I've seen some wild ones in my time, but never one as crazy as she was for the next ten minutes or so. She begin to shout and jump around; then she threw her arms around my neck and praised the Lord so loud in my ear she nearly busted my eardrum; she sang and she shouted hurrah, hosannah, bless His precious name, and other such things, until the house fairly rung with her voice above the shriek of the storm. And Minnie, who is kinda like her ma in being religious and excitable like, begin to shout and sing too. Maybe you think that between them and the storm and the kids a-squalling there weren't some racket being made. I felt kinda foolish.

The rest of the day Martha was so cheerful it made me ashamed of myself.

Thinks I: why, if I'd 'a' known that it'd make so much difference to her I'd 'a' confessed a long time ago. I'd 'a' been a hypocrite to give Martha that much pleasure because she ain't had any too much joy in this life, anyway.

Well, I joined the church, and I ain't never had the nerve to tell Martha what a hypocrite I've been. She's been much happier. Of course she gets on a spell now and then, but not near as often as she used to. She's feeling much better too. I guess, all and all, it's a good thing, a mighty good thing. Anyway, that's how I come to be such a churchgoer. They elected me deacon not long ago, said I was the regularest attending member they had. I don't feel near so bad about being a hypocrite, any more. The fact is, I don't know for sure that I am one.



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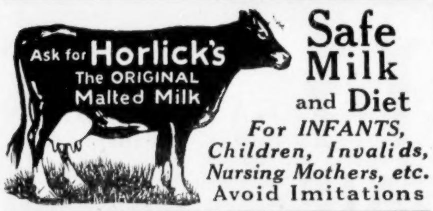

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# Will the German Republic Last?

*Continued from page 13*

chooses, but the danger is that it would disrupt the Reich. No Bavarian, Saxon, Prussian or any other kind of German wants Germany divided. That unity, which Bismarck forged under a Hohenzollern king on the high wave of victory over the French in 1870, was a coming together of all the German princes. To-day unity is not in princes, but of the masses, forged by a defeat which has taught them that they have to look out for themselves. Many hope to see German Austria yet included in one vast German-speaking nation.

There are other candidates from the different deposed royal and princely families of Germany all of whom have henchmen plotting for them.

The Prussians would have no one but a Prussian, and the Prussians have only the losing Hohenzollerns.

And how few open monarchists there are! See them occupying only a sliver of the seats of Germany's elected representatives in the Reichstag! Consider their leaders!

There is fire-eating old Admiral von Tirpitz, with his Neptune beard and his upstanding hairs, defying the heavens. His platform for German reconstruction is that if he had had his way about submarines the war would have been won.

There is Field Marshal Ludendorff, looking corpulent and bumptious. He has become the gloomy joke of present-day Germany.

These two disagree with each other in everything except that they are monarchists.

In common with all monarchists, they took the election of Hindenburg to the presidency of the republic as a sign of the return of the people to the traditions of their forefathers, who considered royalty as born to rule them. Are they right? Will Hindenburg serve their ends?

While France has reinstated Caillaux, once proscribed for treason, in favor, the only war hero who has a high place in any country is in defeated Germany. The outside world has seen Hindenburg as the Kaiser's man. How does Germany see him? Did it call the old veteran of seventy-seven from retirement because he is a monarchist?

His ancestors were simple Prussian soldiers, and their commanders were the kings of Prussia. That was the all of their rigorous, narrow, hard-headed Prussian philosophy.

Hindenburg lost favor and was retired before the war because he frankly told the Kaiser his mistakes at army maneuvers. The soldier took his medicine without complaint. He had done his duty as he saw it.

After the war Hindenburg never dodged responsibility. He took blame on his shoulders which was the Kaiser's, for the Kaiser had been his king and commander in the war. The people admired him the more for this and despised the Kaiser the more. They gave him a little house in Hanover when they heard of his poverty, which was so extreme that he had to live in the barest frugality.

When he was talked of for President, Ludendorff, who had been angry with him at the end of the war, went to see him. Ludendorff had always insisted that he had built up Hindenburg as a great figure while he himself did the brain work of the campaigns. Hindenburg received him as if there had been no quarrel at all. He begged Hindenburg not to run and be sacrificed as he himself had been in his own humiliating failure as a candidate. The time was not yet ripe for a monarchist candidacy, said Ludendorff.

Hindenburg is described as having listened stolidly as he sipped his beer and smoked. He had no desire to be a candidate, and the fact that he did not want to be was one influence in making the people want him to be. If they came after him, as a retired field marshal, for this new task as they had come after him as a retired general to deliver East Prussia from the invading Russians, why, he would go.

Germany wanted honesty. Who had been proved honest? Who had had no part in inflation profits? Who had shared the hardships of those who had seen their wages and the interest on their savings for a rainy day turned into depreciating paper that was a gambler's road to easy fortune? Who had stood for straightness through the war's horror and through post-war misery? Old Hindenburg in his proud poverty in his little house in Hanover.

For campaign literature and thunder his managers had only to placard his picture with the words, "Our Deliverer!" Let the electors consider the best-known face in Germany, a face as solid as if it were in bronze, an all foursquare, German face.

Opposition to him centered on the argument that the world would interpret his victory as meaning the return of the Kaiser. Germany must have more loans; America would refuse to give them; she would refuse her support against further Allied severity and "extortions." Germany must speak softly and humbly; and Hindenburg did not stand for soft words or humility. But this argument proved to be a two-edged sword.

"It's our election," was the answer of the public. "We'll choose whom we please for president, or what is the use of having votes?"

Two weeks before the election no political observer thought Hindenburg had a chance. Then even a stranger in Germany could feel the tide rising for him as the public looked at his picture. The women voted for him. He had won his victories cheaply on the easy eastern front while other generals had lost battles at terrible loss of life on the tough western front. Mainly he was elected because he was Hindenburg.

The German answer to the doubter is that the man who, as a soldier, took an oath of loyalty to the Kaiser and remained true to it has now taken an oath of loyalty as president to the German republic; and he is the same Hindenburg with that same rock-ribbed face.

Republicans make much of another argument. When the outside world finds that a president, who is supposed to have the favor of the monarchists, shows that he is loyal to the republic, it will lose an apprehension which could never be removed under a radical president, with the monarchist threat on the outside.

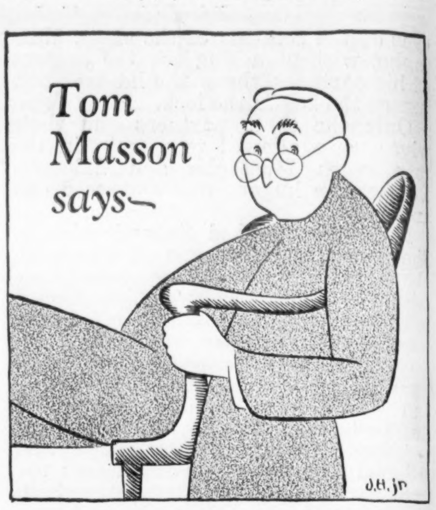
Hindenburg is so old that many think that he can never last out his term. At best the president of Germany is largely a figurehead. The monarchists' hope is that they can play upon the sentiment of Hindenburg's old associations and make him at least the unconscious instrument of their designs.

Meanwhile the Germans, as a whole, are thinking about the day's work and its reward. Having had a Kaiser's war-making destroy the power and fortune which industry had made, Germany's sixty millions place their faith in industry as the king to lead them back to power and fortune.

That does not mean that Germany may not have a great army again though she remains a republic or that this army will not take the field to burst the new frontiers.

Every month the republic lasts further habituates the people to its ways. And they use their ballot. A larger percentage of qualified voters voted in their presidential election than in our own. We take our republic for granted. The Germans are worried about theirs.

*"Why They Hate Us" is the third of Frederick Palmer's authoritative articles on conditions in Europe. It will appear in a September issue of Collier's*



*About the only space left to park any more is on Easy Street.*

* * *

*The latest attraction at the British Empire Exhibition in London is a "super circus." Try how they will, they can't help being secretly jealous of our Dayton.*

* * *

*Man may not be all kinds of a deep-sea mammal, à la Darwin, but he generally carries at least one flapper.*

* * *

*The best discipline I know is, when I have made myself ridiculous, not to regret it.*

* * *

*Said the headstone to the grade crossing: "Take your time."*

* * *

*Now that the New York lawyers and intellectuals have heard of Tennessee, possibly they would like to know about some other states in the Union.*

* * *

*Before buying a baby carriage it is just as well to wait until you see whether you need a runabout or a two-seater.*

* * *

*"I feel better now," said Modesty, slipping into a one-piece bathing suit.*

* * *

*According to the Mohammedan law, a divorced Moslem woman can marry again only if her previous husband consents. In this country husbands contemplating divorce break their necks trying to find new ones for their wives.*

* * *

*In my neighborhood the man who gets his coal in first is the world's worst golf player.*

* * *

*A new method of breadmaking guaranteed to keep bread fresh for two years has been invented by a Frenchman. What we want is a self-acting bread that, as soon as you sit down in a fashionable restaurant, will jump up on your plate without waiting for the waiter to bring it after you have finished your dinner.*

* * *

*China has only eight hundred daily papers. Hardly enough to start more than a couple of crime waves a week.*

* * *

*Now that the girls are sitting in on the local barber shops, we are beginning to get the other side of those neighborhood scandals.*

* * *

*When we evolve chain hardware stores, maybe we shall find the missing link.*

* * *

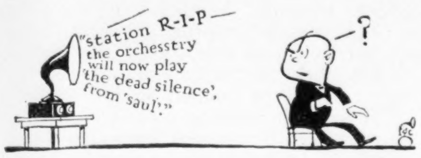
*An English college provost has fixed a maximum of twenty inches around the ankle for men's trousers. Even at that, any man's wife might draw on one leg and think she was stepping into a sport suit.*

# Picked Out Of The Air

*by* Jack Binns

### Emulating the Ostrich

THE American League of Baseball Club Owners recently voted to exclude microphones from their parks. This means that the baseball magnates have joined hands with theatrical managers and fight promoters in prohibiting radio from their amusement centers. Probably no other enterprise has received such a vast amount of free advertising as baseball, and a little accommodation for the fans who are unable to get to games would not hurt good will. However, the magnates know their business as well as their sport.



### What Did They Hear?

DR. HEREWARD CARRINGTON, a New York psychic investigator, recently conducted some experiments at a broadcast station to determine whether thought waves could be carried along radio waves.

He had an orchestra assembled in the studio, and then, instead of playing their instruments, each musician concentrated his mind upon the tune that had been agreed upon. Fans were requested to report whether they had experienced any reactions and, if so, what the name of the "piece" was that had been played in the musicians' minds.

I guess we all know a number of stations we would like to see adopt that system of transmission permanently.

### Flying Interference

"THIS noon," writes Dr. R. W. Longman of Richmond, Ind., "a concert from Columbus, Ohio, was coming in well when all at once the set began to twitter and flutter. At that time an airplane was circling over our house. When the plane passed on the disturbance ceased. Would several airplanes hovering over a broadcasting station disturb the entire area?"

Why, yes, Doc, if their spark plugs were at all leaky. If they were equipped with radio transmitters, the interference from their ignition systems might be increased.

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OUR radio map costs only 25c in stamps, and it shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and gives a distance finder.

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### Great Work. Well Done!

THE Inductive Coördination Committee of the National Electric Light Association has just issued to its members a most comprehensive report on the elimination of interference caused by electric light and power lines. Much constructive suggestion is contained in it.

The committee has done a very good work and is to be congratulated on its efforts to coördinate the attention of all light and power companies in the country upon the problems involved. In another year the interference from this source should be reduced as much as spark telegraphy interference has been.

### Enlightened Foresight

AN INTERESTING point in the N. E. L. A. committee report is a table showing the consumption of electric power by persons before and after purchase of radio sets. The survey covers the entire system of a large company and shows an average increased consumption of 39.55 per cent. This was probably due to a combination of DX passion and the necessity of charging batteries. Radio means increased revenue to the electric power companies, and they are, apparently, sufficiently foresighted to take the necessary steps to aid the radio fan in getting clear reception.

### Were They Gear Worms?

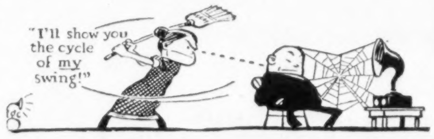
"I HAVE very often heard of the so-called radio bugs," writes Mrs. A. F. Greene of Kenwood Park, Iowa, "but never radio worms. Just lately a neighbor going over his radio to clean it and store it away for the summer, found tiny black worms in it. What caused them we do not know, but we certainly consider the radio worm a new one."

### Get Into the Race

WIN a $10 prize with your best story. Send us original, unusual and interesting accounts, in as few words as possible, of radio experiences and suggestions. We pay for those we print. Send them to Jack Binns, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### Mapping Their Studies

F. JACOBS of New Orleans has found that geography can be made easier for his children through the use of his Collier's radio map. He writes:—"The children used to be reluctant when the time came to study their geography, but when we looked up the different cities on our radio map and tuned in on them, they were delighted and always after that looked forward with pleasure to that particular study."



### What's Your Guess?

AN ENGLISH experimenter, according to Popular Wireless of London, suggests that the period of the "swing" in fading is governed by wave length. He bases this suggestion on measurements he made this spring on forty successive nights while listening to American broadcast stations. He found the cycle of "swing" for WGY was 55 seconds, for WBZ 50 seconds and KDKA 46 seconds.

From these two examples it will be seen that with our present knowledge one man's guess is as good as another's. So there you are!

### Our Weekly Proverb

ALL that crashes, grinds, gurgles or rattles in a loud speaker is not static! Moral: Look over the connections to your receiver and see they are all tight. Maybe the "B" batteries are creaking with old age, and dying to be interred in the Vale of Dissipated Energy.

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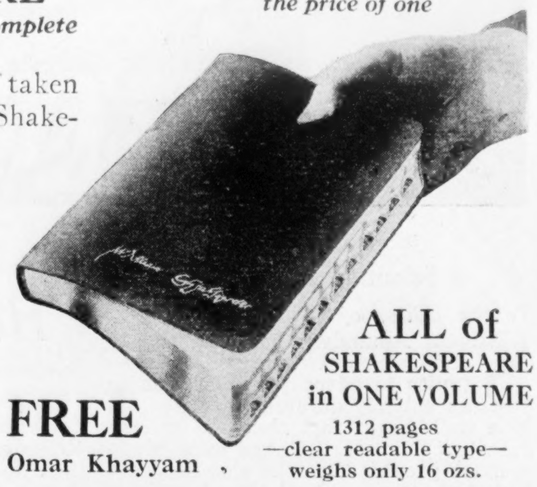

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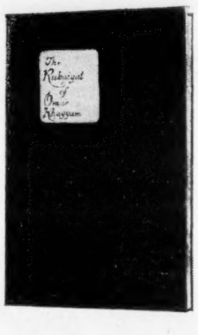

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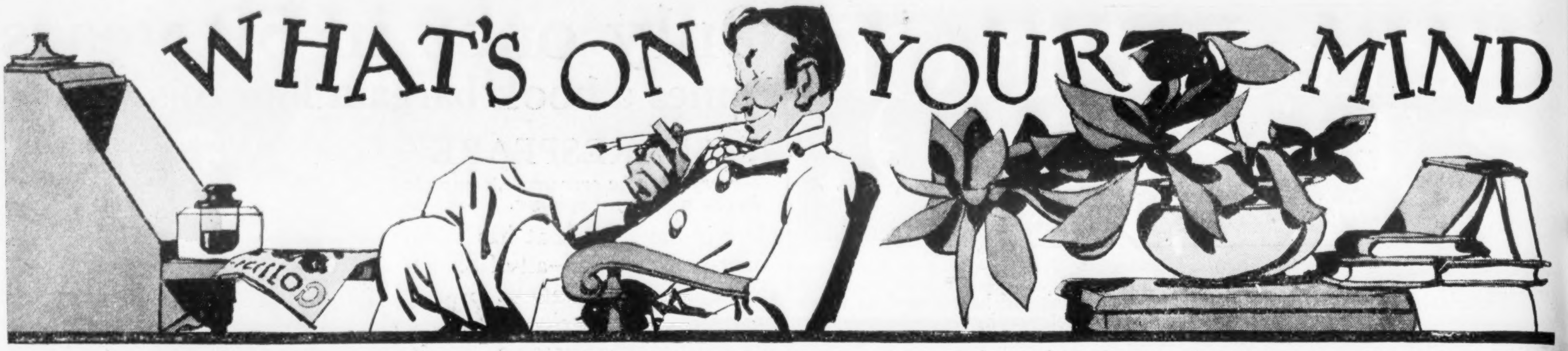


# Here's Where You Tell the World

### A Scientific Rabbit Hole

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

SINCE Amundsen has returned to civilization, I take this opportunity to advocate exploration in an entirely different direction. It is a well-known fact that the specific gravity of the earth taken as a whole is much greater than the specific gravity of the surface and therefore it is reasonable to conclude that we shall find the heavier elements in the interior of the earth and it is my belief that, due to the centrifugal force on account of the rotation of the earth on its axis, the very heaviest minerals will be found a few miles below the surface, the surface, as we know it, being a kind of dross or scum.

About a year ago, Sir Charles A. Parsons, the eminent English inventor and engineer, advocated the sinking of a shaft about twelve miles in depth. At the time I wrote a letter to Sir Charles recommending the Porcupine district of northern Ontario as a suitable site for the scheme.

I suggested three reasons for choosing this location: As the Porcupine district is part of the Laurentian, or Pre-Cambrian, area it was the first land to rise from the sea. Its lofty peaks were ground off to the extent of thousands of feet by the glacial action of the various ice ages and therefore a shaft of, say, ten miles in depth in that region would be equivalent to one of twelve miles elsewhere. Secondly, as the convulsions of nature have occurred there ages ago, trouble from disturbances of a volcanic nature would not likely be encountered; and, thirdly, if a mine in that district of some promise were chosen, it is probable that the gold extracted would pay for the whole project.

JNO. H. PORTER, Roanoke, Va.

### It's a Wise Crack That Knows Its Own Author

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

H. C. Witwer, in "The Lady of Lyons, N. Y.," used a crack without my permission—"A fool and his honey are soon parted." I plucked it out of the air two years back and gave it to the Los Angeles Record. Of course it was not copyrighted. So I want to thank Mr. Witwer for honoring me, although he may have caught it before I did. It isn't every waiter that can break into The National Weekly.

Yes, I am a gentleman and a scullion. And originating wise cracks requires no more gray matter than selling stew. For the benefit of any of your readers who imagine that joke writing is literary work, I will explain the process.

Take an old adage or proverb. Repeat it a hundred times. Then listen. Just like that!—comes the answer: "It's a great life if you don't waken."

GJURO MCGUFF, Los Angeles, Cal.

### See America First

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

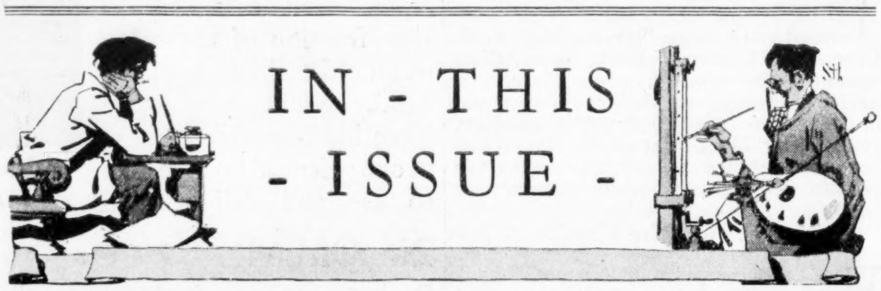
With the divers and sundry ways that already exist for fools to kill themselves doing fool stunts, one wonders why you should aid and abet V. Stefansson in pointing out another method by publishing his "Spend Your Vacation at the North Pole."

Please note the title of his book, "The Friendly Arctic," and then consider that in its pages we are informed that of the original complements of the ships Karluk, Alaska and Mary Sachs, consisting of thirty-four white men, fifteen perished. Stefansson was brought out after, he says, all thought he was going to die.

Now every one of the men of the voyage who died were hand picked for arctic work and yet he suggests to the vapid mind the notion of taking a trip to the arctic!

It would be interesting to know from Mr. Stefansson what the relative areas of fields of poppies in the arctic consist of compared to barren lands, shore and drift ice.

F. B. MORSE, San Francisco, Cal.



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### Anything But a Cuckoo

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

Why doesn't some editor start a move to have some other bird for our national emblem instead of the eagle. The eagle was the emblem of "imperial" Rome. She fell. The same applies to "imperial" Germany and "imperial" Austria. Mexico has the eagle too.

France proves her democracy by having the rooster. Why not the United States proving hers by having the chicken instead of the eagle? Chickens are without doubt our most interesting and valuable crop, especially since the day of bobbed hair.

The eagle is nothing more or less than a large-sized hawk and feeds itself and its young on birds and animals. Why such a thing as the emblem of a peace-loving people?

We are calling on the world to disarm with us. Why not inspire their confidence by adopting one of our native birds such as, for instance, the dove, the mocking bird, the robin, the partridge or the buzzard; in fact, anything but the "imperial" vulture, the eagle.

W. G. NELSON, Ancon, Canal Zone.

### That First Flivver

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

It may interest David Starr Jordan and other readers of Collier's to learn that the date of the first appearance of a horseless carriage goes further back than the year 1892. The writer saw a horseless carriage in operation in South Manchester, Conn., in the summer of 1867. It was built and driven by C. M. Spencer, the inventor of the Springfield rifle. Coal was used for fuel. The gas engine was unknown at that time.

W. M. BART, S. Manchester, Conn.

### We Aren't Jellyfish Yet

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

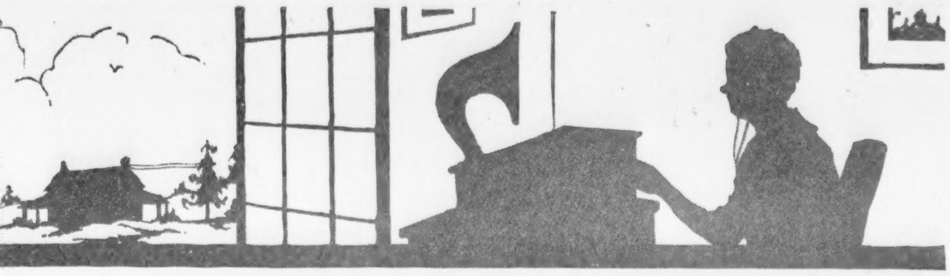
The article by George F. Johnson, "Shall We Become a Nation of Jellyfish?" says: "The Volstead Act was intended to empty the jails and almshouses; instead of that, we find that we have to enlarge our jails and almshouses. Formerly we never had any trouble with drunkenness; now the stuff that people drink makes them crazy."

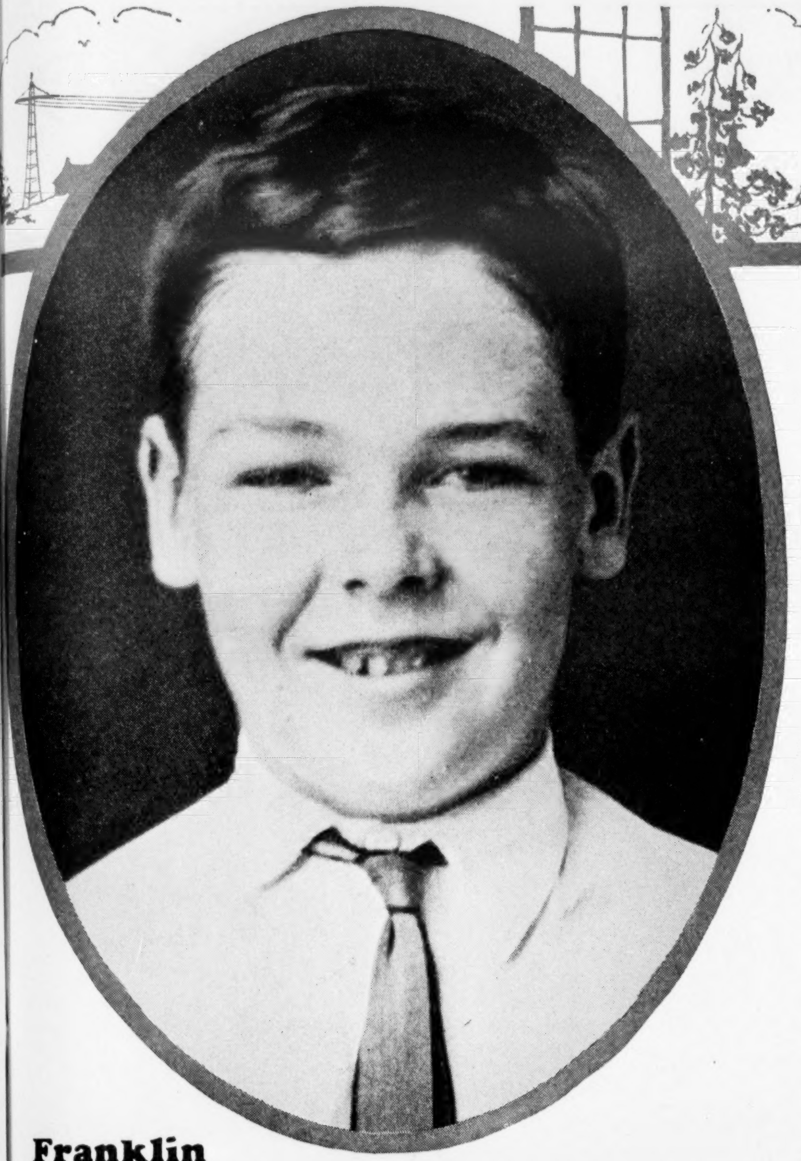
I am not aware that the most optimistic prohibitionist ever claimed that prohibition would "empty" jails and almshouses. The objective was to relieve them of that part of their population for which drink was responsible.

The latest federal report on jails is July 1, 1922, as compared with July 1, 1917. County penal institutions reporting on both dates had, in 1917, 58 prisoners per 100,000 population; in 1922 they had 50.4 per 100,000 population. Similar ratios for city penal institutions were 52.2 in 1917; 41 in 1922.

"Now," says Mr. Johnson, "the stuff that people drink makes them crazy." In the New York State hospitals for the insane, in the last eleven years before national prohibition, an annual average of 472 new alcoholic insane patients were admitted, about 8 per cent of all first admissions. In the fiscal year of 1924 there were but 373 first admissions of alcoholic insane, or only 5.4 per cent of the total.

CORA F. STODDARD, Boston, Mass.





**Franklin Wilder** **a Collier Junior Salesman**

## How Franklin Wilder earned his Radio—

Franklin Wilder is just a regular fellow. He lives down South; belongs to the Boy Scouts and goes to Junior High. But he always needed things—money, a new baseball, a scout axe—and he didn't know how to get them.

One day he answered an "Ad," just like this one. We told him about the Collier Junior Salesmen and the prizes they earned. Started him off—and whee! how he did make good.

To-day he has money for the movies, or sodas, or baseball games—and some left over for the bank. But besides this money he has won many free prizes—among them the pride of his life, a radio set. He did this by his work as a Collier Junior Salesman.

But spending money and prizes were not the only rewards that came to Franklin through his Collier Junior Sales Agency. He learned how to be a successful salesman, to overcome difficulties, meet people, and finally the joy of real accomplishment.

You, too, can be a Collier Junior Salesman. It's lots of fun—easy work—no experience needed to start. Just deliver to regular customers copies of Collier's, The National Weekly, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine. We teach you how to get these customers and you reap the profits of money and prizes.

You have nothing to lose and everything to gain by mailing this coupon right now. Do the same as Franklin: Start on the road to money and prizes NOW.

*Mail this Coupon and find out how you too can earn radios and other things*

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